OCT. 22,
1938

Liberty

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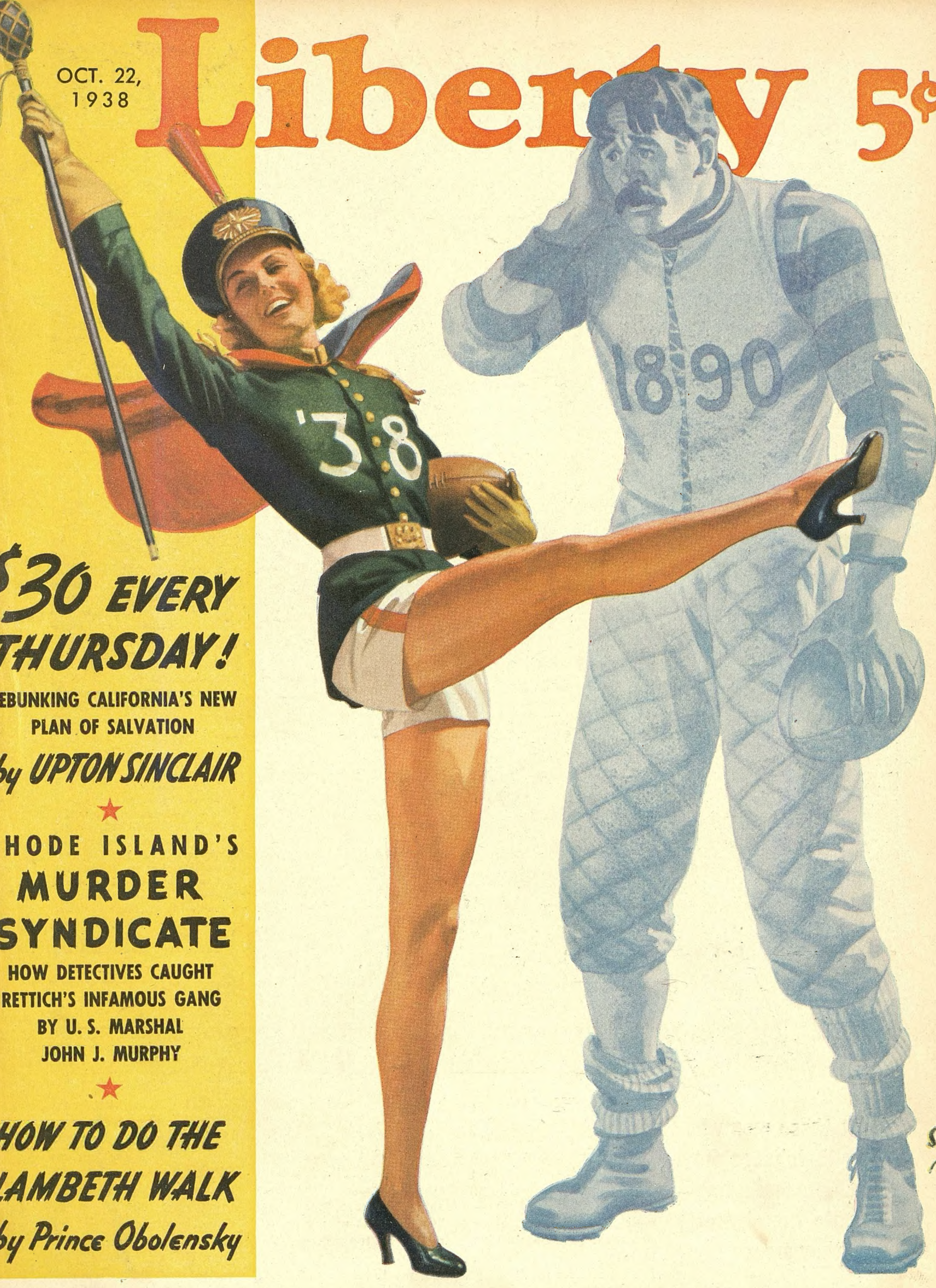


$30 EVERY THURSDAY!

DEBUNKING CALIFORNIA'S NEW PLAN OF SALVATION

by UPTON SINCLAIR

★

RHODE ISLAND'S MURDER SYNDICATE

HOW DETECTIVES CAUGHT RETTICH'S INFAMOUS GANG

BY U. S. MARSHAL
JOHN J. MURPHY

★

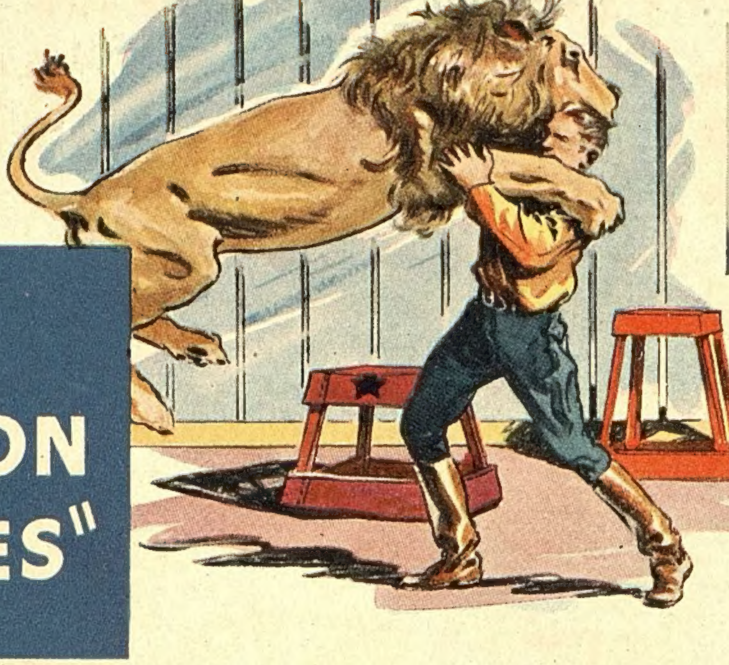
HOW TO DO THE LAMBETH WALK

by Prince Obolensky

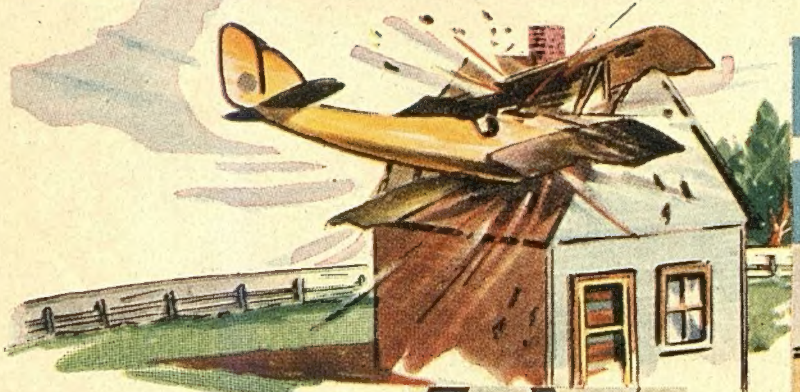
IT'S A THRILLING LIFE!

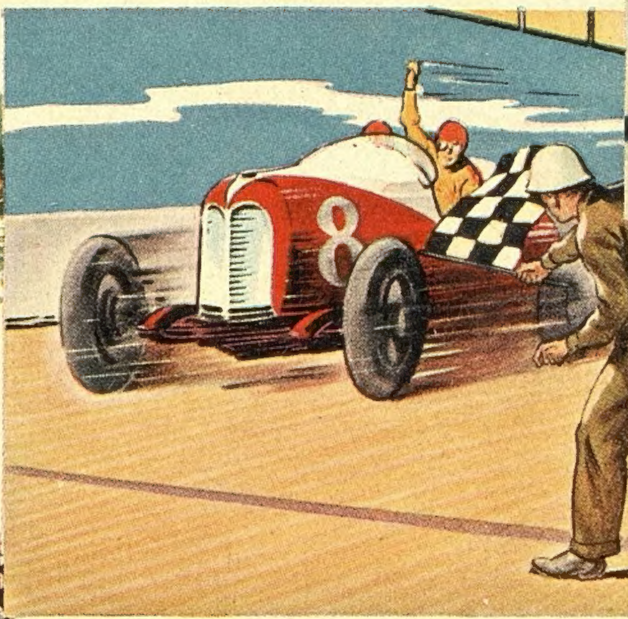
Folks who risk their lives as a matter of course are careful in their choice of a cigarette. They say:

"CAMELS NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES"



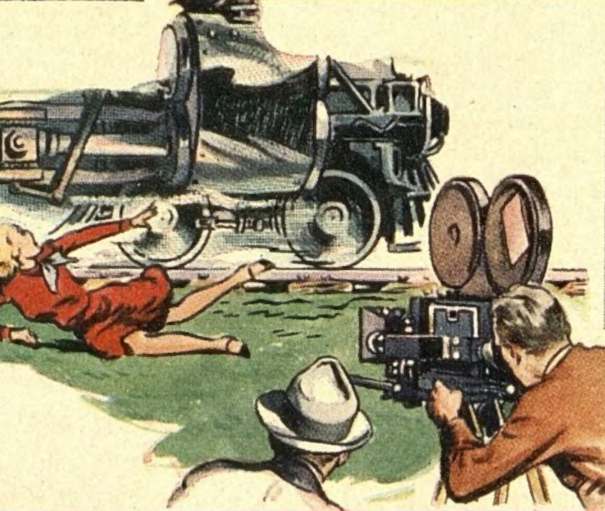
MAN THROWS LION! Mel Koontz, noted lion and tiger tamer, schools "big cats" for Hollywood films. Sketch (*left*) shows Mel meeting the lunge of a savage 450-pound beast. That's where nerve-power tells—as Mel *knows!* He says this: "Camels don't jangle my nerves—my mind is at rest as to that! Camels are *milder*—the natural mildness that's *grown* right in the tobacco. We animal tamers stick to Camels!"





(*Above*) THREE TIMES Lou Meyer won the Indianapolis auto-racing classic—only driver in history to achieve this amazing triple-test of nerve control. He says: "My nerves must be every bit as sound as the motor in my racer. That's why I go for Camels. They never get on my nerves a bit. Camels take first place with me for *mildness!*"

(*Right*) CRASHING A PLANE through a house is the spectacular specialty of Stunt Pilot Frank Frakes. And, at this writing, he's done it *53 times*—on movie locations, at exhibitions. Time after time, with his life actually in his hands, it's easy to understand why Pilot Frakes says: "I take every precaution to keep my nerves steady as a rock. Naturally, I'm particular about the cigarette I smoke. And you can bet my choice is Camel. I can smoke as many as I want and feel fresh; never a bit jittery or upset."



(*Left*) THRILLING STUNTS for the movies! Ione Reed *needs healthy nerves!* Naturally, Miss Reed chooses her cigarette with care. "My nerves," she says, "must be right—and no mistake! So I stick to Camels. Even smoking Camels steadily doesn't bother my nerves. In fact, Camels give me a grand sense of comfort. And they taste so good! Stunt men and women favor Camels."

Camels are a matchless blend of finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic

CAMEL
TURKISH & DOMESTIC BLEND CIGARETTES
CHOICE QUALITY

PEOPLE DO APPRECIATE THE COSTLIER TOBACCOS IN CAMELS

THEY ARE THE LARGEST-SELLING CIGARETTE IN AMERICA

Copyright, 1938, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

Meet these men who live with tobacco from planting to marketing—and note the cigarette they smoke

"Most tobacco planters I know prefer Camels," says grower Tony Strickland, "because Camel buys the fine grades of tobacco—my own and those of other growers. And Camel bids high to get these finer lots. It's Camels for me!"

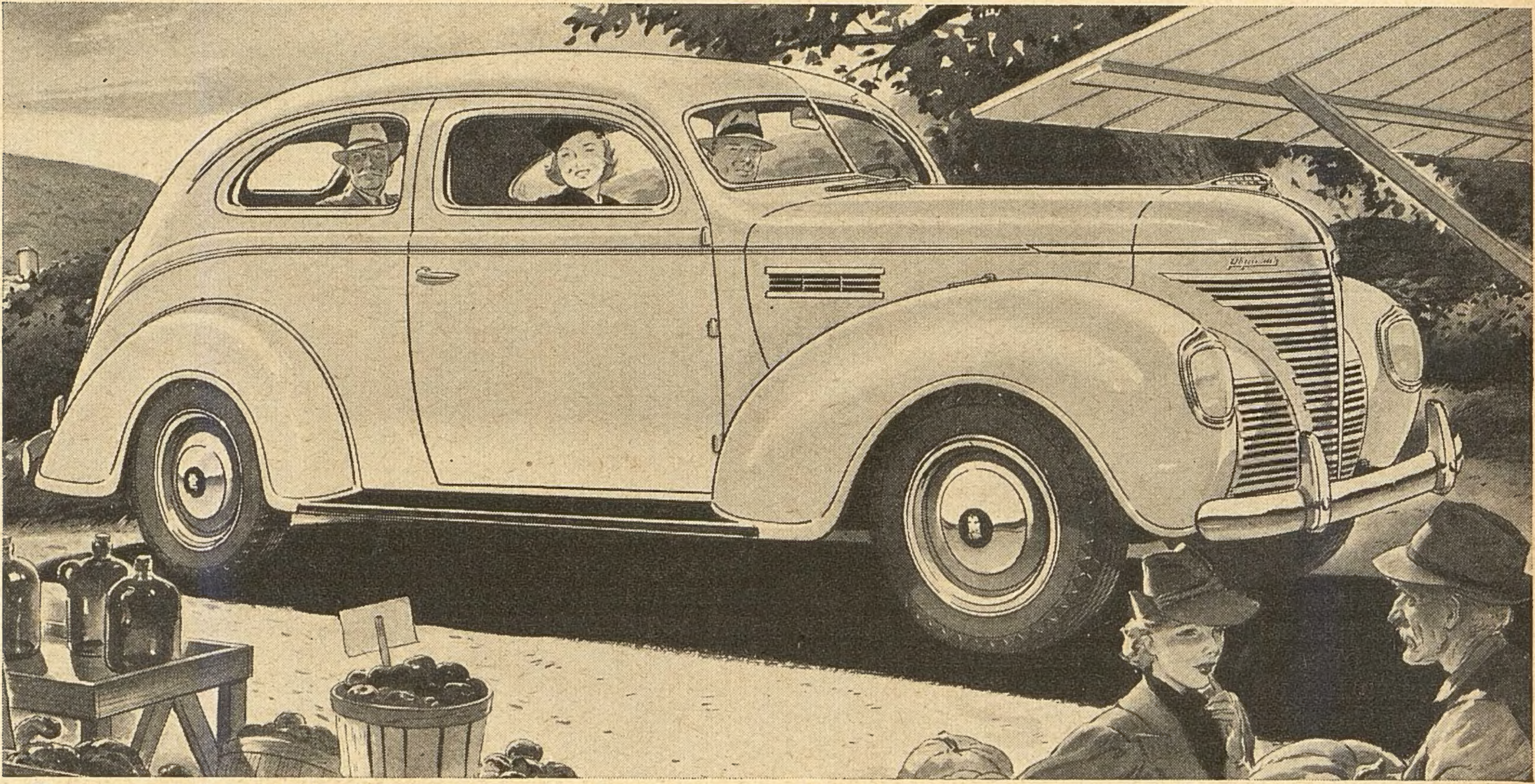
Planter David E. Wells knows every phase of tobacco culture ... the "inside" story of tobacco quality. "At sale after sale," he says, "Camel buys up my finest grades at top prices. It's natural for most planters like me to smoke Camels."

"I ought to know finer tobaccos make finer cigarettes," says grower John T. Caraway. "I've been smoking Camels for 23 years. Camel pays more to get my finest tobacco—many's the year. Camels are the big favorite with planters here."

2 NEW BEAUTIES_PLYMOUTH "ROADKING" AND "DE LUXE"

"So Beautiful You Won't Believe They're Low-Priced Cars!"

GLAMOROUS NEW STYLING..New High-Torque Engine Performance..New Perfected Remote Control Shifting..New All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission..New Amola Steel Coil Springs..New True-Steady Steering..New "Safety Signal" Speedometer.

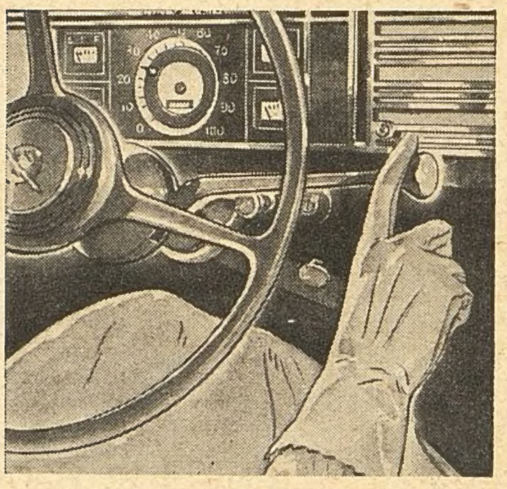


THE NEW 1939 PLYMOUTH "ROADKING" with 100% hydraulic, double-action brakes. See your nearby Plymouth dealer *today!*

New Lower Prices!

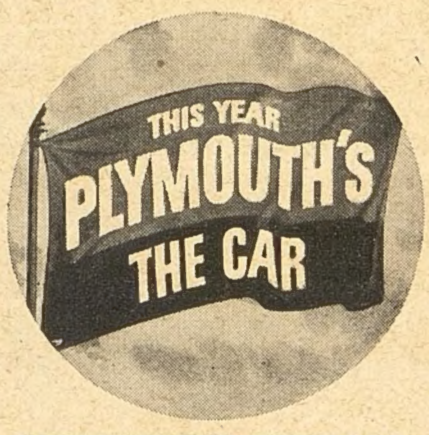
CONVENIENT TERMS

"Detroit delivered prices" include front and rear bumpers and bumper guards, spare wheel, tire and tube, foot control for headlight beam with indicator on instrument panel, ash-tray front and rear, sun visor, safety glass and big trunk space (19.3 cu.ft.). Plymouth "Roadking" models start at $645; "De Luxe" models slightly higher. Prices *Include All Federal Taxes.* State, local taxes not included.



SHIFT GEARS THIS NEW EASY WAY

Perfected Remote Control Shifting with All-Silent Auto-Mesh Transmission, standard on "De Luxe." Amazing new shifting ease...nothing new to learn...much more convenient than a lever in the floor.



MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C.B.S. NETWORK, THURS., 9-10 P.M., E.S.T.

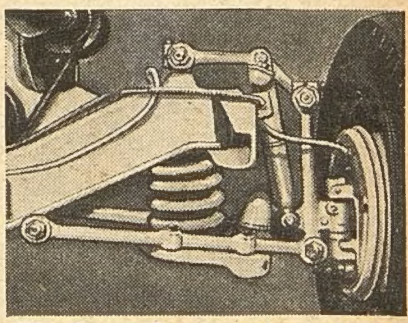
Plymouth Sets a New Pace for 1939

THE VALUE IS UP, but prices are *down*—in the big, new 1939 Plymouth!

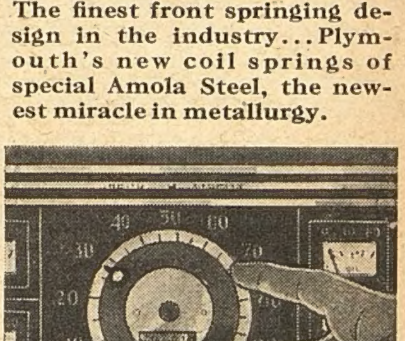
You'll be astonished at its smooth, new ride and new High-Torque engine performance!

You'll agree: *this year, it's Plymouth!* PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



The finest front springing design in the industry...Plymouth's new coil springs of special Amola Steel, the newest miracle in metallurgy.



New "Safety Signal" Speedometer indicator light shows green up to 30 miles per hour—amber from 30 to 50 miles per hour—and over 50, a warning red.

OCTOBER 22, 1938 **Liberty** VOL. 15, NO. 43

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

A NATION-WIDE DEMAND FOR THE RESIGNATION OF MADAM PERKINS

BERNARR MACFADDEN

The number of officials elected in recent years who have failed to respect their oath of office presents a situation that seriously threatens the future prosperity of this nation.

Some politicians appear to be willing to make any kind of promises . . . before election . . . but after election they cast them aside as meaningless.

To break pre-election promises is certainly reprehensible, but to ignore one's oath of office after assuming official duties is far worse. The principles of the Constitution of the United States should be sacredly maintained at least by officials, and when they swear to uphold them, and then fail to do so, penalties of a serious nature should be exacted.

When Madam Perkins took her oath of office she promised to protect the Constitution and be guided by its principles. Could it be maintained she had the Constitution in mind when she stated that the legality of the sit-down strike had not as yet been settled? Has she followed the principles of our Constitution when she refuses to take action to deport Harry Bridges, notwithstanding the complaints and charges made against him by innumerable reputable citizens?

It has been maintained that the present Secretary of Labor has cost this country hundreds of millions of dollars, perhaps billions. Her attitude toward strikes has been of a nature to encourage intimidation, violence, and lawlessness. She appears to have an un-American love for aliens that is difficult to analyze.

The immigration statistics, for example, show that fully 200,000 aliens have come to this country yearly by bribery and fraud since Madam Perkins assumed her duties.

Last year 4,000 criminal aliens were ordered deported by the courts, and they have not been deported. Some of them, it is claimed, have been out on bail since 1933. Last year more than one million aliens were on relief, and, according to the cost per unit estimated by Harry Hopkins, the expense of supporting these aliens totals nearly a billion dollars.

There has apparently been a decrease of approximately 50 per cent in deportation of alien criminals and undesirables since 1933. In 1933, 9,000 aliens were deported for entering the country without valid permits. In 1937 only 3,294 aliens were deported for this reason.

In 1933, 3,000 aliens were deported for overstaying their permits. Last year only 702 such cases were deported.

President Roosevelt is well known for his loyalty to his appointees. Madam Perkins is the first woman Cabinet member, and it might be bad politics to ask for her resignation; but the women of this country are just as insistent in demanding efficiency, loyalty, and Americanism in office as the sterner sex.

The situations that one is required to handle in the Department of Labor in most instances require a masculine viewpoint, and justice to labor does not require prejudiced decisions in favor of one labor union against the other unions. It has been quite apparent in many instances that Madam Perkins favors the C. I. O. Mr. Lewis is apparently one of her special friends.

The A. F. of L. has complained bitterly on many occasions of Madam Secretary's decisions. But business men everywhere, high and low, and many of the labor leaders severely resent Madam Perkins in her present position . . . not because she is a woman, but because of her apparent support of Communism and other foreign isms. She has not the broad viewpoint, the judgment essential to manage the Department of Labor intelligently.

This department should not be influenced by personal prejudice. The officials in charge should be capable of seeing both sides of any labor dispute. And the prejudiced decisions that have been handed down by this department since Madam Perkins has been in charge have aroused the resentment of employers and employees alike.

It is no exaggeration to say there is a nation-wide demand for her resignation.

Bernarr Macfadden

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Published weekly by Macfadden Publications, Incorporated, 205 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Editorial and Advertising Offices, Chanin Building, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Bernarr Macfadden, President; Wesley F. Pape, Secretary; Irene T. Kennedy, Treasurer. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. In the United States, Canada, Newfoundland, and Labrador, 5c a copy, $2.00 a year. In U. S. territories, possessions, also Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana, $2.50 a year. In all other countries, $4.50 a year. Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by sufficient first-class postage and explicit name and address), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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3 BRIGHTER G-E BULBS

TO HELP LIGHT CONDITION YOUR HOME!

100 WATT cost $1.10 in 1921. Now down to 15¢, it gives 39% more light. For I. E. S. Better Sight table and bridge lamps, pinned-up wall lamps. **15¢**

150 WATT for kitchen, laundry, game room, I. E. S. Better Sight lamps. Include this size in your Light Conditioning package of G-E bulbs. **20¢**

60 WATT for two-socket floor and table lamps, hallways, twin bathroom fixtures. More light than ever before, at lowest price in history. **15¢**

Other G-E Bulbs for Light Conditioning at NEW LOW PRICES

MAZDA DAYLIGHT LAMPS . . . for kitchen, laundry, or wherever a whiter light is desirable. 150 watt size is now only . . . . . . **45¢**

THREE-LITE MAZDA LAMPS . . . for the new three-light floor lamps and dining room fixtures. 50-100-150 watt size, now . . . **45¢**

100-200-300 WATT Three-lite MAZDA lamps are ideal for reading, sewing, entertaining. Now reduced to only . . . . . . **60¢**

75, 40, 25, 15 WATT now only . . **15¢**

BUY BULBS WHERE YOU SEE ←THIS EMBLEM DISPLAYED

Simple Recipes for Easier Seeing
Mazda Lamps

ASK YOUR DEALER for a "Light Conditioning" package of new, brighter G-E bulbs. He'll know exactly what sizes *you* need in any reading lamp or fixture for better light-better sight.

LIGHT CONDITIONING is America's newest idea. To millions of men, women, and children . . . in homes, schools, offices, stores, factories . . . it will mean having, *for the first time*, enough light in enough places for easy, comfortable seeing. Yet Light Conditioning is easy. You can start today by getting a package of the new brighter G-E bulbs in sizes to fit your needs . . . and enjoy *Better Light for Better Sight!*

LISTEN IN . . . *G-E Hour of Charm with Dorothy Thompson, and Phil Spitalny's All Girl Orchestra, every Monday Evening 9 to 9:30 E. S. T., NBC Red Network.*

EDISON MAZDA LAMPS
GENERAL ELECTRIC

RHODE ISLAND'S

At last! The inside story of the world's most diabolical criminal—How the Rettich gang was trapped

BY U. S. MARSHAL

JOHN J. MURPHY

ILLUSTRATED BY STEPHEN GROUT

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 55 SECONDS

PART ONE—THE RISE OF THE MASTER MIND

THIS is the story of America's worst criminal and his gang. It is a true and horrifying story of crime as a business—organized crime, where kidnaping and murder are mere devices used in a fantastic game, and the stakes, millions of dollars.

I knew these men, guarded them, led them to the gates of their dungeon and put them safely away. That was a part of the day's work—the job of being a United States marshal. But from the first I was fascinated by these human monsters who were put into my charge. The more I learned about them, heard of their cunning, their savagery, their amazing organization, the more I felt I wanted to know. Then I learned of the detective work by which they had been tracked down — truly a police masterpiece — and that thrilled me even more.

THE AUTHOR

But there came a night—one special night which I shall never forget. It was then I resolved to make an exhaustive study of these men and their careers so that I might put all the facts before the public. Of that night —and that decision—I shall tell you later.

Meanwhile, as you read the story of America's Worst Gang and its ramifications, you will wonder that such an underworld empire could have come into being, and that it was permitted to thrive.

In the course of its existence this greatest of all crime syndicates, with profits of more than $12,000,000, owned a fleet of eleven ships and many trucks and had a weekly pay roll of more than 600 men. It maintained for its leader a $200,000 crime castle. More than 100 murders can be traced to this mob and the gangsters affiliated with it.

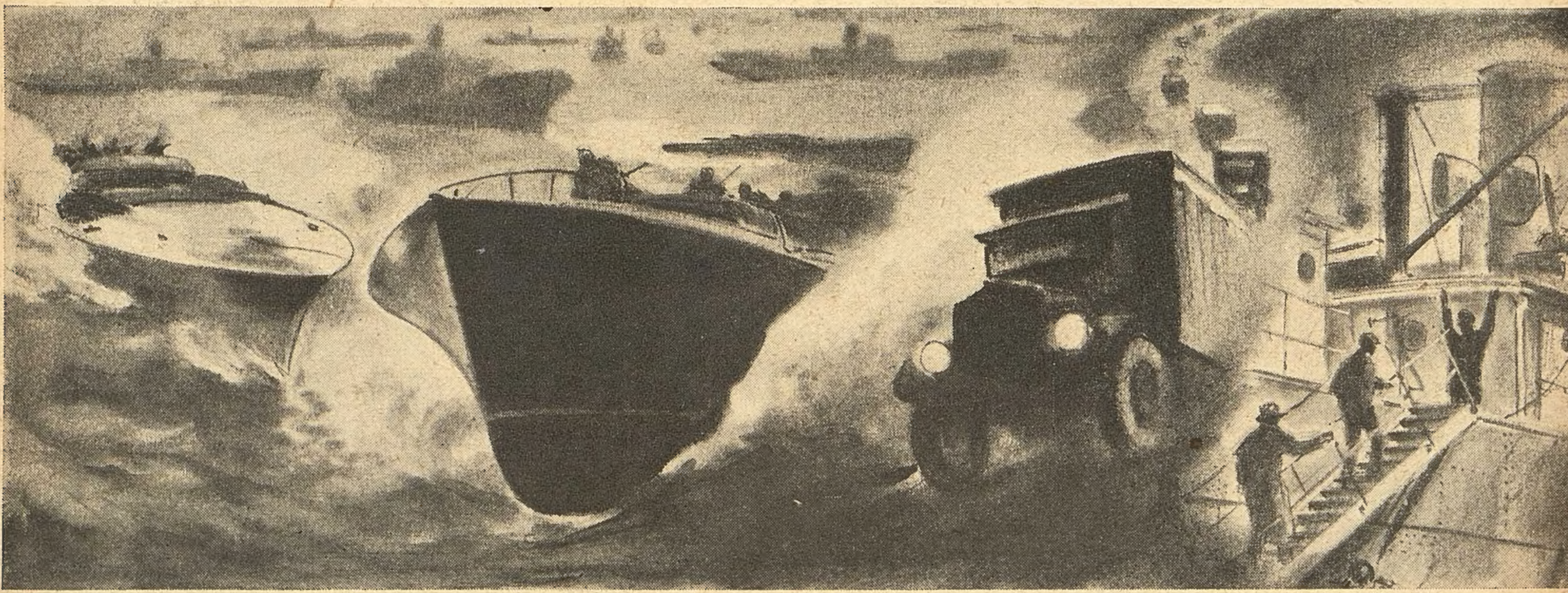
America's Worst Gang was directed by a master mind —one of the coolest, cleverest criminals of all times. Because of his shrewd executive ability his underlings never rushed into a crime on the spur of the moment like small-time gangsters. Instead, each job was carefully thought out. Conferences were held, like a board of business directors planning some commercial scoop. With rare cunning and skill, each job was "cased" and rehearsed. When everything was in readiness, they struck—swiftly, surely. Then, having struck, they vanished. It was the flawless precision of their attack and the entire absence of clues which eventually told police that these crimes must be the work of America's Worst Gang.

Who the master mind was, police dared not even guess. Fiction has no more astounding evildoer than this man in real life. He was the fashion plate of an entire state. He lived in a mansion that was the show place of a swank neighborhood and adjoined the home of a United States senator. He was suave, gentlemanly, respected. To the parties in his home came society matrons who held him in high esteem because he contributed, most generously, to the charities in which they were interested.

What follows is his story. A long investigation, access to police files, talks with police officials, talks with the individual members of the gang—and with its leader, lengthy confessions of the rare weaklings who found their way into that gang—these are my sources; these are the things that make this trip behind the scenes possible.

I shall not hesitate to stress the diabolical cleverness of these gangsters, nor the amazing and genuine brilliance of their ruthless leader. Don't think—God forbid —that I wish to glorify a mob of criminals. But to my mind they are the cleverest mob that ever operated in America. When you have finished this story, I believe you will agree. I want it to leave with you not merely the simple truism, "Crime does not pay," but in addition the very reasonable message: "If men as clever and ruthless as these could not make crime pay them, then it will never pay any one."

Come back with me to the parish house of St. Joseph's Church in Hoboken, New Jersey. The time is around



MURDER SYNDICATE

the turn of the century. Emil Rettich sits very erect on the edge of his chair and blinks pained eyes. Anna Rettich worries a damp handkerchief with worn, nervous fingers. The kindly priest shakes his head sadly. It is no pleasure to him to hurt people such as these—good, hard-working, honest people.

"I cannot understand it," he admits. "Carl is a very bright boy. Until recently he was a very well behaved boy. Now his teachers can do nothing with him. And it is too late for them to gain control of him. He disrupts their classes with his pranks, his outbursts.

"I am sorry to say that some of those pranks are very cruel. He has hurt—physically hurt—two of his little classmates so far. That cannot go on. For the sake of the other youngsters who are good—"

A sudden anguished wail from Anna Rettich. "My Carli *is* a good boy, father," she protests. "He is a *good* boy."

Emil Rettich lumbers to his feet, puts an awkward arm around his sobbing wife. His throat is dry and tight. His eyes meet the troubled eyes of the priest, and with his eyes he asks for another chance for Carl.

Again—slowly—the priest shakes his head.

"Come, Anna," says Emil Rettich.

When they are out on the sidewalk, the priest calls him back into the vestibule.

"I am sorry, Emil," he says. "I suppose we are not without blame. Carl was always such a likable boy, so popular. His teachers let him get too close to them. Then, when he became wild, they could do nothing. Now you send him to the public school. There will be new teachers there. Strangers. They will be able to be more firm with him, to discipline him—"

"*Ja!*" Emil Rettich's eyes brighten. "An iron hand he needs, *nicht wahr?* Thank you, father."

Thus, when he was in the sixth grade, was Carl Rettich, son of respected members of Hoboken's German colony, expelled from St. Joseph's Parochial School.

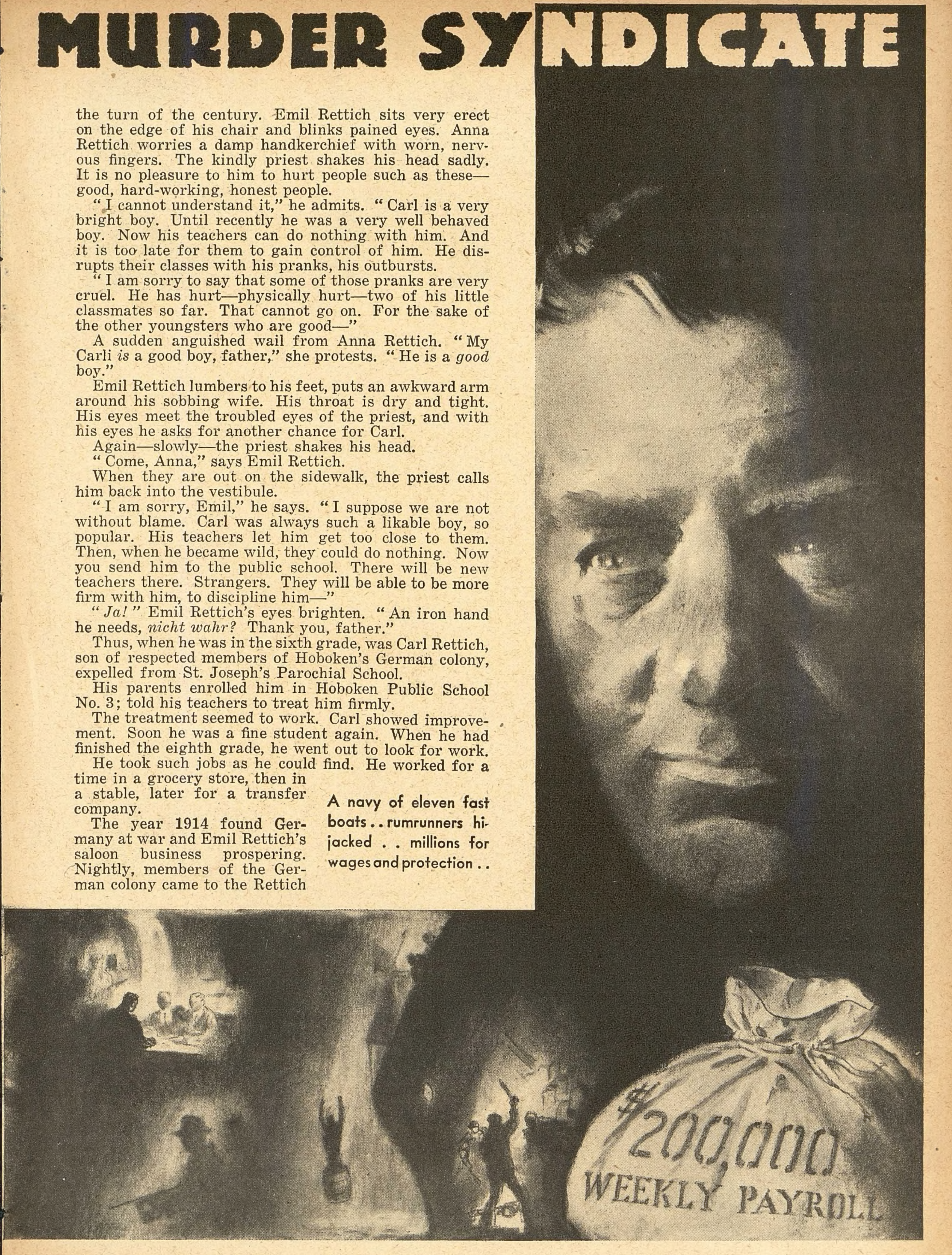
His parents enrolled him in Hoboken Public School No. 3; told his teachers to treat him firmly.

The treatment seemed to work. Carl showed improvement. Soon he was a fine student again. When he had finished the eighth grade, he went out to look for work.

He took such jobs as he could find. He worked for a time in a grocery store, then in a stable, later for a transfer company.

The year 1914 found Germany at war and Emil Rettich's saloon business prospering. Nightly, members of the German colony came to the Rettich

A navy of eleven fast boats . . rumrunners hijacked . . millions for wages and protection . .



saloon at 557 Newark Street to drink toasts to the Kaiser, to talk themselves dry over the Fatherland's advances on the western front.

Rettich took his son Carl into his business. Carl was twenty then. A tall well built lad with a round handsome face, a fair complexion, wavy chestnut hair.

He might—but for his eyes and mouth—have been dismissed as one more big nice-looking German youth. His eyes, wide-spaced, were slate-gray. They were intelligent, alert. And they were not shifty; they looked at you with open directness. But there was in them some of the coldness and hardness of slate. There was a cool catlike aloofness in them. They were, except in those moments when Carl Rettich boasted of something he had done or would do, without expression—unless it was a betrayal of the veiled capacity for cruelty. When he boasted they grew bright, alive.

His mouth was a thin-lipped straight line. When, infrequently, that mouth broke into a smile, it was as much sneer as smile.

America entered the war. There were no more toasts to the Kaiser. Emil Rettich's business tapered off.

Young Carl was twenty-four when he was drafted. He had got no farther than an army training camp when the armistice was signed. He came back to help his father in the saloon. Some day—and those eyes of his brightened when he thought of it—he would have a saloon of his own. A fine saloon.

On October 28, 1919, the Volstead Act became a law. Emil Rettich converted his saloon into a soft-drink parlor. He had no work for Carl. There was not enough business for one man.

Carl Rettich was bitter. He had planned carefully—and now, to own a saloon, to sell liquor, was illegal. And the saloon business was the only one he knew.

He went to near-by New York. He lacked an inch of being six feet tall. His shoulders were broad and powerful. It is not strange that he should have landed the job he did—bouncer in a cheap dance hall.

The girls liked him. Shoplifters, drug addicts, prostitutes, and the usual run of women on the loose, they confided in him and introduced him to their men.

Their men—a complementary collection of killers, racketeers, and dope peddlers—respected him. He kept his nose out of their evil business. He did his work well. When fists were needed, he pushed teeth in impartially. He kept his mouth shut and his ears and eyes open. He became known as a "right guy."

CARL, for his part, was learning. He was learning that prohibition, far from being a calamity to a man who had set his heart upon selling liquor, was a boon. Prices were sky-high. People still had thirsts.

He was learning, too, that there was money to be made with a gun. Half of these dapper little junked-up punks who came to the dance hall he could have broken in two with his big hands. And, he realized, he could give any of them a running start and outthink him.

Yet they wore better clothes than he. They flashed big money. They were yellow and not worth a hoot in a fist fight, but with a gun they were plain disaster on wheels. He thought about them a lot. Once in a while one of them would get jammed up for shooting a cop, or somebody, and get sent up the river to sit in a chair and burn.

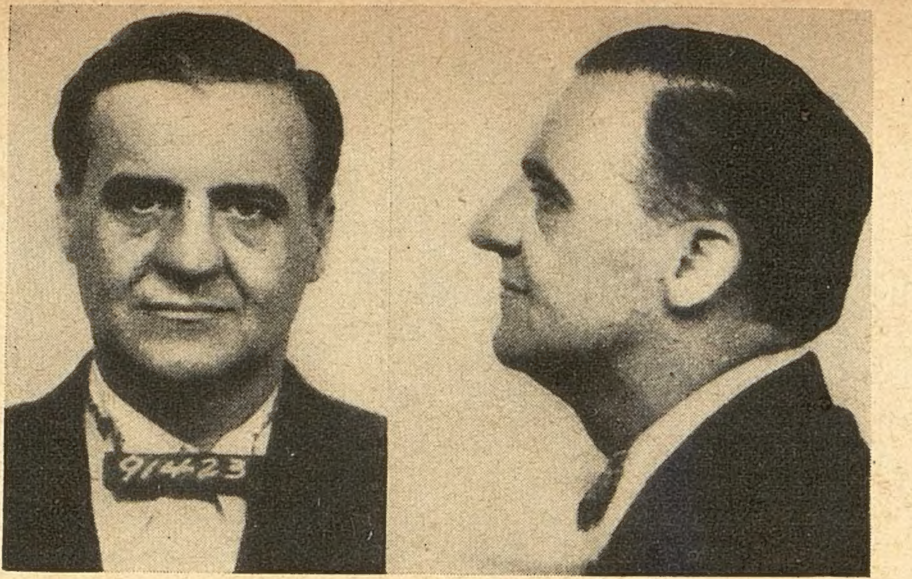
That was where they were suckers! They couldn't *plan.* They barged into a place, coked to the ears, and stuck it up. If they were lucky, they got away with it.

Some of them were good. He had to concede that. Clever—and tough! But what they needed, all of them, was a man with brains, a man able to plan a crime, a man with innate craftiness. A leader.

One or two of them came to him with propositions for easy money. He grinned and turned them down. When *he* went out on a job, the job would be planned right. He'd plan it himself. And they wouldn't take him along. He'd take them—the ones he wanted.

He—Carl Rettich—would be the leader.

There was another reason why he turned them down. Bootleg liquor then offered the biggest money at the smallest risk. He still wanted to sell liquor.



Carl Rettich, the master mind of the murder syndicate.

In odd moments he thought it all out. He knew the saloon business. But he had to learn this bootleg-liquor business from the inside. He sought out a dance-hall patron—an older racketeer. "I want a job in a brewery," he said.

He quit the dance-hall job the next day and went to New Jersey to work in a "protected" brewery. He had to do everything from slinging hops to tending the tanks. He learned the set-up of a brewery from the manufacture of liquor to its delivery. And he learned something else. This business was illegal. But, as in any other business, you needed money to make money. Where was he going to find it? It wasn't in his weekly pay envelope.

He quit the job at the brewery. He had carefully jotted down a list of addresses of the speakeasies to which it sold beer. He took the list with him to New York. He collected into a gang some of the thugs he had met at the dance hall.

Thus began his career as a racketeer. His gang visited every one of the speakeasies buying illegal liquor from the New Jersey brewery. They told the proprietors to contribute a weekly cut for "protection."

Selling protection was still a young racket. Most of the speakeasy proprietors indignantly insisted that they were paying for a "fix" and didn't want any protection. Then began a campaign of terror. Speakeasy furniture and windows were smashed, customers robbed, cash registers looted. Even after that, an occasional gin-mill merchant was stubborn. He usually saw light after his teeth had been smashed out with a revolver butt.

Rettich got his tribute.

He moved to his home town of Hoboken and tried out other operations. In a $21,000 bank hold-up, a local detective was killed. It wasn't a smooth job, but he was still learning. The cops took him in. He was very cool, very polite. He told them nothing. And because they could prove nothing, they had to let him go.

There were three more murders in quick succession. The police had him on the carpet for each of them. Each time he walked out of the police station a free man.

He was drawing his men, now, from the toughest mobs of New York and New Jersey. Mentally he was already checking off the killers and gunmen whom one day he would gather to him in the most amazing of all gangs.

Meanwhile he left New Jersey, went to Chicago. He had heard of a new King of Crime there—Al Capone. Within a few weeks he was a lieutenant in Capone's outfit. He learned how a big gang was organized and operated. He saw how opposition was handled—warned, then rubbed out; how politicians were fixed and police paid. He learned every trick that the Capone gang had to show him. Thus he finished his postgraduate course in crime and made ready to go into business for himself.

He drifted out of the Capone mob and returned to New York. There he attacked the problem in a methodical, businesslike fashion that was to be characteristic of Carl Rettich from this day on.

He envisioned an empire of crime that would make Capone look like a small-timer. He was shrewd enough to realize that prohibition had come; that it might also go. He would want men about him who could handle any type of crime.

Just now the liquor racket offered the logical starting point; the foundation for the organization he intended to create.

But where would he set up shop?

Carl Rettich obtained a map of the Atlantic coast states. He studied it carefully. First, he would want a location not too far from the base of supply of smuggled liquor. Second, it must be not too far from the ready markets of New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania, preferably near the New England states. Third, protection and privacy must be obtainable.

He spent many days pondering every angle before he chose the smallest state in the Union—Rhode Island. Then he took a train for Providence. There he made no open move. He studied the situation on the ground. He tapped underworld sources of information.

The bootlegger who had a virtual monopoly of the rum trade in Rhode Island was a man called Danny Walsh. Carl Rettich pieced together every bit of information he could uncover concerning him.

Daniel T. Walsh came from a respected family in Pawtucket, a suburb of Providence. He was not a gangster type, but a likable fellow who had built up a business on the theory that a close mouth and good liquor at a fair price would win customers. Rettich dug out all he could about Walsh's business: where landings were made, how much liquor was sold, how many men Walsh had. One afternoon he went into a speakeasy where Walsh spent much of his time. The bartender looked over the bar to see before him a tall man who wore his expensive business suit well.

"What's yours, mister?"

"Scotch," said Rettich. "Danny been around?"

"Danny who?" asked the bartender.

"Danny Walsh. Quit clowning."

The bartender stared evenly into the slate-gray eyes. "Never heard of him. Drink your drink and get out of here."

The slate-gray eyes did not change expression. "Didn't think you'd know him," said Rettich pleasantly. "But if you meet anybody that does know him, tell 'em to tell him Carl Rettich wants to see him."

Each afternoon for the next three days Rettich went into the place for a drink. He asked no more questions. On the third day a man came up to him at the bar.

"Rettich? I'm Danny Walsh. Come over here where we can talk. Now, what can I do for you?"

"Take me into your business—as a partner."

Walsh laughed. Then his eyes narrowed.

"Not thinking of muscling in, are you, Rettich?"

"Oh, not at all. This is a business proposition."

Rettich's Warwick Neck "crime castle" during a search of the premises for bodies of his syndicate's victims.

"Well, what have you got to offer?" Walsh demanded.

"Brains," said Rettich.

"I can't sell brains. My business is liquor."

"But you're not selling one tenth of what you should."

"I'm doing all right."

"Sure you are—locally. You've got Rhode Island tied up. But Rhode Island's a small state. You're close to Massachusetts and New York and New Jersey. They get thirsty there, too. And you're letting them drop through a hole in your pocket."

"And you can get them for me?"

"I've got New York and New Jersey now. I'll get Massachusetts. You've got the local business. I've got the out-of-state contacts. I'll turn them over to you. You sell and distribute. I'll do the rumrunning, but I've got to have full charge of the fleet."

"What fleet?"

Rettich grinned. "I forgot to tell you. We'll need a fleet of boats. Fast boats, all hold. I figure it'll take a quarter of a million to finance us."

IT was Walsh's turn to grin. "Come down out of the tree," he said. "A quarter of a million!"

"You can raise it," said Rettich. "And a quarter of a million is peanuts. How would you like to make a single sale of liquor for one million dollars?"

"You're still in the tree."

"All right. Here's the idea. I'm going to contact some big bootleggers in Boston, New York, and New Jersey—men that want to stock up with good Canadian stuff. They pool their money, see? They go to Montreal, where they get a good buy because it's a big order. Our tanker brings it in to the twelve-mile limit. Our speed boats run it in from there. Even if the coast guards knock off some of it, they've split the cargo and the loss. They make money. We make money. Is the idea sound?"

Walsh was silent for a moment. "You're talking big stuff. But it makes sense." He gave Rettich the number of a hotel room. "See me there Tuesday," he said.

"If we form this syndicate," Rettich said, "I'll stay under cover—right?"

"Right," agreed Walsh. "You seem to be pretty good at that, too. I've been trying to check up on you. I haven't found out a thing."

"Glad to hear it. Nothing much to find out. I know the New York and Jersey mobs and I've just come from the Capone gang in Chicago."

"How's Al Capone?"

Rettich's lips curled disdainfully. "On top of the world and riding for a fall. That's why I got out. Al don't know it, but he's getting publicity poisoning."

On the following Tuesday the liquor syndicate was formed. A prominent Providence banker and an equally prominent Rhode Island attorney agreed to furnish money and legal aid on the stipulation that they be made silent partners with a right to 50 per cent of the "take."

The new partners went to work immediately. Walsh arranged for a fleet of trucks to distribute. Rettich bought tankers, had a few speed boats built, made good on his promise to provide a $1,000,000 sale of liquor. He worked with the zeal of a top-notch executive, the skill of an efficiency expert.

He weeded the Walsh organization of deadheads. He concentrated liquor landings in and about Swansea on the Massachusetts-Rhode Island border, but kept plenty of secret spots and hideaways all along the coast. He made all the fixes and connections in advance.

He helped Walsh run liquor as far as Chicago until the greasing of innumerable palms en route and the realization of risks involved made him decide that it was unprofitable. After that, he and Walsh ran no liquor overland for more than 300 miles.

Money rolled in.

Rettich sent to New York for a pal of

his gangster days—"Terrible Tommy" Dugan, a thin-lipped, clean-faced, dapper machine gunner. Presently Dugan was riding the syndicate's speed boats with him.

To his rumrunning he brought the same devilish ingenuity that was to characterize his whole career. Deliberately he ran his prize liquors in under the worst possible conditions. He had a special liking for narrow, dangerous rivers. On the way out to sea his crew would place buoys or markers in the channel. On the way in, with a load, men stationed in the bow with long boat hooks would pull in the buoys. The pursuing cutter, with nothing to guide it, would invariably run aground.

Rettich hired for pilots skilled navigators who knew every mile of the coast line from St. John's to Miami. Though he now had some of the fastest boats in America, he demanded more speed, more cargo space. He called in one of the best marine architects in the country.

"I want a sixty-eight-footer," he ordered. "She's got to be low-built and fast for short distances—say sixty knots an hour. And every inch of space in the hold must be available for cargo. Can you do it?"

"I think so. She'll cost money, though. Take four Liberty motors to power her. Set you back about twenty dollars every hour you use her."

"Never mind that. How much?"

"At least twenty-five thousand dollars."

The slate-gray eyes brightened proudly. "Build her."

That boat was the Kebble. Coast guardsmen still talk of her. And today you will find her, her bottom seams beginning to open, in a Rhode Island shipyard. She can be bought—this boat that once was the fastest thing on the Atlantic—for storage charges.

Within a few years Rettich had a navy of eleven fast boats that included the Idle Hour, the Black Duck, the Mitzi, the Mahogany Boat, and others, plus an auxiliary fleet of tankers.

He claimed, in a talk with me when I was taking him to jail, that he had hired a foreign radio engineer to install on his boats a radio utilizing ultra-short waves that the government could not get. Whether or not this is true, he did equip his boats with everything he could find to outwit or defeat the government. There were tear-gas bombs, submachine guns—even a cannon.

When one of his boats was seized, he hired a chemist to perfect a thick smoke screen which he used subsequently. When another was seized and one of his men shot, he called in the chemist. "I want you to find me a poison gas to be released with the smoke screen," he ordered. He used the gas for a while, then abandoned it.

RUNNING a load in, the Mitzi was chased by a cutter whose captain ordered her to stop.

"To hell with him," said Rettich.

The cutter put a shell over the Mitzi's bow. Still she went on. The guardsmen opened up with machine guns firing tracer bullets. Terrible Tommy Dugan unlimbered his own machine gun. The Mitzi was loaded; the cutter gaining. It looked like certain seizure.

But Carl Rettich merely smiled. He had spent his money wisely. The coast-guard cutter suddenly wheeled about, veered off her course, began cutting circles in the water. The Mitzi got away—as Rettich knew she would.

What had happened? Investigation disclosed that the rudder rope had been cut by one of the crew on the coast-guard cutter.* A government traitor in the pay of Rettich!

He found time to smuggle in jewels and submachine guns made in Germany. Occasionally his gang used an airplane equipped with pontoons. Often they hijacked rumrunning ships on the high seas.

One of these hijacking expeditions was to influence Rettich's whole future.

Twenty miles out at sea, he tackled a shipload of liquor that was being run in. As fast as his mob scaled the boat's sides and came on deck, they were thrown overboard. Rettich boarded the boat himself. Overboard he went—and he couldn't swim a stroke. He floundered, sank, came up. He saw a thin man dive near him.

The thin man, leader of the bootleg mob on the boat, got the big German aboard. "I should have let you drown," he said. "Next time you try to stick us up, I will."

"Well, thanks for this time. I'm Carl Rettich."

"So you're Rettich!" The thin man ran long fingers through wet sparse hair. "I've heard of you from the Hoboken-New York mob. I'm 'Handy-Gun' Harrigan."

"You are, eh? Didn't you have an interest in a brewery in Union City and one in Kingston?"

"Still have," said Harrigan, "with Jim Sweeney and Dutch Handel."

"Sure. I've heard of you. You were in Sing Sing back in '26 when the Cunniffe mob pulled the Elizabeth mail robbery. You furnished Jim Sweeney an alibi on that job—you said he was visiting you in prison."

"That's right."

"And you were a trigger man for Dutch Schultz and Waxey Gordon."

"Yeah. Waxey paid me a hundred bucks a week."

"Well, well! It's like old home week out here in the middle of the ocean! Listen, Charley. Why should you and I buck each other? I'm with a syndicate now—a big one. How about throwing in with me? You can be top man—under me. What do you say?"

Charles "Handy-Gun" Harrigan gave it some thought. Finally he shrugged, grinned, put out his hand.

"What have I got to lose?" he asked genially.

Rettich made Harrigan his first lieutenant, trusted him implicitly in the days ahead.

BY the time repeal drew near, Rettich was in the big money. He spent $200,000 a week for wages for his mob and protection and fixes for politicians and police. During the prohibition era it is estimated that he paid out more than $3,000,000. But he and his associates netted more than $12,000,000.

The wane of prohibition meant little to him. He had other plans for the future. And now he was sole boss—for Danny Walsh had disappeared.

On the night of February 2, 1933, Danny had gone to a party held at a roadhouse outside Providence. Rettich was there. Though the party was gay and noisy and wet, Rettich took only a drink or two.

It was dawn when the party broke up and Rettich came out and got into his car. Danny got in beside him. They were seen driving away.

No one ever saw Danny Walsh again.

Providence police began an investigation. They uncovered evidence that Rettich owed his vanished partner $100,000. They called Rettich in. Danny had been last seen in his car. How about it?

"Sure," said Rettich. He had driven Danny Walsh from the roadhouse party, but Danny had been kidnaped by a Boston mob for a ransom of $40,000. "I raised thirty thousand of it myself," said Rettich coolly. "It was handed through the door of a Boston hotel. But we were double-crossed. They didn't return Danny."

And that was as far as the police got with him.

The underworld says Danny Walsh was taken aboard one of the boats of Rettich's fleet. His feet were jammed into a keg of cement. It was allowed to harden.

"God!" he screamed. "You can't do this to me!"

Steel-cold eyes looked at him—expressionless, unanswering. He was rolled, screaming, overboard, these underworld sources add. The splash cut off his screams and as he sank, standing up in a keg of cement, a partnership was dissolved. . . .

Carl Rettich, the master mind, wanted no more partnerships. From this point on he was boss—and sole boss. He had plans. He could think them out best alone.

What murderous devices were concealed within Rettich's "castle" on Warwick Neck, Rhode Island? What innocent role in life did he purport to play among neighbors of the highest social and financial standing? How came he with his human cobras to have a master hand in the O'Connell kidnaping at Albany, and just how was that outrage planned and executed? Every one of these sensational things will be told in detail, from inside knowledge, by United States Marshal Murphy in Liberty next week!

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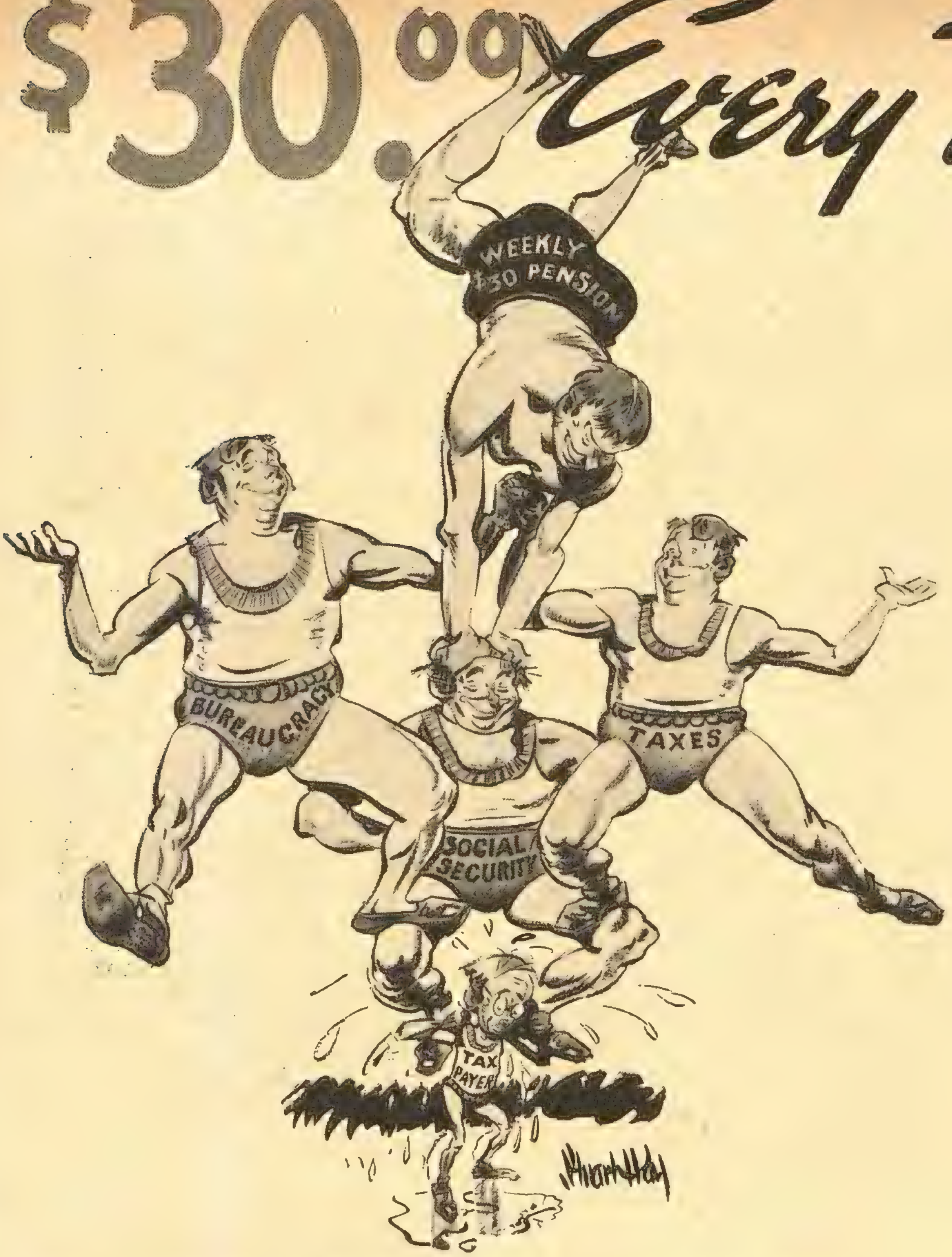
* I was on the cutter during this chase and manipulated the searchlight.—EDITOR OF LIBERTY.

$30.00 Every Thursday



Who will lick 65 billion stamps? The EPIC plan's author takes a candid look at a proposed Utopia

BY UPTON SINCLAIR

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

WHAT a musical sound this slogan has! How easy to say! How promising and how pleasant! Who would refuse $30 every Thursday, or any Thursday? Not many in California, with one in five of the population on relief and many more who need relief but cannot get it.

The old people of California have set out to get themselves $30 every Thursday. Why shouldn't they have it? they ask the world. Here is the richest state in the richest country on earth; here are law-abiding, hard-working people who have been useful all their lives. Why shouldn't they have security and comfort in their old age? They mean to get it, and they don't care that they have already upset the politics of the state and may upset its economics.

In order to understand this story you must go back in California history. For three years the depression grew worse and worse. In this richest state, thousands were literally starving, and many more knew they would be starving in a few months.

Then came the New Deal. Generous promises were made and hopes were awakened. But it turned out that the only plan the New Deal had was to borrow money in Wall Street, and either give it to the people outright or pay it for imitation work. When it came back to Wall Street, it was borrowed once more. This was called "pump-priming"; but it was observed that very little came out of the pump except what had been put into it.

To meet this situation a plan was put forward five years ago, with the slogan, "End Poverty in California." It was called the EPIC plan. It proposed to put the unemployed at labor for their own benefit, producing those goods and services which they themselves were going to consume. They would be taken permanently off the backs of the taxpayers.

An essential part of this EPIC plan was old-age pensions. People over sixty were promised $50 a month. With prosperity restored in the state, this cost could easily have been met. The money that was going for doles and relief work could have been used for pensions, and if more had been needed it would have been raised by income and inheritance taxes.

The EPIC plan amounted to an invitation to the taxpayers of California to put up enough working capital to set the unemployed up in business and enable them to produce for themselves. But the big interests and their machine politicians persuaded the people to vote down the plan. In the five years since it was launched, the taxpayers have put up far more money than they would have put up for the EPIC plan—and they still have unemployed and the needy old people on their hands.

A group of the old people worked out a new scheme and framed an initiative petition to give $30 every Thursday morning to all nonworking persons over fifty years of age. They went out and got more than 800,000 signatures to the petition, the biggest number that ever signed such a document in our history. They have now obtained a unanimous decision of the state Supreme Court that the measure must be on the ballot next November.

They framed their measure in such a way that no politician can have anything to do with carrying it out. The governor is bound to appoint as manager of the plan one certain man who is named in the measure; if this man does not serve, the governor is bound to appoint a second man, also named; if he does not serve, a third, also named. The man thus appointed goes ahead and puts the job through, $700,000 being appropriated from the state treasury to enable him to get it started.

He prints state warrants of $1 each in quantities sufficient to pay $30 a week to every nonworking person in the State of California who is fifty years of age or over; he pays thirty warrants every Thursday to all persons who register and qualify. The statisticians have calculated that we now have in our state 811,000 persons qualified for the pensions; not counting those who may qualify by quitting whatever jobs they have! So the pension-plan administrator will pay out not less than $1,265,160,000 worth of warrants each year. He will also print a considerable number of 2-cent stamps; 52 stamps for each and every $1 warrant, which will be a total of 65,788,320,000 stamps.

I don't know how it strikes you, but to me the most horrifying feature of this plan is that it will require the people of California to lick 65 billion stamps in the course of a year, close to 200 million stamps every day, eight million per hour. Roughly speaking, every adult Californian is going to have to average two stamps per hour of the day or night, waking or sleeping, as long as he lives. The number will be reduced by the printing of some $5 and $10 warrants, but the total will remain astronomical.

Whoever owns the warrants every Thursday is required to stick one 2-cent stamp on every warrant that he owns. The theory is that this will cause every one to try to get rid of his warrants on Wednesday. In this way they will cause goods to circulate and be consumed, and this will stimulate the production of new goods, and so more employment. At the end of a year from the date of issue every $1 warrant will have on it $1.04 worth of stamps; and it will then be redeemed by the state.

Upton Sinclair speaking for the EPIC plan.

So while the state is paying out $1,265,160,000 in warrants, it will be taking in $1,316,566,400 for stamps. Therefore purchasing power will not be increased, and the defenders of the plan are correct in claiming that it is not at all inflationary. In this respect the plan resembles that of Dr. Townsend, who raised our EPIC pension offer to $200 a month, and proposed to get it by a sales tax disguised as a "transactions tax." This was to be levied every time a sale was made, thus piling up a series of taxes, first on the wheat, then on the flour, then on the loaf of bread, so that the price of manufactured articles might be increased 20 per cent or more. Having refused to accept this fallacy and warned the people against it, I did not become Governor of California in 1934, and so am still alive to write magazine articles.

This "$30 every Thursday" scheme is not a sales tax. It is rather in the nature of an installment loan. The state lends $1,265,160,000 to the people, and gets it back at the rate of 2 per cent a week. We know how installment buying stimulated the boom of the 1920s; we know also how it brought on the depression, by loading the people with debts.

My announced opposition has brought me many letters from indignant elderly Californians. For example, here is an old Socialist who thinks that I cannot have read the California Pension Act. "If you did I cannot see how you made the clearly evident mistakes you did, for I well know you can understand what you read, but it gets me where you talk of 1500 stamps a week. 1500 stamps a year, yes. $30 worth a year, not a week."

You see where this old comrade has slipped up. He is following one week's pension warrants through the year, and he finds that those warrants will each have 52 stamps put on, and so at the end of the year they will have 1,560 stamps. What "gets" him is the failure to realize that each week another 30 warrants will have been launched upon their stamp-receiving career, so at the end of the year there will be not *one* lot of 30 warrants, but 52 lots of 30 warrants, each calling for their 30 stamps every week. So when the plan has reached its full size there will be for each pensioner 52 times 30 warrants, or 1,560, and each of these warrants will have to have one stamp attached each week, so again you have to multiply by 52, which gives you 81,120 stamps per pensioner per year. If, according to the estimate published by the Associated Press, there are 811,000 persons now eligible for the warrants, there would be 65,788,320,000 stamps to be affixed every year.

Of course this will be reduced somewhat by the printing of some $5 and $10 warrants bearing 10- and 20-cent stamps. On the other hand, it will be increased to an extent which no one can estimate by the fact that any California voter over fifty years of age can make himself eligible for the plan. Furthermore, any one over fifty can come into the State of California and make himself eligible at the end of five years. You can imagine how the figures will run up!

The old folks who get the $30 every Thursday do not expect to be the ones who will lick the stamps. Each pensioner will hustle out and spend his warrants, and if he is a poor person who has no job and no income, he won't get any warrants back. The cost of the stamps and the licking will be put off on other people.

On the first Thursday morning 811,000 pension takers will make a beeline to the nearest stores. But will the storekeepers let their shelves be emptied and their tills stuffed with pieces of paper, every one requiring a 2-cent stamp every week?

The storekeepers will ascertain that the banks are not taking the warrants. The authors of this plan hope that they will and have offered inducements, but in my judgment not enough. The wholesalers will not take the warrants, because most of the manufacturers are outside of the state and certainly are not going to take California paper which cannot be redeemed for a year and costs 2 per cent a week to hold.

What the supporters of the plan are counting upon is public opinion forcing tradesmen to take the warrants. A furious campaign has already begun. Some of the Democratic candidates who swept the state at the primaries are pledged to $30 every Thursday, even though there is nothing they can do about it if elected.

Many merchants have put up signs in their stores announcing, "We will accept pension warrants." But these merchants' campaign promises may turn out to be more generous than their performances.

My guess is that the chain stores will have to refuse the warrants from the outset. The people will boycott them in favor of the little dealers, who will start taking the warrants at a discount and will increase the discount day by day as their paper pile grows.

The only people who can be forced to take the warrants are state employees, who will have to receive 50 per cent of their pay in that form, and will find in the end that it means a 50-per-cent pay cut. That will mean a 50-per-cent cut in the power of the patronage machine! The state itself is required to take the warrants for all obligations due it; which will mean that the state will never receive another dollar of United States money, and will go into a financial nose dive. The annual amount of the warrants is ten times its total revenue last year.

It is easy to be funny about this scheme; but if you have a heart, you cannot enjoy your laughter, because you think about the frustrated hopes of pathetic old people who have labored all their lives to produce wealth, and have seen their savings swept away in an economic cyclone, and are now dependent and humiliated, many of them in desperate need. The old people demand relief, and have a right to demand it. We could easily, in California and everywhere throughout the United States, pay $30 every Thursday in real United States money to every needy man, woman, and child. We have the natural resources, the machinery, the skilled labor. We could produce that much wealth without strain and could give that much purchasing power without inflation and without taxation or licking of stamps. The only obstacle is the sacred profit system. On account of that we shut our ears to the pleas of technical experts who really know what to do and how. The result is we get these self-destroying schemes and delusions.

This time in California we have got one that is going to put our money masters on a griddle.

THE END

THE GIRL WHO HATED HOLLYWOOD

A tender, poignant story of two hearts in trouble and a love that spoke louder than fame

BY EDWARD STEVENSON

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

THE whole band went down to Grand Central to see Nancy off, and the boys in the sax section brought their instruments and played California, Here I Come. At last the photographers had taken their fill of pictures and had retired to Irving Rumpel's compartment to sample his fine Scotch. The boys in the band, with their musicians' unfailing noses for free liquor, had crashed the party too. Finally there were only Nancy, Don, and Stubby left on the observation platform, and it was just a couple of minutes until traintime.

"Blow, will you, Stubby?" Don pleaded. "I'd like to do the fade-out alone."

"Sure," Stubby said. "S' long, Nancy."

She kissed him, which wasted more precious seconds.

"So long, Stubby," Nancy said. "Keep your eye on Don for me."

"Sure thing. I'll tuck him in every night."

"Well . . . so long."

Stubby ambled down the platform, searching for Rumpel's compartment and the free Scotch.

"Gee, Nancy!" Don said. He could feel his eyes stinging with dry, acid tears.

They were alone now and in each other's arms, and all of the pain of parting was in their eyes and faces and in their tight embrace.

"You *would* have to look more beautiful than ever today," he said. "Just to make it harder!"

"But, Don, it's not forever. Just a couple of months. I'll probably be a terrible flop, anyhow."

"Don't be silly! Rumpel wouldn't have signed you for such a big part if he wasn't sure that you had what it takes. You'll slay 'em, Nancy. One of these days I'll be able to say I knew you when."

"Don't talk like that, darling. You make it sound so . . . *final.*"

"I'm feeling low, that's all. Don't mind me. But . . . oh, gosh, it's the first time we've been separated since we were married, and it's sort of got me."

"I wish I'd never taken the awful job! I wouldn't have if you and Rumpel hadn't argued me into it."

"Sure we argued. My gosh, did you want us to have you throw away a chance at a swell career?"

"We had a career—you and me—"

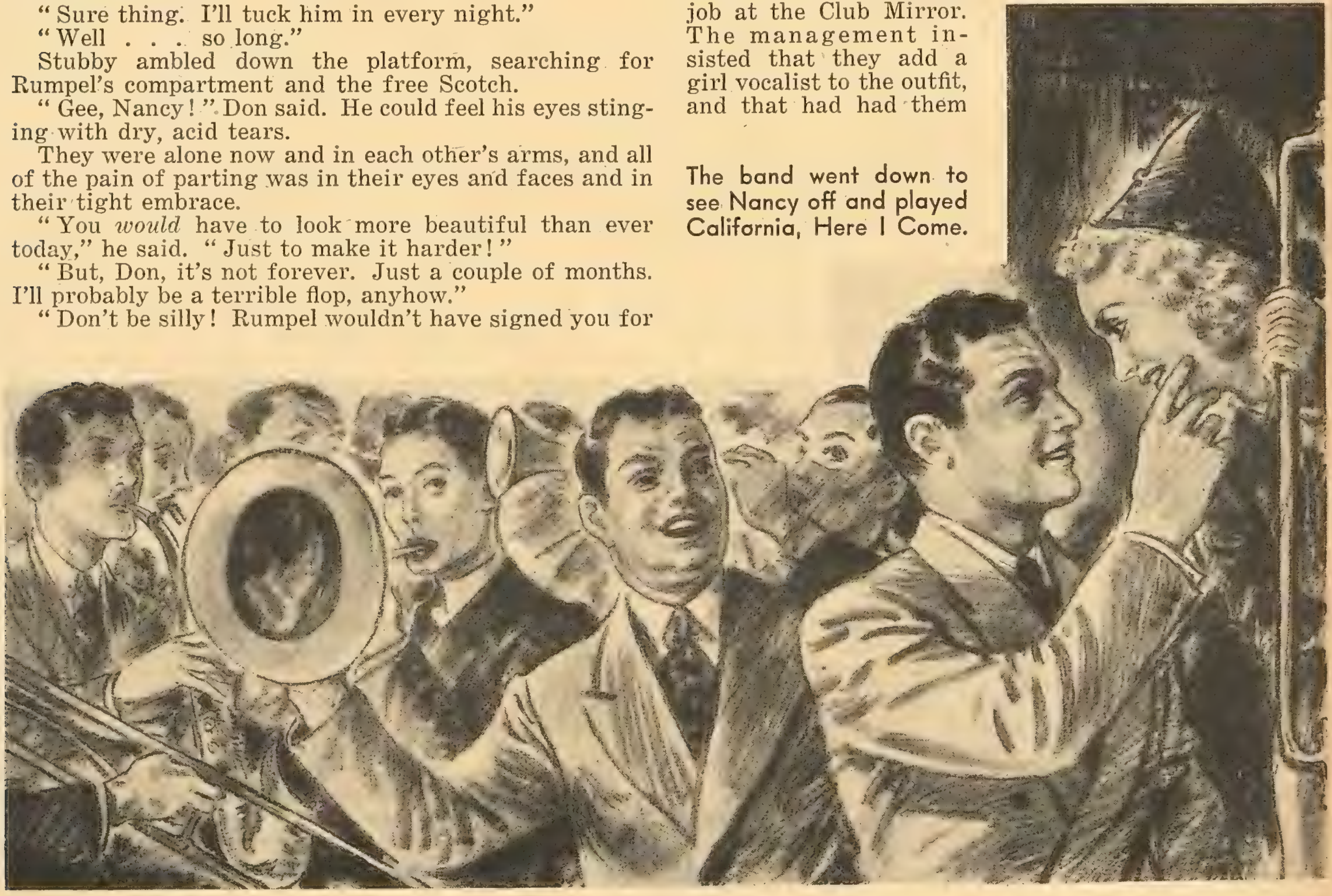
"Don't make me laugh, Nancy! Why, already you're making almost as much as the whole band is getting at the Trask. Come on, buck up. You'll show 'em!"

"'Board!" The cry was like the voice of doom.

"Oh, kid!" he said; and their lips came together. Neither of them had words potent enough for the desperation and terror of farewell.

SOMEHOW it seemed to hurt even worse that evening when the band went on at the Trask and Sue Beatty, the new girl, was on the stand singing Nancy's old vocals. Why had he chosen Sweet Georgia Brown for one of the numbers tonight? That, he remembered, feeling the sharpness of the memory, had been the first song he had ever heard Nancy do.

That was more than two years ago now, and the band had just got its first real job at the Club Mirror. The management insisted that they add a girl vocalist to the outfit, and that had had them



The band went down to see Nancy off and played California, Here I Come.

stymied—where could you get a decent singer for thirty-five a week, which was all the job paid?—until Stubby Snead, who played the drums, suggested his cousin.

She came to the Mirror the morning before the band was scheduled to open. He could still remember her coming across the room—that dusky room with the chairs still piled on the tables and the odor of creosote from the washrooms sharply in the air—following meekly in Stubby's wake. He had never seen any one like her. She was then part girl, part woman; but the girl in her was yielding gracefully, without awkwardness, to the conquest of the woman. She was slim and blonde and there were faint pink blossoms in her cheeks and her eyes had a kind of electric blueness. She was shy and nervous and her little breasts rose on the flood of her excitement.

She sang Sweet Georgia Brown for him. Of course she was green then—she had just stepped from behind a five-and-dime counter—and there was an alarming catch in her breath when she sang. But she had a voice and she had a style: sweet or hot, she was terrific.

The Mirror catered principally to drunks, minor-league sugar daddies and their babes, and those hard-eyed women who each night flock like nocturnal birds from their brownstone aeries in the Sixties and Seventies. Singing to that crowd was a heartbreaking business. The only applause Nancy got all the first evening was an occasional cheer, slightly Bronx, from the more enfeebled drunks. He took her to an all-night dog wagon after the grind at the club.

"Don't let what happened tonight get you down," he consoled her. "You were great, but that gang doesn't know singing when they hear it. In a decent joint you'd 've had 'em under the tables. You've got the old stuff, even if those saps don't know it. You watch! We're going places, you and me . . . and the rest of the gang."

"You and me!" she said softly, and it seemed almost as though she had set the three words to music.

"Sure. Why not?"

"Why not?" she said.

He looked into her eyes and saw their clear innocence, and he thought: I'll have to get her out of the Mirror before something happens to *that*.

He took her home every night. Usually they stopped and had coffee and doughnuts at one of the all-night places, and then if the weather was good they walked up Broadway to Seventy-fourth Street where she had a furnished room. They walked arm in arm, slowly, thoughtfully. The freshly washed streets were like dark silent rivers flowing between the curbs. The smell of the early city morning was in the air.

HE said good night to her in the narrow vestibule of the house where she lived. It was tough, just saying good night and hurrying away before the desire to kiss her became too strong. He wondered how long he could get along with only good night.

And yet, he couldn't ask her to marry him. He was still digging his way out of the hole he had got into in the lean days before the band went to the Mirror; and the Mirror just paid enough to keep himself going and to lop off a little each week on old debts.

But waiting was tough—plenty tough. And yet, he didn't have to wait so long. It only *seemed* long.

It was the night the Mirror folded, the night they came to work and found the place swarming with creditors. The owner had taken a powder and all of the available cash. No owner; no cash; no pay for the week ending that night.

She helped him gather up the arrangements and helped him carry them to a cab; and then she came with him to his room—that awful messy room of his on the top floor of a dingy old red-brick roominghouse.

"You don't want to take it so hard, Don," she said.

He could remember her standing there close to him and smiling, as if to demonstrate that *she* wasn't worried at all. She was wearing that funny little squirrel jacket of hers and that absurd Cossack hat she used to have. She took his hand, and the warmth of hers upon his took the frost out of his heart, but also robbed him of all his strength and made him feel as though he were going to bawl. "There are plenty of other jobs. And--well, it's still *you and me*, isn't it?"

He kissed her then for the first time.

"Darling," she said, after a long time, her lips close to his ear, her voice low, as if she wanted none but him to hear, "why don't we get married?"

Her words knocked him off his feet and he stammered something foolish.

"You *want* to, don't you?"

"Oh, Lord—!"

"And *I* want to."

It didn't seem particularly important then that their combined assets were forty-two dollars in cash, a few odds and ends of clothing, and the tattered orchestral arrangements which were scattered at their feet. Nothing was important then but the kiss with which they sealed the compact.

THEY went down to the Municipal Chapel and were married, taking Stubby and a girl named Flo, who had had the hat-check concession at the Mirror, as witnesses. After the ceremony they had a dollar dinner at Childs—a champagne cocktail apiece had made it seem quite gala—and then they went to the furnished room where he lived. They had decided to keep his room because it was a dollar a week cheaper than hers; and dollars had suddenly become tremendously important.

They flew into each other's arms when they got to the room, and the last white kernels of the wistful handful of rice Stubby had thrown at them fell out of Don's hat.

"Scared?" he asked, as if he doubted the bravery of her kisses.

"No. *You?*"

"No. Not much, anyhow. Not with you. We're going places, aren't we, baby, you and me?"

"Of course we are! . . . Oh, darling, wouldn't it 've been awful if no one had invented love?"

Horrible, he thought.

AFTER Nancy had been gone for a couple of days he began to think that time was playing tricks on him. Hours never used to contain so many minutes, days so many hours. Hours used to whizz by like nothing at all; a day was gone before he knew it. *Now* . . .

On the fifth day he received an air-mail note from her. She had arrived safely. She had visited the studio but hadn't started work yet. She had had lunch at the Brown Derby. And, oh, she missed him! She missed him so terribly!

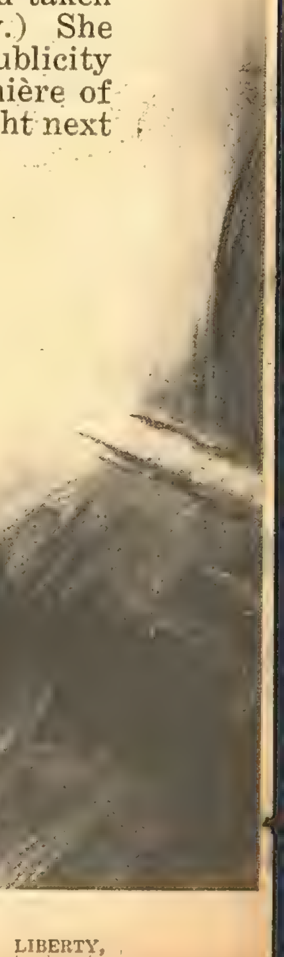
The letters arrived daily after that. . . . The picture wasn't ready to go into production yet. (No one knew when it would be—script trouble.) She had met the great Bob Wallace whom she was going to play opposite. He had been very sweet, very helpful, and he had taken her to lunch. (The lug! Don thought enviously.) She hadn't done a lick of work yet except to pose for publicity stills. Irving Rumpel had taken her to the première of Sam Goldwyn's new picture and she had stood right next to Gary Cooper as he spoke into the mike. . . . Don knew she was having a swell time, even if she tried to hide the fact; even if every letter ended with: "But, darling, I miss you so much!"

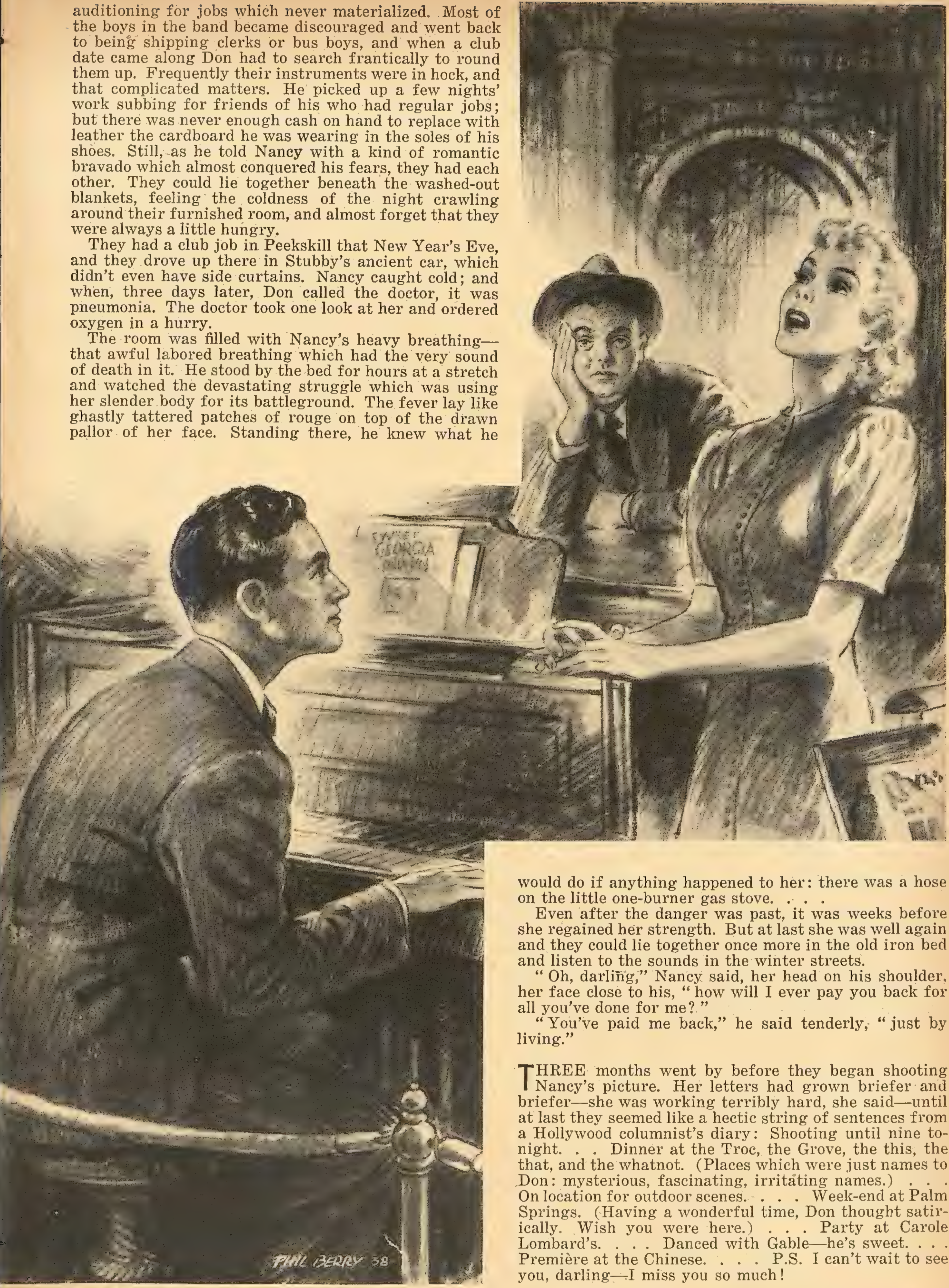
Her letters reminded him more and more of the past, which seemed to be all he had left now. Nothing to look forward to, he thought, but plenty to remember. Their first winter together, for instance.

It had been a winter of

Of course she was green then. But she had a voice and she had a style: sweet or hot, she was terrific.

ILLUSTRATED BY
PHIL BERRY





auditioning for jobs which never materialized. Most of the boys in the band became discouraged and went back to being shipping clerks or bus boys, and when a club date came along Don had to search frantically to round them up. Frequently their instruments were in hock, and that complicated matters. He picked up a few nights' work subbing for friends of his who had regular jobs; but there was never enough cash on hand to replace with leather the cardboard he was wearing in the soles of his shoes. Still, as he told Nancy with a kind of romantic bravado which almost conquered his fears, they had each other. They could lie together beneath the washed-out blankets, feeling the coldness of the night crawling around their furnished room, and almost forget that they were always a little hungry.

They had a club job in Peekskill that New Year's Eve, and they drove up there in Stubby's ancient car, which didn't even have side curtains. Nancy caught cold; and when, three days later, Don called the doctor, it was pneumonia. The doctor took one look at her and ordered oxygen in a hurry.

The room was filled with Nancy's heavy breathing—that awful labored breathing which had the very sound of death in it. He stood by the bed for hours at a stretch and watched the devastating struggle which was using her slender body for its battleground. The fever lay like ghastly tattered patches of rouge on top of the drawn pallor of her face. Standing there, he knew what he would do if anything happened to her: there was a hose on the little one-burner gas stove. . . .

Even after the danger was past, it was weeks before she regained her strength. But at last she was well again and they could lie together once more in the old iron bed and listen to the sounds in the winter streets.

"Oh, darling," Nancy said, her head on his shoulder, her face close to his, "how will I ever pay you back for all you've done for me?"

"You've paid me back," he said tenderly, "just by living."

THREE months went by before they began shooting Nancy's picture. Her letters had grown briefer and briefer—she was working terribly hard, she said—until at last they seemed like a hectic string of sentences from a Hollywood columnist's diary: Shooting until nine tonight. . . Dinner at the Troc, the Grove, the this, the that, and the whatnot. (Places which were just names to Don: mysterious, fascinating, irritating names.) . . . On location for outdoor scenes. . . . Week-end at Palm Springs. (Having a wonderful time, Don thought satirically. Wish you were here.) . . . Party at Carole Lombard's. . . . Danced with Gable—he's sweet. . . . Première at the Chinese. . . . P.S. I can't wait to see you, darling—I miss you so much!

He knew with a hopeless certainty that it was all over with them. Not officially yet—but—oh, well, he couldn't expect Nancy to come back and be satisfied with being the wife of a bush-league band leader. It wasn't reasonable. Could you imagine her doing vocals for Don Forman and his orchestra after she'd played opposite Bob Wallace? Could you imagine her getting excited again just because the band had landed a job in a second-rate hotel like the Trask?

But she *had* been excited when they first went into the Trask. The break had come when they had just about despaired of ever getting anywhere, and they had gone a little whacky over their good fortune. "I knew we'd do it some day," she said when she was able to speak. "Oh, Don, isn't it *too* wonderful?"

The Trask was not so much, of course. It was one of those nondescript places, part residential, part transient, and catered to diners and dancers who had a congenital aversion to cover charges. But it was a job. It paid pretty fair money, and it went on the air three nights a week over WWTX, the Voice of the Bronx. It was wonderful and intoxicating to see your name in lights on the Trask's marquee—DON FORMAN AND HIS ORCH—even if the sign had an alarming way of short-circuiting into some crazy condensation like:

D N F MA ND IS O H

Of course, of all the hotels in New York, the Trask would have to be the one where Irving Rumpel had once worked as a bellhop or waiter or something. Now, although he was one of Hollywood's foremost producers, he still made the Trask his headquarters when he was in New York. Irving Rumpel, with his round babyish face and the serene hairless expanse of his skull, was leaning over his soup there one night when Nancy began to sing. He forgot all about the rest of his meal.

Don had known from the very beginning that the screen test would be a wow. He had known, with a kind of grim fatalism, that Rumpel would give her a contract; that Nancy would demur; and that he, with fathead heroics, would insist that she sign with Imperial Pictures and grab the golden opportunity. Which was exactly what had happened.

IT was almost six months after Nancy had departed that the telegram came:

JUST ESCAPED FROM HOLLYWOOD CHAIN GANG TAKING PLANE MEET ME AT NEWARK AIRPORT TOMORROW AFTERNOON AT FOUR HAVE A LOT OF KISSES READY LOVE NANCY

He read the telegram a half dozen times before its information sank into his dazed mind. Then he let out the whoop which started the rumor that some one had been murdered at the Trask.

The whole band went over to Newark Airport, carrying their instruments with them. (Manny Klein even dragged along his doghouse, and slapped it with a numbed hand in the cold damp February air while the rest of the boys whooped it up with Sweet Georgia Brown, which Don had designated as Nancy's theme song.) Don ran across the field and tried to get into the plane before the ground crew had wheeled up the portable stairway. Then everything blurred, and Nancy was in his arms and they were clinging together and giving each other the kind of kisses that throw the Hays office into a dither.

It wasn't until hours later, when the first surge of happiness had somewhat abated, that he summoned the courage to ask her how long she was going to be around.

"Why, I'm back for good," she said, with a little smile. "Got a job for an unemployed actress?"

"But—but I thought everything was going so swell?"

"They didn't take up my option," she said. "Oh, well, I knew I was no Garbo."

She spoke lightly, but he wondered if she were taking it so lightly inside, where it hurts.

"Nancy," he said chokingly, "I feel like a heel, being glad, when I ought to be sorry for you. I guess I'm just a lug, but I want you here—here with me."

It was strange how tears made her eyes seem so much brighter. "It's you and me again, Don," she said softly. "And I'm so h-h-happy!"

Nancy had been back for almost a month when one morning the phone rang in their room. Don reached out of bed sleepily and answered it.

When he hung up, he leaped out of bed. "Nate Cohn of Band Bookers of America wants to see me!" he shouted at Nancy, who was just opening her eyes.

He sloshed a little water over his face, ran a comb through his hair, and somehow managed to climb into his clothes. Nate Cohn! Why, B. B. A. only handled the biggest outfits in the country.

"Hi-ya, Forman," Cohn greeted him when they met in the lobby. "Sorry to get ya out o' the hay like this, but I got an offer that'll make you forget sleep for a couple o' weeks." He was a sad-faced man with a harsh Broadway voice and Madison Square Garden clothes. "How'd you like to move into the New Manhattan at around two grand a week?"

"I haven't eaten yet," Don said. "Don't kid a guy on an empty stomach."

"I ain't kiddin'. I can get ya the job, providin' ya add a couple o' senders to the brass-'n'-sax section, 'n' providin' "—he looked at Don shrewdly—"providin' the gal goes along."

"You mean Nancy?"

"Yeah."

"Of course she'll go along. She's my wife—I mean she's part of the outfit."

"Fine! I thought maybe she had some movie angles."

"No. She's washed up in Hollywood."

Nate Cohn lifted his heavy eyebrows. "Is that so?" He sounded like Joe Penner when he said that. "Well, that's O. K. by me. I'll bring the papers round this afternoon or t'morrer mornin'."

"But you haven't even heard the band. How do you know—"

"We caught you on the air last night. Now, listen, kid. You're doin' business with B. B. A. If anybody comes around and makes ya any screwy offers, get in touch with me. Understand? And that goes for the little woman too."

Don dashed across the lobby toward the elevators. Wait till Nancy got a load of this! Oh, my gosh, he thought, I hope I'm not dreaming!

He nearly knocked down a fat man who was entering an elevator.

"Sorry!" He looked at the fat man. "Why—*Mr. Rumpel!*"

"Say," Irving Rumpel said, "aren't you Nancy Eaton's husband?"

"Sure."

"Well, you're just the one I want to see. Come up to my room."

"But—"

"Twelve!" Rumpel said to the elevator operator in his best Big Movie Executive manner.

IT was almost an hour later that Don returned to his room. He felt exhausted, as if he had just finished a hard day's work. Things were happening too fast. His stomach was a big hard lump.

Nancy was dressed when he got back.

"What did Cohn want?" she asked. "Did he want to book us into the Waldorf?"

"No," Don said evasively. "He just had an idea that he might be able to do something for us."

"Does he come running around at ten in the morning just to tell you that?" she said, looking at him suspiciously.

"I have to go see him. That's where I'm going now. We have to talk over some things."

"You've got something up your sleeve, Mr. Forman," she accused.

"No—*look!*" he said, rolling up his sleeve in a feeble attempt to be comical. "I'll see you later, baby," he added, kissing her lightly on the cheek.

HE walked all over town, not knowing what to do and trying to kill time. He sat through two complete shows at a newsreel theater without being aware of such earth-shaking events as Il Duce Decorates Italy's Most Productive Mother and Missouri Sow Gives Birth to Record Litter. When he got tired of sitting, he got up and went out. He dropped into a couple of bars and brooded over a half dozen beers. By then it was nearly five o'clock and he had to hurry back to the Trask to dress for the evening's grind and to get a call he was expecting at five thirty. And speaking of calls, he should have phoned Nate Cohn and told him that the deal was off.

Nancy was smoothing the folds of her evening dress when he came into the room.

“I was just going to notify the Missing Persons Bureau,” she said.

“I got delayed,” he said, not looking at her. He began to undress.

“I had a long talk with Stubby today.”

“Yeah?”

“He was telling me some very interesting things. Mostly about the swell time you and Sue Beatty had together while I was away. He says you're quite a little two-timer.”

“A fine friend he turned out to be!”

“Is it true?”

“Well—what do *you* think?”

She came over and took him by the shoulders and turned him around so he had to look at her. Her eyes were clear and shining and her lips were smiling.

“I think,” she said slowly, “that Stubby is a rotten liar and you're a rotten actor. Now give me a kiss and promise you won't be making my cousin tell me any more crazy lies.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Snap out of it, Don. I know that you and Stubby cooked up that story between you—although I can't imagine why. I also know that Nate Cohn wants to book us into the New Manhattan. He came around this afternoon with the contract. Oh, golly, Don, twenty-two hundred a week! I told him I'd have you sign it before a notary and send it back to him right away.”

EDWARD STEVENSON

sold his first piece at nineteen, then quit his typewriter for years until his wife goaded him into writing again. Now, at thirty, he is making a stab at it as a career. His stories have appeared in national magazines and he has started a novel.

“Like hell I will!” he said fiercely. “You think Stubby is such a rotten liar. Well, how about *you?*”

“What about *me?*”

“So they didn't take up your option?” he demanded scornfully. “Sure they didn't! But why? Because you gave Rumpel a song and dance about hating Hollywood and wanting to get back to your dear husband. Cried on his shoulder and everything. And he, like a sap, fell for the gag in one of his weak moments. He'd only seen a few of the rushes then. He didn't know the sensation you were going to be.”

“What *are* you talking about?” she said, staring at him blankly.

“Just this, baby: I saw Rumpel this morning. They had a sneak preview of your picture last week, and when the audience saw you they cried for more. And just three days ago they had a showing for the trade papers, and the reviewers went nuts. He showed me the raves from Variety and Film Daily and the rest. They're saying you're the biggest thing since Astaire. Rumpel tore his clothes when he got a load of them, and flew East to get you back under contract before some of the other studios find out what a boner he's pulled. He's willing to pay you fifteen hundred a week, and he'll probably go a lot higher if you're tough.”

“So that's why you framed that crazy story with Stubby,” she said. She threw her arms around him. *“Dope!”*

“I told Rumpel I'd see that you came back to him.”

“Oh, you *did!*”

“Sure I did. He said you'd quit because of me—”

“I quit because of *me*—and you can tell Rumpel I said so!”

“—and he said it was up to me to see that you didn't ruin your career. And, by gosh, I'm going to see that you don't!”

“Cut! Oh, Don, you're so fine and noble and . . . *silly.* And how I love you!”

“Don't you see?” he cried despairingly. “Nate Cohn got wind of the sensation you'd made. That's why he's so anxious to have us sign up. There are hundreds of bands as good as ours. *You're* the one they want. Listen, Nancy. I'm not going to let you—”

The phone rang and they both sprang to answer it. Nancy reached it first.

“It's probably for me,” Don said. “I'm expecting a call.”

“So am I,” she said, refusing to surrender the phone. “Hello. . . . Mr. Forman? . . . He's not here, Mr. Rumpel, but this is his wife—remember? . . . Yes, he spoke to me. . . . The answer is no, Mr. Rumpel. . . . We're going to do twelve weeks at the New Manhattan, and then our agent thinks he can get us some West Coast booking. . . . Maybe I could do a picture in my spare time, Mr. Rumpel. I'll have to talk it over with Mr. Forman—”

“Listen!” Don said in a strangled voice.

“Shut up. . . . No, I was talking to the house detective, Mr. Rumpel. He just dropped in for tea. . . . It will all depend on the band's itinerary, of course. . . . But I can't do that, Mr. Rumpel. You see, I'm booked solid on the Matrimonial Circuit. . . . If you're going to talk like that, Mr. Rumpel . . .”

She gently replaced the receiver on the hook.

“You little fool!” Don said hopelessly.

“Love me?” she asked, holding her face up to his teasingly.

“Of course I do. Only—”

“Then let's get a nice pen and sign Mr. Cohn's contract,” Nancy said. “We're going places . . . *you and me!*”

THE END

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20 QUESTIONS

1—This little man knew how to strike a pose away back when this very early photo was taken. First he was Jack, then he was John, and now he's Elaine's. Who?

2—What can follow a trail thirty hours old?

3—Who make up the membership of Canada's League of Forgotten Men?

4—Which author wrote Thanatopsis?

5—According to the Bible, who put a wet blanket on a king and killed him?

6—If Walt Disney created Mickey Mouse, who was responsible for Felix the Cat?

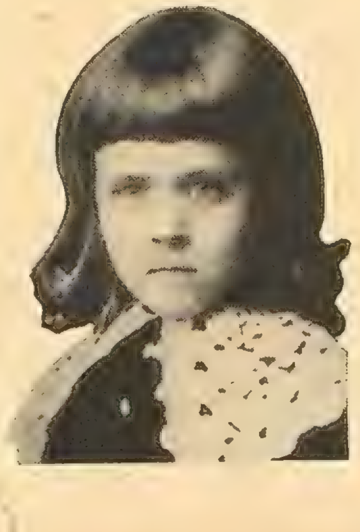
7—An English judge sits on what?

8—Which has the shortest legs, a whippet, a Dalmatian, or a Sealyham?

9—What word is formed when a consonant precedes e-n-y?

10—There are about how many meals in an ostrich egg?

11—How may wool be obtained from cows?



12—Whom did Henry Armstrong defeat for the lightweight crown? Whom for the welterweight? Whom for the featherweight?

13—Whose little what caused commotion by going to school?

14—In some parts of the United States they're still calling Boulder Dam what?

15—Mickey Daniels, Jack Davis, Johnny Downs, Pete, Jay R. Smith, Sunshine Sammy, Jackie Condon, Joe Cobb, and Mary Kornman were the original members of which group?

16—Each month about how many in the United States lose their Social Security cards?

17—Did Upton Sinclair, Sinclair Lewis, or Frank Buck write The Jungle?

18—Parchment was originally made of what?

19—A violin has how many strings?

20—Who made one talkie plus two silent versions of The Squaw Man?

(Answers will be found on page 37)

WILL THE HEALTH TRUST BE *Smashed?*

Health for many or wealth for few? A revealing picture of a monopoly that juggles a nation's welfare

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

READING TIME ● 13 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

AT last the government is getting after the Medical Trust—and there are those who say it is time.

For the American Medical Association, declared by its critics to be an anti-social monopoly, has achieved, the government now infers, a proficiency in the technique of industrial warfare which makes Tom Girdler and John L. Lewis look like amateurs.

For example, you wake up in the night with a savage pain in your side. Your doctor diagnoses your ailment as acute appendicitis and tells you that an immediate operation is necessary to save your life.

You trust your doctor. You know that he is a man of the highest standing, that his skill as a surgeon is unquestioned. You place yourself in his hands.

Then he tells you that he cannot perform the operation; that you must entrust yourself to some strange doctor; that every hospital door in town has been closed to him—the skilled surgeon, the man of unblemished reputation—by order of the medical high command.

How do you like that? How does he like it?

But what can either of you do?

The A. M. A. controls its members. All except those few who defy its dictates—and these it punishes. Through its members it controls the hospitals. In short, says the government, it engages in unlawful restraints of trade and coercive practices.

The incident described above, according to the Department of Justice, happened in Washington, D. C. The doctor's offense was that he had agreed to help serve the needs of 2,500 low-salaried federal employees who had banded together in a co-operative health group to obtain medical service at a price which they could pay.

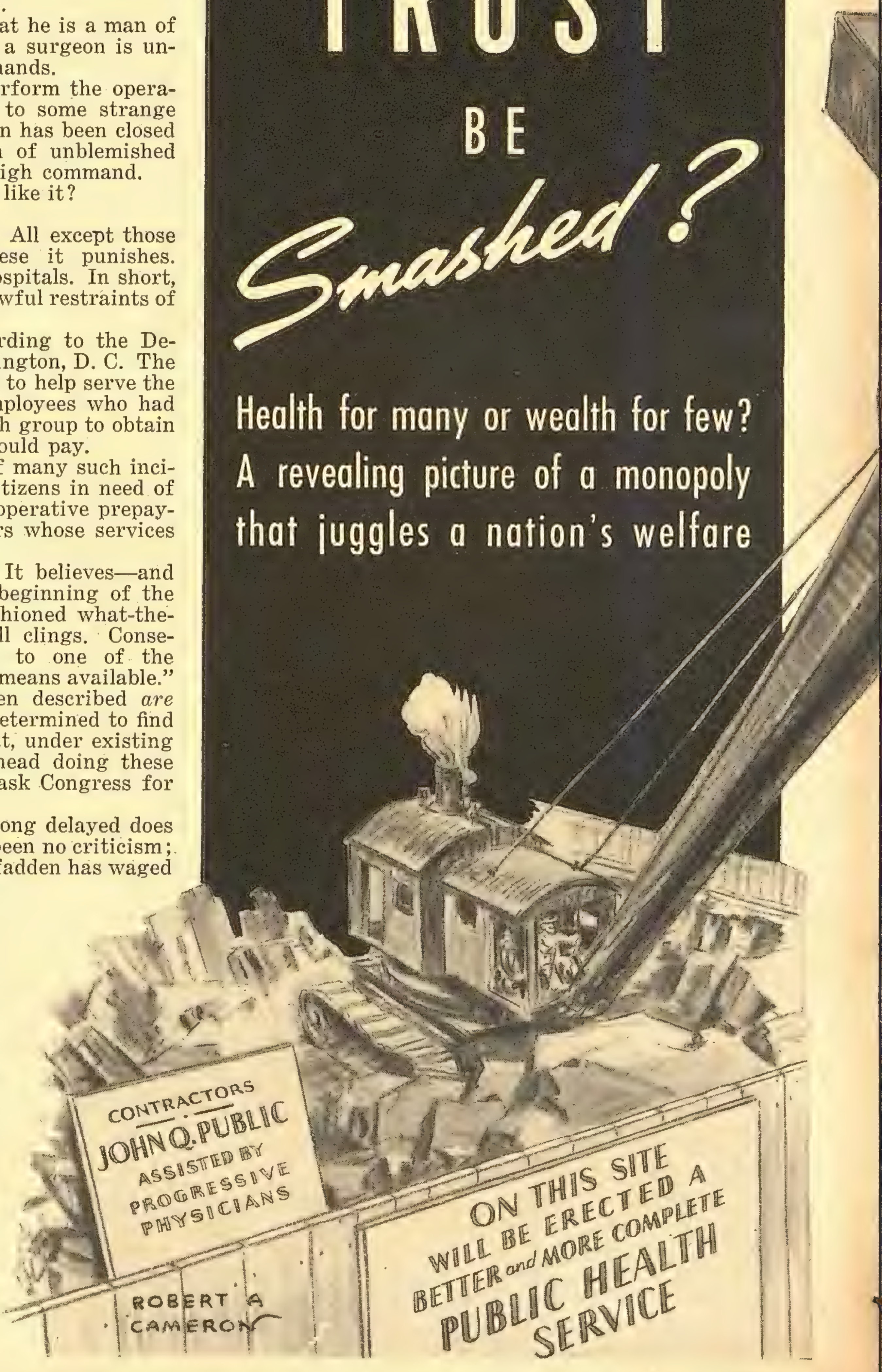
It is typical, says the government, of many such incidents which have occurred wherever citizens in need of health protection have united on a co-operative prepayment insurance basis to employ doctors whose services they couldn't otherwise afford.

The A. M. A. hates co-operatives. It believes—and with justification—that they are the beginning of the end of medical practice on the old-fashioned what-the-traffic-will-bear basis, to which it still clings. Consequently, it is determined, according to one of the spokesmen, to "fight them by any legal means available."

Whether such methods as have been described *are* legal the Attorney General is equally determined to find out. Moreover, if the courts decide that, under existing laws, the Association can go right ahead doing these things, Mr. Cummings is prepared to ask Congress for laws that will fix it so they can't.

That some such action has been so long delayed does not mean that until just now there has been no criticism; on the contrary, for years Bernarr Macfadden has waged relentless war on the medical autocracy. The delay may have been due, as some people say, to the powerful political lobby which the Association is able to maintain out of its huge annual income. (One veteran senator is known in Washington as "the gentleman from A. M. A.")

Government officials are fully aware of the respect and gratitude due individual doctors, and have not wished to seem to attack them by attacking the organization which purported to represent them. Now, however, due to the courageous frankness of the doctors themselves, official forbearance is no longer permissible. Intelligent physicians everywhere are looking to their government to help them free themselves from the control of the medical overlords. In fact, a change in the whole medical situation has de-



veloped rapidly in the last twelve months. And credit for the motivating force must be given to a two-volume report, American Medicine—Expert Testimony Out of Court, which was the result of an exhaustive investigation among doctors themselves, conducted by the American Foundation, established by the late Edward Bok.

In these epochal volumes—which show, for example, that in some states a third of the fatally sick die absolutely unattended by a physician!—five thousand letters present the doctors' own views on the sad state of American medicine, and refute, as no words of laymen could, what the A. M. A. would have us believe.

"Out of this presentation," commented the conservative New York Times, "comes the clear indication that low-cost care of the sick and the maintenance of the national health at a high level are possible only by giving medicine new social purpose and direction through intelligent planning. Medical care is a necessity of life. As such it cannot be monopolized. It concerns not only the physician but the public and the government."

Accepting the challenge on behalf of the physicians, and in complete defiance of the A. M. A., four hundred and thirty nationally known doctors signed a pronunciamento stating that "a large number of medical men believe that the report . . . deserves the thoughtful attention of all physicians."

Whereupon the four hundred and thirty went on to say: "It is recognized that the medical profession is only one of several groups to which 'medical care' is of vital concern. Close co-operation between physicians, economists, and sociologists is essential."

They concluded by recommending more preventive medicine, a national department of health headed by a Cabinet officer, and more government funds for medical education and research and hospitalization.

Because of the distinction of the signers, these recommendations received nation-wide publicity, and because of their obvious soundness, nation-wide approval. Even so, if "organized medicine" had been wise enough to lie low, the storm might have passed. But instead it rushed into print. The reply of the A. M. A. house organ needs no characterization from me. Here are typical excerpts:

"Our government has already voted $750,000 a year for the control of cancer and suggestions have been offered that similar appropriations be made for the study of infantile paralysis, syphilis, and other diseases. The danger of putting the government in the dominant position in relation to medical research is apparent. . . .

"The tender of government funds [to hospitals] for the care of an ill-defined group called the medically indigent appeals to the unthinking physicians who have endorsed these proposals. Yet such an arrangement would put the hospitals promptly into the practice of medicine."

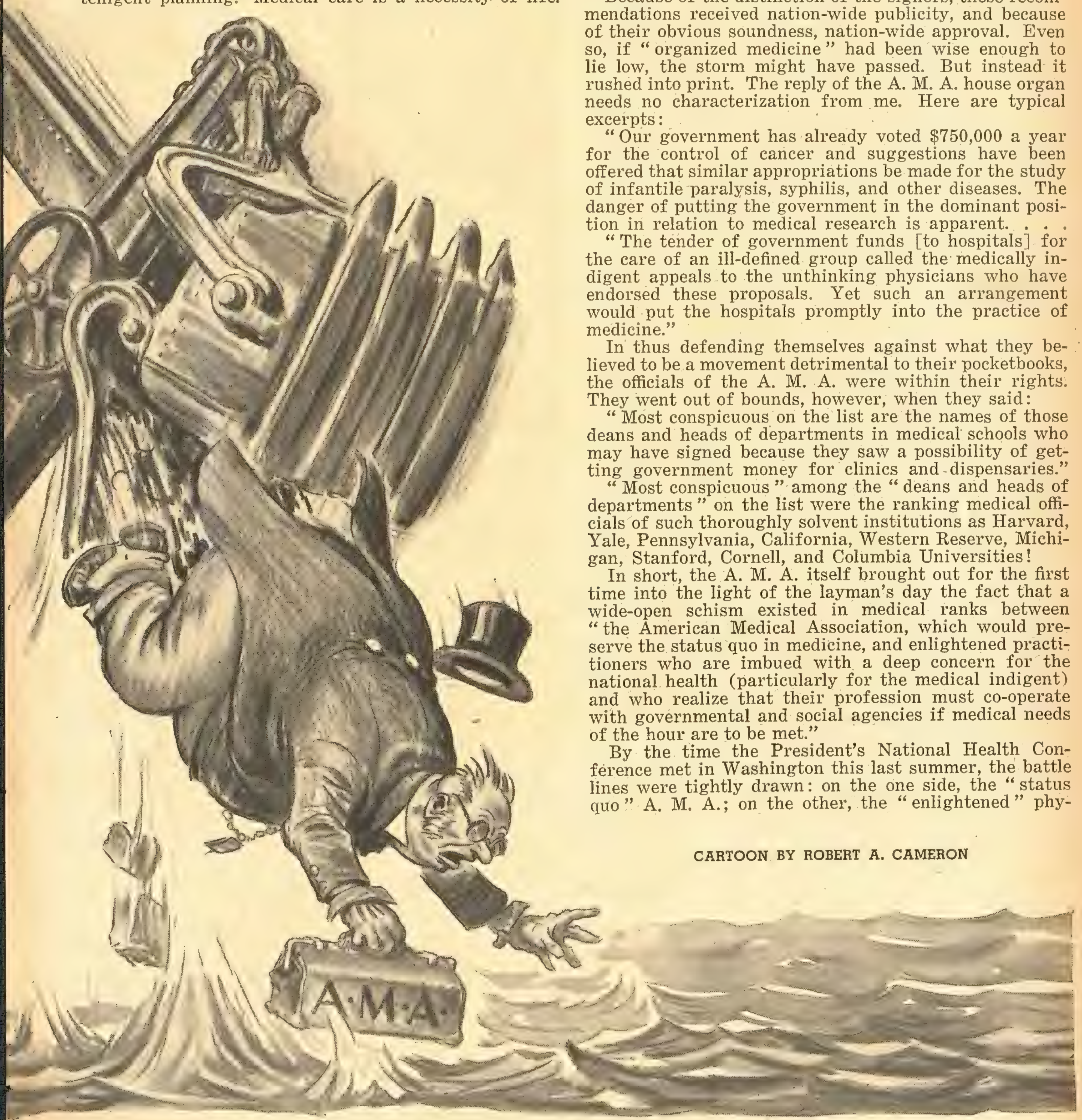
In thus defending themselves against what they believed to be a movement detrimental to their pocketbooks, the officials of the A. M. A. were within their rights. They went out of bounds, however, when they said:

"Most conspicuous on the list are the names of those deans and heads of departments in medical schools who may have signed because they saw a possibility of getting government money for clinics and dispensaries."

"Most conspicuous" among the "deans and heads of departments" on the list were the ranking medical officials of such thoroughly solvent institutions as Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, California, Western Reserve, Michigan, Stanford, Cornell, and Columbia Universities!

In short, the A. M. A. itself brought out for the first time into the light of the layman's day the fact that a wide-open schism existed in medical ranks between "the American Medical Association, which would preserve the status quo in medicine, and enlightened practitioners who are imbued with a deep concern for the national health (particularly for the medical indigent) and who realize that their profession must co-operate with governmental and social agencies if medical needs of the hour are to be met."

By the time the President's National Health Conference met in Washington this last summer, the battle lines were tightly drawn: on the one side, the "status quo" A. M. A.; on the other, the "enlightened" phy-



CARTOON BY ROBERT A. CAMERON

sicians. No one was surprised, therefore, when the guns began to roar. Chief item on the agenda of the conference was the report of the Technical Committee on Medical Care, which presented a thoughtful, expert survey of the deplorable state of medical care in this country, together with specific recommendations for improving it.

These recommendations the committee bulwarked with alarming facts. I summarize only a few:

"The conservation of national health requires the provision of adequate facilities and services designed to prevent disease . . . [but] states expend through their health departments, on the average, [only] eleven cents per capita, while some state appropriations fall as low as three cents. . . . A preventive program designed to reach any reasonable degree of intensity is out of the question under such limitations.

"Among the counties of the United States, 1,338, or over forty per cent, do not contain a registered general hospital. . . . [These] counties without hospitals contain about 17,000,000 people. . . .

"Each year a birth occurs in the household of 2,000,000 families in the United States. . . . Each year about 14,000 women die from causes connected with pregnancy and childbirth; about 75,000 infants are stillborn; nearly 70,000 infants die in the first month of life . . . and at least 35,000 children are left motherless. . . . Physicians estimate on the basis of experience that [with adequate care] from one half to two thirds of the maternal deaths are preventable; that the stillborn rate can be reduced possibly by two fifths; and that the death of newborn infants can be reduced at least one third and probably one half."

IN this connection, it should be noted that the total number of preventable deaths in this country from the causes already mentioned and from the effects of pneumonia, diabetes, tuberculosis, syphilis, and cancer runs to more than 200,000 a year. In other words, adequate medical care could save 600 lives a day.

"There are in the United States probably 40,000,000 persons—almost one third of our population—living in families with annual incomes of less than $800. . . . Included in this group, as of April, 1938, is an estimated total of 11,000,000 persons in families on work relief, 6,000,000 in families receiving general relief, 3,000,000 wards of the government under the Social Security Act, about 2,000,000 recipients of old-age assistance, almost 1,000,000 dependent children with their mothers, and 55,000 dependent blind persons. This group, comprising a total of over 20,000,000 persons, is dependent on government for food and shelter, and similarly dependent on public funds or private philanthropy for medical care.

"In the emergency of sickness, 20,000,000 [other] persons in the marginal-income class above the relief level, otherwise self-sustaining, become dependent on public aid for the provision of medical care, . . . [but], with the exception of a few states, no legal basis exists for the provision of medical services. . . ."

Convincing figures, gathered by the United States Public Health Service, were offered to show that the fellow with the smallest bank account needed the largest amount of medical care. And finally: "The individual cannot know in advance what will happen to him, . . . [but] we *can* forecast with substantial accuracy what will happen to a large group. . . . [Therefore] *if medical care is to be made available to all families with small or modest incomes at costs they can afford, the costs must be spread among groups of people and over periods of time.*"

To meet this situation, the committee recommended "that child health services be expanded; that hospitals be built where they are needed; that public medical care be provided through taxation and compulsory insurance for the forty million persons with less than $800 annual income who cannot pay a doctor; that there should be insurance against loss of wages during sickness."

That the A. M. A. didn't care much for this program goes without saying. And in all fairness it should be stated that there were features of the plan which called for thoughtful consideration. This was particularly true of its financial aspects. An annual expenditure of $850,000,000 was set up as the amount which would be just fine to implement the plan. This and other formidable sums were tossed off with the free hand that characterizes such enthusiastic social workers as make up Washington's "welfare crowd."

The committee was on sure ground in its recommendations for the expansion of hospital services. But it was much less definite on the major subject of preventive health services, to which less than eighteen per cent of the proposed outlay was allotted. It contented itself with a general recommendation for the expansion of existing services. Even more sketchy were its ideas as to how the government's medical care for the medically needy was to be provided, especially the man power of it.

Nevertheless, the paid representatives of the A. M. A. treated the distinguished conferees and the country in general to an exhibition which was, to say the least, embarrassing. I summarize a few of their outgivings:

"I could tear to pieces . . . this program. . . . Medical care is not the most important problem. . . . The doctor is the only one entitled . . . to take care of the sick. . . . Centralization of medical service by any state agency [would bring] great danger to the health of the nation. . . . Medicine . . . must never become a business or a trade. . . . The practice of medicine is a doctor's problem."

Various conferees, after they had quit gasping their astonishment, ventured to remind the A. M. A. speakers that it was also a patient's problem, and that medicine always had been very much of a business.

Most active in showing that some one besides the A. M. A. had an interest in the proper distribution of medical care was Dr. Hugh Cabot, consulting surgeon of the Mayo Clinic and one of the half dozen best known doctors in America.

His words were listened to with respect by all the conferees present except the employees of the medical trust, one of whom publicly stated:

"I don't know whether the medical profession is any more proud of him than he is of the medical profession."

The fact is that no one is prouder of the medical profession than Dr. Cabot, whatever he may think of some who presume to speak for it; and the attempt to create the impression that the medical profession as a whole was not proud of one of its most distinguished practitioners was a libel on every doctor in America.

ONE thing is certain: Any honest attempt to study this problem and meet it squarely is entitled to more respectful consideration than it has had at the hands of some officials of the A. M. A. Yet there is little in the history of the A. M. A. to lead us to expect anything different. Its founding fathers, who doubtless had nothing but the good of their profession at heart, took a leaf out of Moses' tablets by promulgating ten commandments as unbreakable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.

And who are the men behind the commandments?

Well, each year the Association elects a roster of high officials which bristles with the names of bigwig physicians. These men serve as advisers or directors. The men who actually run the shop are two highly paid employees, Morris Fishbein and Olin West.

Both of these gentlemen possess an M. D. degree. Dr. Fishbein has obtained compensation from the Association for twenty-five years, and Dr. West for sixteen.

From their point of view, they have done a swell job. Even in depression years, when individual doctors have been starving, A. M. A. has prospered. In 1937 it managed to bank $1,633,067 and show a net profit of $122,242.

The two appear on the Association books as "editor" and "manager"—Fishbein runs the A. M. A. Journal and West the general business of the Association—but their principal function is to enforce the ten commandments. And their methods are apparently effective.

Whether Fishbein, West & Associates can continue to rule the doctors of the country by these methods is for the courts, or for Congress and the courts, to decide. If we have any faith left in popular government, we cannot allow ourselves to entertain any doubt.

THE END

NEW FACTS ABOUT SHAVING REVEALED BY LIE DETECTOR!

World-Famous Psychologist Proves Vital Importance of Using a Gillette Blade in Your Gillette Razor!

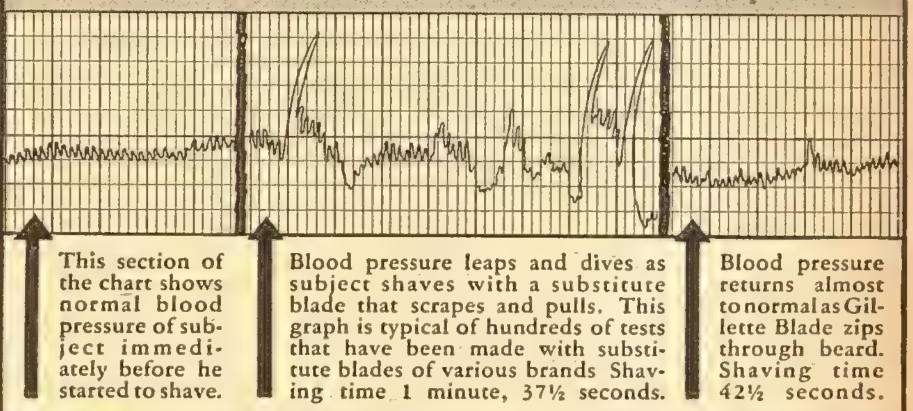
STRAPPED to Lie Detectors, the same scientific instruments used by G-men and police officers throughout the country, hundreds of men take part in an astonishing series of tests that blast false claims and reveal the naked truth about razor blades. These men, shaving under the piercing eye of Dr. William Moulton Marston, eminent psychologist and originator of the famous Lie Detector test, come from all walks of life, represent all types of beards and every kind of shaving problem. Knowing that the Lie Detector tells all . . . reveals the innermost thoughts and feelings . . . these men shave one side of the face with a Gillette Blade, the other side with substitutes.

Gillette Blades Vastly Superior

The results are astonishing. Here, recorded on a graph that lays bare the emotions, is convincing proof that the Gillette Blade is far easier on the face . . . a better blade from every standpoint. See chart below . . . study the evidence . . . then make a comparative test yourself. Ask your dealer for Gillette Blades. Learn how much more shaving comfort Gillette gives you!

HOW MEN TAKE THE TEST TO DISCLOSE SHAVING TRUTHS! While harnessed to a Lie Detector, each subject shaves one side of his face with a Gillette Blade . . . the other side with a substitute blade. In no case does the subject know which blade is which. With red ink, styluses write the undeniable record of comparative blade quality as revealed by the involuntary emotions of the shaver himself. Finally, as a further check, while the Lie Detector is still operating, the subject is asked, "Which of the two blades gave you the best shave . . . number one, or number two?" Naming their choice blindly, by number, 9 out of every 10 men pick Gillette as by far the better shaving blade!

ACTUAL RECORD OF ONE MAN'S SHAVE AS RECORDED BY LIE DETECTOR



This section of the chart shows normal blood pressure of subject immediately before he started to shave.

Blood pressure leaps and dives as subject shaves with a substitute blade that scrapes and pulls. This graph is typical of hundreds of tests that have been made with substitute blades of various brands Shaving time 1 minute, 37½ seconds.

Blood pressure returns almost to normal as Gillette Blade zips through beard. Shaving time 42½ seconds.

Now Let Dr. Marston Give You The Full Benefit of This Sweeping Razor-Blade Investigation

"In conducting exhaustive shaving tests for Gillette I have discovered that the quality of a man's shave has a marked effect upon his mood and general attitude for hours to come. I cannot too strongly emphasize the psychological importance of this.

Bad Shaves Upset Nerves!

"Many subjects who came to me in a cheerful frame of mind actually went out grouchy and irritable because they had shaved one side of their faces with inferior razor blades. This shows how vital it really is to use the best blades obtainable. The results of my thorough study make it possible for me to state definitely . . . and back my statement with positive proof . . . that Gillette Blades are far superior in every way."

ATTENTION! BETTER BUSINESS BUREAUS AND CONSUMER ORGANIZATIONS

Dr. William Moulton Marston's scientific shaving tests are being conducted to reveal the truth about razor blade quality. Gillette invites Better Business Bureaus, consumer organizations and individuals to observe—and participate in—this research. Address your inquiries to Gillette Safety Razor Company, Boston, Mass.

DR. MARSTON PROVES conclusively that a Gillette Blade is easier on your face and gives you closer shaves in much less time. Shown above (left) is a section of a man's face shaved with a Gillette Blade in a Gillette Razor, (right) another section shaved by another method.

Gillette
Brushless Shaving CREAM

GILLETTE'S NEW BRUSHLESS Shaving Cream is better in five ways! (1) Softens whiskers double quick, (2) soothes the skin, (3) stays moist on your face, (4) speeds shaving and (5) never clogs razor or drains! A large tube costs only 25¢! You'll like it!

Gillette *Blades*

Gillette BLUE BLADES

PRECISION-MADE TO FIT YOUR GILLETTE RAZOR EXACTLY

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WOMEN in prison love to have their fortunes told. Any inmate who knows how to lay the cards enjoys great popularity among the rest. . . . Most *unpopular* is the woman prisoner who talks in her sleep, keeping others awake and thus disturbing their dreams of happier nights. . . . It is superstitiously considered the worst possible luck for a prison woman to take out with her, at the time of her release, any article of clothing she has worn behind the bars. . . . Children of the screen, such as Shirley Temple or Mickey Rooney, win loudest applause when movies are shown at women's prisons. When Western pictures are shown, women prisoners clap hands invariably for the sheriff.

My inside information on this subject comes from a talk I had the other day with Edna O'Brien, who served a year at Bedford, New York, through getting involved in a financial mess, and who emerged on parole not long ago to write her now successful book, So I Went to Prison (published by the Frederick A. Stokes Company).

"We all craved candy," she said, "and one girl begged and begged for fancy underclothes. The happiest event of the year at Bedford is the annual fashion show put on for the women prisoners by girl students from Wells College."

By special permit, Edna O'Brien's pet dog, Trip, was allowed to spend the year in prison with her. Trip is a police dog. "One of the most painful things about going to prison," Miss O'Brien said, "is that old acquaintances are never entirely at ease with you after you come out."

☆ True story about a girl formerly known around town as *that awful brat!* Wealthy, wild, and unwise, she drove her sports car through a cottage garden, destroying the flowers. An old gentleman came to the door. "Don't worry, I'll pay," snapped the brat. . . . The old gentleman looked her over. "You can't," he said. "My wife's an invalid. Sitting by the window, admiring the garden, was the only pleasure she had; and it's too late in the year to plant again." . . . Later in the day the brat returned with a carload of flowers, books and magazines for the invalid lady. The lady's grandson happened to be there — a young man moneyless but hard-working. He and the girl fell in love—and love changed her completely. Her society-struck mother is furious. It is she alone who now calls her daughter an ungrateful brat. The girl's father — who started from scratch himself — is as pleased as Punch.

☆ To tea recently at Faith Baldwin's country house, where the table talk of the afternoon developed into a sort of game based on efforts to horrify Mignon Eberhart, who writes bloodcurdling mystery books but shivers with fright when people tell her about street accidents or surgical operations. . . . Curious how many murder-story authors are mild in private life.

☆ Two enterprising college students ask my opinion of their proposal to sell hot baked potatoes at football games. Good idea! Eat the potatoes, or pocket them to thaw your hands. . . . Here's a couple of extra suggestions for girls who get cold watching boys play on gridirons. . . . A flannel band around each knee keeps the feet warm. . . . Nothing warmer to sit on than a thick slab of rubber sponge, because it insulates.

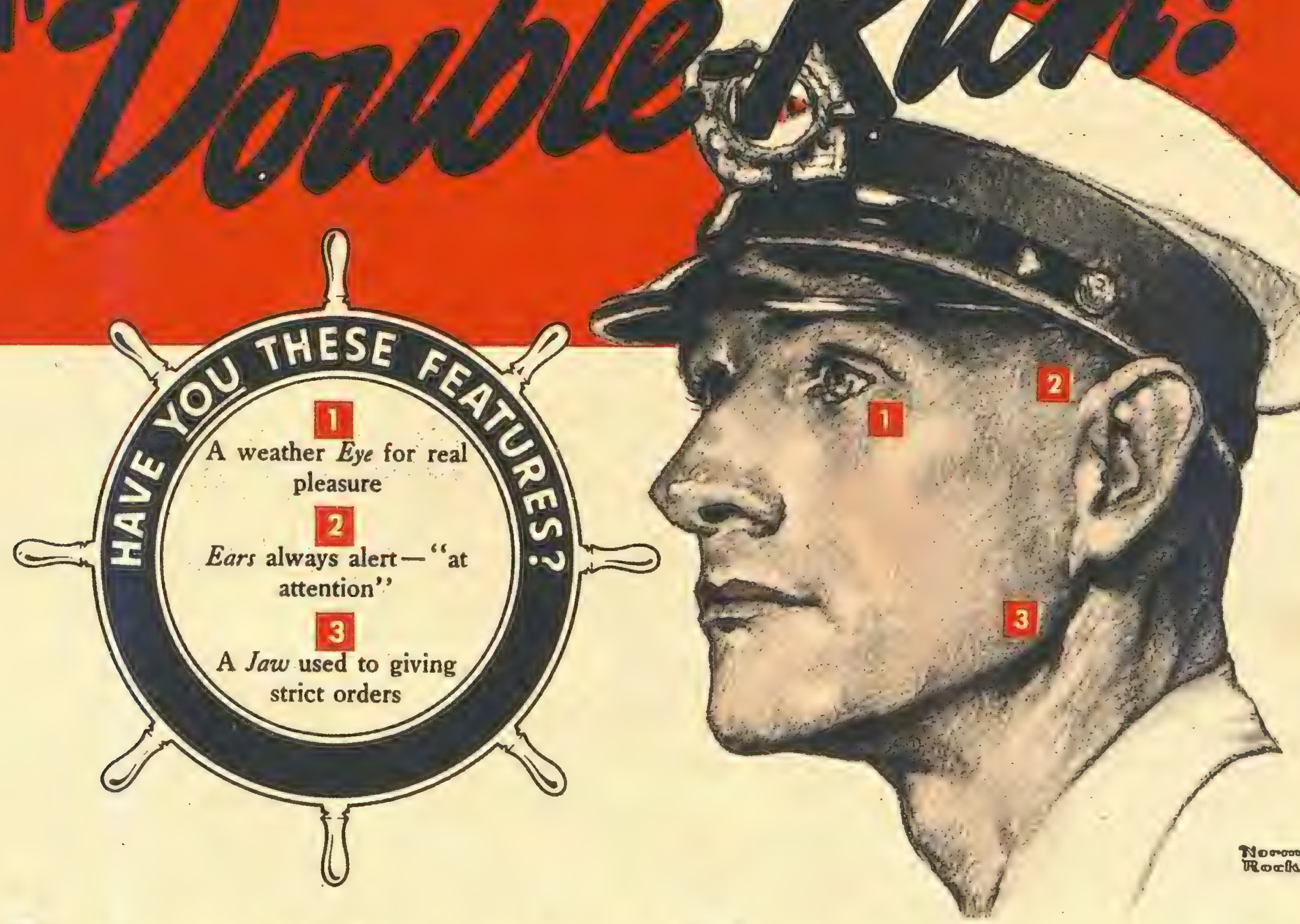
☆ Thank the American Chemical Society for relieving us of *one* war dread. The chemists assure us that acetone—an ingredient equally necessary to the manufacture of high explosives and fingernail paint—is now plentiful and cheap, due to improved production methods. . . . Henceforth, if war comes, we no longer need fear that the emergency may deprive us of our digital glow.

☆ Letter from an Ohio lady announcing her brilliant solution of a problem we all face at times. She has found out how to keep her husband cheerful when she drags him downtown with her on a shopping expedition. . . . "As soon as he begins to grumble," she writes, "I think up some household errand that will take us to a hardware store. There I give him free rein to browse awhile among the hammers and wrenches and nuts and bolts. After fifteen or twenty minutes of tool gazing he trots along with me to the hats and dresses—as gentle as a lamb."

☆ Next time you can't think of anything but lamb chops for dinner, go ahead and have them this way. Call them *Chops Stroganoff*. . . . To make 4 portions use 8 small chops of the French-cutlet type. Trim away fat and break the long bone. Wipe each chop with damp cloth, then pound in a little flour mixed with dry bread crumbs and ½ teaspoon mace. Sear chops in plenty of hot butter until brown. Place in heavy pan. Pour 1 can mushroom soup over the chops. Add 2 small onions sliced and lightly fried, 1 cut-up tomato, 1 thin slice dill pickle, and a scrap of lemon peel. Cover closely and simmer slowly for 1 hour. Serve hot with buttered rice and quarters of dill pickle.

"You see, dearie, everybody likes you in it!"

IF YOU ARE THIS TYPE YOU'LL LIKE THIS BOURBON THAT'S "Double-Rich!"


HAVE YOU THESE FEATURES?
1
2
3
Norman Rockwell

1 A weather *Eye* for real pleasure

2 *Ears* always alert—"at attention"

3 A *Jaw* used to giving strict orders

Have *you* a weather eye on real pleasure? Head for Kentucky's "*Double-Rich*" straight Bourbon!

SCHENLEY'S Cream of Kentucky

STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

A 90 PROOF whiskey with the *Mark of Merit.* Made in Kentucky by Kentuckians the good old Kentucky way. Copr. 1938, Schenley Distributors, Inc., N. Y. C.

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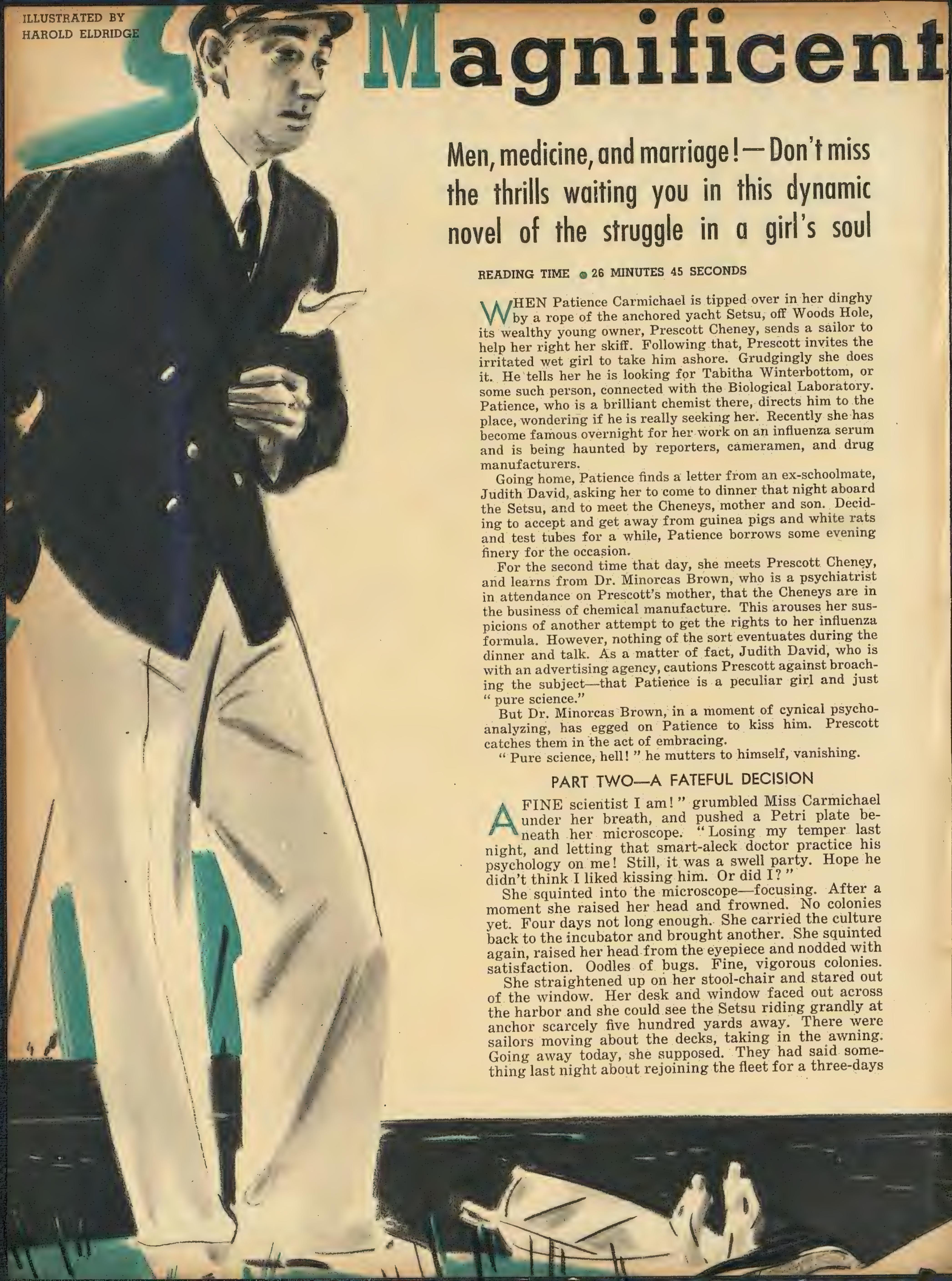
ILLUSTRATED BY
HAROLD ELDRIDGE



Magnificent

Men, medicine, and marriage! — Don't miss the thrills waiting you in this dynamic novel of the struggle in a girl's soul

READING TIME ● 26 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

WHEN Patience Carmichael is tipped over in her dinghy by a rope of the anchored yacht Setsu, off Woods Hole, its wealthy young owner, Prescott Cheney, sends a sailor to help her right her skiff. Following that, Prescott invites the irritated wet girl to take him ashore. Grudgingly she does it. He tells her he is looking for Tabitha Winterbottom, or some such person, connected with the Biological Laboratory. Patience, who is a brilliant chemist there, directs him to the place, wondering if he is really seeking her. Recently she has become famous overnight for her work on an influenza serum and is being haunted by reporters, cameramen, and drug manufacturers.

Going home, Patience finds a letter from an ex-schoolmate, Judith David, asking her to come to dinner that night aboard the Setsu, and to meet the Cheneys, mother and son. Deciding to accept and get away from guinea pigs and white rats and test tubes for a while, Patience borrows some evening finery for the occasion.

For the second time that day, she meets Prescott Cheney, and learns from Dr. Minorcas Brown, who is a psychiatrist in attendance on Prescott's mother, that the Cheneys are in the business of chemical manufacture. This arouses her suspicions of another attempt to get the rights to her influenza formula. However, nothing of the sort eventuates during the dinner and talk. As a matter of fact, Judith David, who is with an advertising agency, cautions Prescott against broaching the subject—that Patience is a peculiar girl and just "pure science."

But Dr. Minorcas Brown, in a moment of cynical psychoanalyzing, has egged on Patience to kiss him. Prescott catches them in the act of embracing.

"Pure science, hell!" he mutters to himself, vanishing.

PART TWO—A FATEFUL DECISION

A FINE scientist I am!" grumbled Miss Carmichael under her breath, and pushed a Petri plate beneath her microscope. "Losing my temper last night, and letting that smart-aleck doctor practice his psychology on me! Still, it was a swell party. Hope he didn't think I liked kissing him. Or did I?"

She squinted into the microscope—focusing. After a moment she raised her head and frowned. No colonies yet. Four days not long enough. She carried the culture back to the incubator and brought another. She squinted again, raised her head from the eyepiece and nodded with satisfaction. Oodles of bugs. Fine, vigorous colonies.

She straightened up on her stool-chair and stared out of the window. Her desk and window faced out across the harbor and she could see the Setsu riding grandly at anchor scarcely five hundred yards away. There were sailors moving about the decks, taking in the awning. Going away today, she supposed. They had said something last night about rejoining the fleet for a three-days

Fool

BY WALTON GREEN

cruise farther eastward. Well, that was that. Back to the bugs for little Patsy. But what a lovely thing the big slim schooner was in the morning sun!

There was the sound of a voice behind her. Patsy twisted around on her stool and her eyebrows came together again. She knew that voice.

"How did you get in here?" she demanded ungraciously.

"Walked in. Nobody stopped me," grinned Mr. Prescott Cheney disarmingly. He held out his cigarette case to her. She shook her head.

"You can. But I never smoke on the job. Handling all this equipment. You can never tell what's on the outside of a test tube or jar."

"I see. Well, *do* you want to sell your formula?"

"No."

He looked at her a moment, and then quietly lighted his cigarette. She felt impelled to explain.

"It's this way," she began soberly. "In the first place, I haven't got any real 'formula,' as you people call it. All I've done is isolate the bug—or group of bugs; I don't even know that yet—that causes flu. I don't know whether it's organic, or a filterable virus. This premature publicity has made me ridiculous. With real researchers, I mean. It makes me out a sort of Sunday-supplement scientist. You see?"

Prescott ground his cigarette under his heel and stood up. He looked at her. She was very earnest and very lovely.

"I can see that you think all business men are vulgar and grasping," he said good-humoredly.

"No—" She hesitated. "But it's different. You're a different world. I—I want to work. I've just started. Oh, look!" she exclaimed suddenly. "They're pulling up sails on your boat. Are you leaving today?"

"Yes. Down to Marblehead three or four days. May put in here again on our way back. Want to come along? I'll teach you to sail."

He had asked it lightly—half jokingly. But she flushed.

"I want to. But I won't. I've three cages full of sick rats and guinea pigs." And then another thought came to her. "And I don't think I'd care for four days of you and Judith pestering me about the formula."

It was needless and ill-bred. She could have bitten her tongue the instant she had spoken.

"Oh," said Scott. His jaw muscles hardened.

"I'm sorry," he said stiffly. "I thought we'd settled all that. Well, I'll say good-by, then." He bowed courteously and walked quickly out.

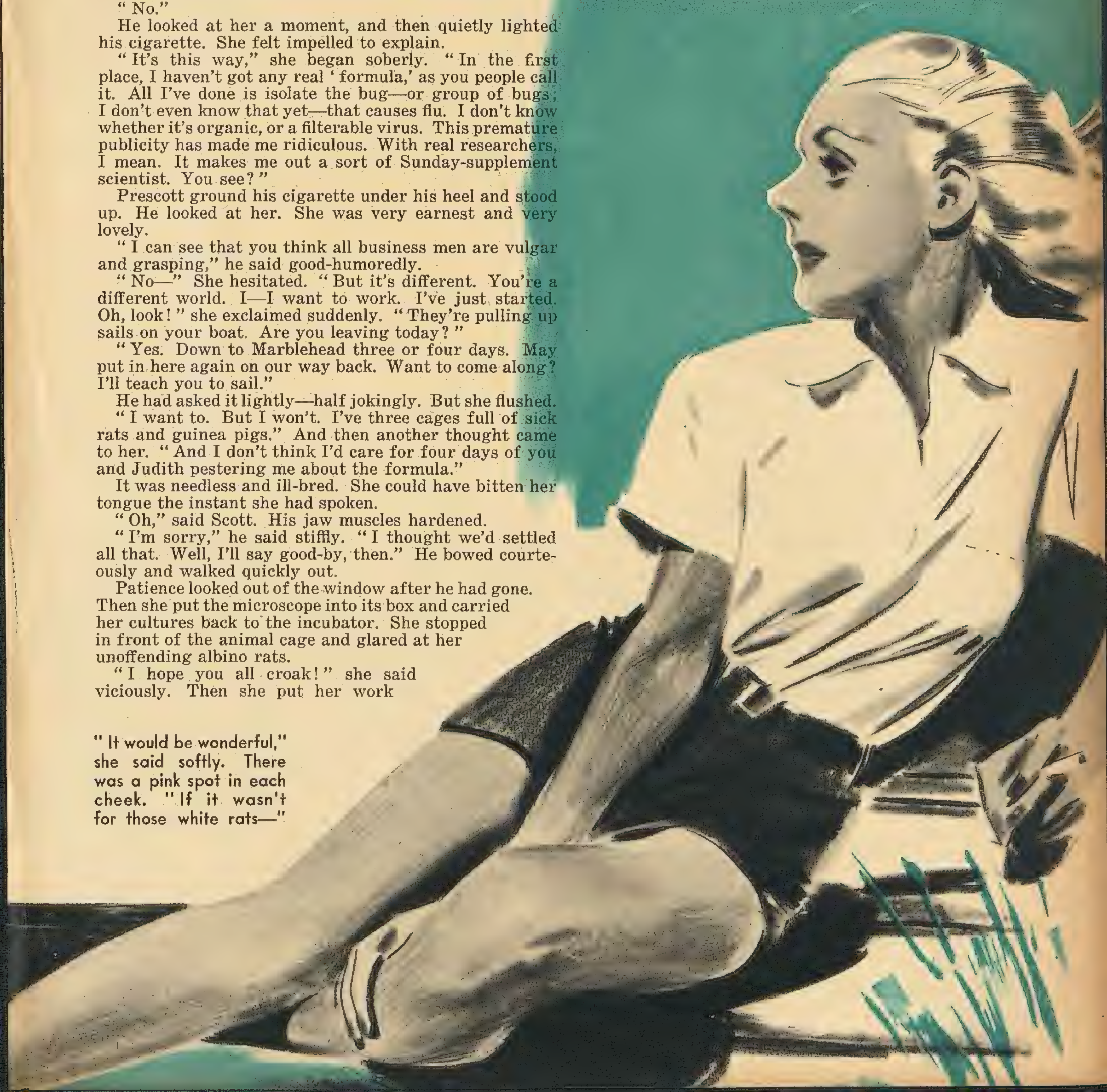
Patience looked out of the window after he had gone. Then she put the microscope into its box and carried her cultures back to the incubator. She stopped in front of the animal cage and glared at her unoffending albino rats.

"I hope you all croak!" she said viciously. Then she put her work smock in her locker, scrubbed her hands and arms meticulously, and walked wrathfully out of the Marine Biological Laboratory and up the dirt road to the cabin.

IT was four days later. The Setsu had just emerged from the western end of the Cape Cod Canal. They were running along the northern shore of Buzzards Bay—bound for Newport and three days of King's Cup and Astor Cup racing. With Patsy's refusal to play ball, Cheney had abandoned his tentative plan of coming home around the Cape and putting in at the Hole again. He was cutting back to Newport the shortest way.

It was a brilliant morning, with a fresh nor'westerly breeze nearly abeam, and the schooner was footing like a scared rabbit.

Prescott Cheney, one foot braced against the mainsheet block on the traveler, was lying on his back, smoking a pipe. He wore a sweat shirt and dungarees. Miss Judith David reclined on one elbow beside him. A few



"It would be wonderful," she said softly. There was a pink spot in each cheek. "If it wasn't for those white rats—"

feet ahead of them and alongside the steersman stood Dr. Minorcas Brown. Dr. Brown was clad in flannels and double-breasted blue, and he wore a visored yachting cap of much correctness. In his hand he had a copy of the Yachtsman's Guide and Nautical Calendar, which he consulted from time to time while asking questions of the man at the wheel. Dr. Brown had not been born a sailor, but it wouldn't take many cruises to make him a yachtsman—if books and brains could do the trick.

Miss David flopped herself impatiently on to her other elbow.

“I *do* wish you'd listen, Scott.”

“Am listening. Been listening the last three days. And, as I've been telling you for the last three days, there's absolutely nothing doing. Your precious ‘pure science’ girl hasn't got anything to sell.”

“I don't believe it,” said Judith stubbornly. “You precipitated a refusal. You went ashore looking for a no because you were sore.”

“Sore!”

“Yes.” She jerked her head backward toward Minorcas Brown. “Because he cut you out that first night. So there!”

Prescott sat up.

“Well—I'm—” But he got no further. Dr. Brown had pocketed his Yachtsman's Guide and was sitting himself down beside them.

“She has a great deal to sell,” he said with authority. “You haven't offered her enough.”

“So you heard what we were saying?” said Judith indignantly.

“Certainly. You shouldn't shout so—even in a breeze.” Judith's jaw dropped. Scott, despite his irritation, yielded a chuckle. “She has her future to sell,” continued the doctor imperturbably. “She may not have a workable formula at the moment. But from all accounts she's on the track of something really big.”

“It is precisely her future that she won't sell,” said Scott, trying to keep the irritation out of his voice. He distrusted the doctor; but, after what Judith had just said, he must be civil.

“Not for money,” agreed Brown. “But has it occurred to you to offer her the Cheney Chemical Company laboratories? Presumably she hasn't much money of her own. What a researcher at her stage wants is unlimited equipment, and assistants to do the routine for her. Get her on your staff, and sooner or later she'll produce for you.”

“Doctor,” said Judith with forced calm, “you're positively magnificent!”

Dr. Brown smiled.

“*He* doesn't think so.” He nodded sardonically at Scott's glum face.

“No—I'm damned if I do,” growled Scott. “Of course—it would be fine business to get her in the Cheney labs. But I'm hanged if I'll go back to her again—even with a new proposition. Try her yourself, Jude, if you want. Or Dr. Brown here. It's his idea,” he finished sarcastically.

“I should be happy to,” said Minorcas Brown quietly. “If you can put me ashore in Woods Hole for half an hour?”

Prescott raised his head and looked steadily at the other. “I think I'll just call that bluff,” he said with equal quiet.

Dr. Brown nodded.

“I shall need an invitation from your mother to Miss Carmichael to come back with us for a few days' racing at Newport. She likes sailing. That should give you ample time to work on her.”

“I don't propose to ‘work on her.’ And if she comes aboard this boat again she must be told just why we are asking her.”

Dr. Brown smiled down his long nose.

“That makes it harder. I shall need all of three quarters of an hour,” he remarked with faint insolence.

Prescott got up and walked over to the wheel and changed the course.

PATSY had come home early to lunch. She was sitting on the front steps of the little cabin, looking out at the shimmering bay. Idly she watched the schooner as it hove in sight and bore steadily toward the beach.

The schooner slowly lost way. A work-boat dropped astern, and Pat could see two men rowing and another man in yachting clothes in the stern. It was only when the boat struck the shingle, and the man clambered out and started up the steep path to the shack, that Pat recognized him. She was in her usual get-up of shorts and dirty brown sneakers. Her first impulse—as with the reporters—was to rush into the cabin and slam the door. She dismissed that impulse with a snort of self-derision, and fished a crumpled package of cigarettes from the breast pocket of her blouse.

When Minorcas Brown, somewhat puffy from the path, reached the steps, Miss Carmichael was smoking composedly and letting her long brown legs find their own level, so to speak.

“How did you know I was here?” frowned Patsy.

“We knew where your camp was. And I've been watching you for the last twenty minutes through a pair of powerful field glasses. I recognized you—even with your back not turned.”

At this reference to the white-patch-of-skin episode of the other night, Patsy frowned again.

“Don't you ever get over an idea?” she demanded.

“Yes. Frequently. And as a matter of fact this is one of the times.” He laughed, and the other look came into his eyes, the look of genuine candor and honesty. “I mussed you up a bit the other night, and rubbed your feathers. But you were right. I couldn't get under the feathers. In other words, Miss Carmichael, you win. The cure is over.”

Which was Dr. Minorcas Brown at his—occasional—best. Patience regarded him gravely.

“You're a very queer man. Do you always speak out everything?”

“No. Just enough to make people think it's everything. Here's a letter for you from Mrs. Cheney.”

Patience read the letter. She looked past Dr. Brown to where the schooner was cruising slowly back and forth to keep way on against the lee shore.

IT would be wonderful,” she said softly. There was a pink spot in each cheek. “If it wasn't for those white rats—”

“Can't you let some one else kill 'em?”

“They'll die before next week. But I could start another batch,” murmured the rapidly weakening Patsy.

“Good. You'll go,” said Brown decisively.

Patsy stood up to her lovely full height. Her great gray eyes were shining.

“Yes—by heck—I'll go! I haven't a stitch to wear, and I don't care one dead rat. When do we start?”

“Now,” said Dr. Brown. “Just one thing more, though. Cheney said to warn you that he has a new proposition— No, don't worry; the formula buying is all washed up. This is some proposal about laboratories or something—”

“He can propose till he's black in the face,” retorted the exuberant girl, “so long as I can sail on that boat!”

“Who says I'm not the great psychiatrist?” demanded Brown softly. “Sell you emotionally with the idea of that infernal schooner, and nothing will keep you from going—even if you thought I'd start the white-skin stuff again.”

“You betcha,” said Miss Carmichael inelegantly. She called into the cabin:

“Oh, Mary! Oh, H-e-l-e-n!”

Sister Helen appeared at the door. Patsy waved a vague brown arm toward the doctor.

“Helen—this is Dr. Brown. He's a psychologist or something.”

“Psychiatrist,” Brown corrected.

“Well—even psychiatrists have to know a little psychology, don't they? Or don't they? Like a practicing doctor knowing a little medicine? Anyway, Helen—I suspect he's a very bad man; and I know he's crazy.”

Miss Helen inspected the doctor quizzically.

“Is he the beautiful big black thing? He doesn't look it to me.”

Pat waved to the bay.

“There's the beautiful big black thing! And I'm going to Newport on her to race."

"Hand yourself another time, eh? Well—it'll do you a world of good."

Pat was moving past her into the house.

"I'll pack a bag and be with you in five minutes, doctor. And, Helen, call up the house in Boston and ask mother to send me some clothes to Newport, will you?—there's a dear."

Ten minutes later they were clambering up the side of the Setsu. Dr. Brown looked at his wrist watch.

"Fair enough," he murmured. "Forty-two minutes."

THEY had a splendid run back to Newport. When Minorcas Brown had brought Patience out in the work-boat, true to his boast and within his self-allotted time, Prescott had welcomed her aboard with mixed feelings: pleasure at the sheer seeing of her again, and chagrin at the fact that it had taken the doctor to get her there.

Subduing his annoyance at the doctor in the sportsmanship that came easy to him, Prescott let Patience sail, as he had promised to do; or, rather, he let her handle the wheel, while he stood by to keep her out of difficulties. Toward sundown the wind dropped off and headed them, and Patsy got considerable drilling in tacking ship in light airs. After the first terror had worn off—the terror of having this great machine respond to her will and hand—Patsy had shown a surprising aptitude—a real sense for the feel of a boat.

At Newport they lived ashore. Mrs. Cheney owned an old house inherited from her mother: a house in the stodgy part of town, as Victorian gingerbreaded in style and furnishing as the furnishings of Mrs. Cheney's own mind. Very comfortable. Very Boston.

Every day they sailed, tuning up for the Astor Cup races at the end of the week. Patsy improved with every trick at the wheel. She learned to come about with a steady curving sweep and without killing her headway. She learned—when Scott let her steer on off-the-wind legs in the early races—how to keep a fairly steady course downwind, and without yawing all over the map, and without undue nagging at the wheel. And she began to learn what is the hardest thing of all—that the best steering is the least steering.

Of Dr. Brown she had revised, or at least tempered, her first estimate. He had kept faithfully—and somewhat to her pique, if truth be told—to his implied promise to steer off the rough stuff, as Patsy phrased it to herself. His predatory activities seemed to have been transferred to Judith David. Patsy could not be sure, but it seemed to her that Judy did not wholly resent this. Toward Patsy his manner was as insolent and sardonic as ever. But it was refreshingly and amusingly above the belt. It was only when he and Scott were together that their veiled hostility made her uncomfortable.

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Starring BOB HOPE—10 P. M., E. S. T.—N.B.C. Red Network

Scott Cheney she found as many-sided as the doctor, but in a wholly different way. He had none of the doctor's amused contempt for the world and himself. The doctor never lost his temper. Scott frequently did. For all his habitual banter and boyish grin and tousled hair, he could snap into a cold-eyed and even-keeled anger that made the sailors jump to their stations like frightened cabin boys.

Half an hour after she and Dr. Brown had boarded the boat at Woods Hole, Scott had come to her and bluntly, almost harshly, invited her to join his laboratory staff. She could write her own ticket. That was that. He would not refer to the matter again. They had one swell week of racing ahead of them, and she could give him her answer at the end. Whichever way the cat jumped—not meaning her, of course—there'd be no hard feelings. Then he had marched her up to the wheel, relieved the steersman, and told the astonished girl to sail the boat.

Patience thought back to it now, and smiled to herself. It seemed ages ago, but it was less than a week. She'd come a long way—she knew darned well she had. Here she was, alone at the wheel, or practically so—although Cheney and Brown were standing a few feet behind her. And she was sailing in a race. The dead rats and guinea pigs could go hang! At that thought she sighed. Well—she'd be back with them soon enough. For that very morning Patsy had told Scott that she had decided to go on with her work at Woods Hole. She had thought it over a long time, and she had talked twice over the telephone with Dr. Jessups at the lab. Jessups was her pet professor and adviser. He felt that Patsy should not surrender her independence and go commercial at this stage.

Prescott had taken her refusal entirely in his stride.

"Forget it," he had grinned. "It's the big race today and we've got to beat Charley Abbot, if we bust a stick. He trimmed me last year. With this wind, they'll probably send us on a triangular course, ten miles to a leg. I'm going to let you sail off the wind. Now listen—"

And here she was at the wheel. They were eight miles down the first leg on a broad reach with a lively breeze on the quarter. Charley Abbot was three lengths astern and slowly closing up after a bad start. Every few moments Scott twisted his head around and looked at Patsy.

PATSY—skirted and sweatered for once—and with her crisp blonde hair rippling in the wind, stood with her legs slightly apart and her knees giving springily to the swaying thrust of the deck. Her hands rested lightly on the spokes. She was utterly oblivious of everything save the stake boat ahead.

She made a superb figure. But it was her hands on the wheel that Prescott watched. He nodded approvingly, and looked up at Minorcas Brown, who stood with feet braced apart like the sailors in pictures.

"Girl's good," said Scott tersely. "Got quite a touch."

Dr. Brown was looking at the stake boat—now scarcely a minute away. His eyes narrowed sardonically.

"Yes," he said with slow insolence and looking straight at Prescott. "Next I expect you'll be having her sail around marks."

Prescott looked up—saw the challenge in the other man's eyes. He stood up.

"Why not?" he said quietly. He glanced astern. Abbot was coming on fast.

"You may take her around the mark, Miss Carmichael," he commanded.

"No!" said Patsy wildly, dropping the wheel and swinging on him.

"Keep that wheel until I tell you!" snapped Prescott, every word like a whiplash. But in that split second of her consternation the ship had half broached to. Patsy grabbed the spokes and brought her back to a good full. But Charley Abbot was almost climbing their counter.

"Now take her around the mark," said Scott coldly. "Hug it close. Abbot may try to cut inside you. Don't look back. Watch your steering—we'll look out for the sails."

Patsy bit back the tears of rage and mortification. She'd cracked under her first real test. Like any useless woman. She glued her eyes to the tossing little stake boat and the sailor on the midship thwart beneath the flag. She'd make that turn, if it was the last blankety-blank thing she did in her life!

Scott, heaving on the mainsheet with the sailors, twisted his head over his shoulder toward the stake boat.

"Don't round to until I give the word," he yelled, and waited for another instant.

"Now!" he barked.

"Her master's voice!" cried the delighted doctor. "Show your stuff, test-tube sailor!"

It was too much for the already unnerved girl. She came about too sharply. They cleared the mark itself, but the Setsu lost headway, and as she filled sluggishly on the other tack, the tip of the main-boom just nicked the fluttering edge of the flag.

Patsy, staring ahead, never saw it. Prescott did. So did Dr. Minorcas Brown.

"Did the man in the stake boat see it?" he asked in a low voice.

"No," said Scott with cold fury. "And it wouldn't have happened at all but for that last wisecrack of yours. I've a mind to throw you overboard!"

He turned his back and strode to the wheel. By the time he reached there he was smiling again.

"How did I do?" asked Patsy glowingly. "Oh—it was so exciting!"

"Swell!" grinned Cheney. "I told you there was nothing to it. I'll take her now, on the wind."

ABBOT split tacks with them on the next leg. But he guessed wrong on the tide and turned the second mark half a minute behind. On the run home, Setsu, with her new light sails, increased her lead and beat Abbot and the rest of the class by a comfortable margin.

When they got back into the harbor, Patience went below to collect her things. They were to have a late tea on board, and then she was going ashore to take the train for Woods Hole. When she came on deck again, Cheney was just sending the launch over with a note to the committee boat.

They had a round of cocktails and some sandwiches, in lieu of tea. There was a constraint to the party, as so often happens in the anticlimactical aftermath of an exciting time. Patience wanted to say something to Cheney about how bad she felt at having to decide against New York. But it seemed banal and useless to her.

The launch came back. In a few minutes Patsy must start. Another launch came alongside and hailed them. It was Charley Abbot. Cheney walked forward and leaned on a davit.

"Will you come aboard?" he called.

"No," Abbot called back. "But I want to say, Scott, that you're one blamed good sport. That foul you reported didn't affect me one little bit. Committee says I've got to take the cup—but I feel like a heel about it!"

"Forget it, Charley," laughed Scott Cheney. "I'll trim the pants off you next time!"

He walked slowly back to the group on deck. He was infernally glad that Charley Abbot hadn't come aboard. They'd have hashed over the whole thing, and Patsy would have found out and would have been irretrievably hurt. Scott knew that he'd been a fool to let the doctor goad him into giving the girl a job that only a skilled sailor could do. Hang it all! Was he jealous of the man? But, at that, she'd almost got away with it. Would have got away with it clean if it hadn't been for the supercilious wisecracker. Blast the man! He'd like to punch his long nose.

Patsy was speaking to the doctor in a frowning whisper.

"What was that about Mr. Abbot and the cup?" she demanded. "And about a foul?"

"Some technicality," said the doctor urbanely. "These racing rules are beyond me."

Patience, disturbed in her mind, had no chance to say more. The launch was at the ladder and the steward was stowing her things. She kissed Judith and shook hands with Prescott and the doctor. When she got in the launch she looked up and waved. Dr. Brown—to her surprise—dropped in the launch beside her.

"I've got an errand ashore," he explained.

On the float at the New York Yacht Club station, Dr. Brown looked at his watch.

"I'll get a taxi and take you to the station."

In the station he looked at the time again.

"Nearly half an hour to your train," he said, and settled himself comfortably on one of her upended suitcases.

Patsy frowned.

"Was this your errand ashore?"

"It was. And now I'm going to give you rats, young woman. Cheney has just told me that you've turned down his laboratory proposition."

"Yes," flared Pat. "And what business of yours—"

"I've made it my business. Now listen to me for five minutes, and stop showing your pride and asserting your independence and strutting your principles and all the rest of that childish defense mechanism. Try to behave like an adult woman, for a change."

PATSY, taken aback, could only glower.

"Have you got any money?" demanded the doctor.

"Not much," confessed Patience. "Enough for small animals and to hire some equipment."

"Precisely. Cheney could give you all that and not tie your hands. Of course your work would belong to him. But what of it? If the equipment and the assistants he supplied put your work ahead by years—as it probably would—isn't that what you ought to think of? And not your head-in-the-stars principles of 'utter scientific independence' and all that rot? Science can't be 'utterly independent' of money, or anything else. Believe me, I know. I've been through it. We've got to compound our principles sometimes—for their own final sakes."

"No," said Patience stubbornly.

"Yes. Do you suppose I'd be where I am today—"

"I don't know where you are today—and I don't care!" said Patience petulantly.

"—do you suppose I'd be making up to an aging imbecile like Mrs. Cheney unless I *knew* that the end of getting her money to help a lot of really brainsick people justified the means—and the meanness—of how I get it? In the big things of life you can't afford the luxury of too much principle. You—"

"Just why are you so interested in my going to New York?" Patience asked suddenly.

Dr. Minorcas smiled with one side of his mobile mouth.

"I've been waiting for that. It's a fair question. If I told you that it would not be unpleasing to me to have a highly attractive—though rather erratic—young woman near me in New York, where I could see her as occasion demanded — would that satisfy you?"

"It would not," said Patsy flatly. "A week ago I might have swallowed it. What's the real reason?"

"Well, let's try this one," smiled the doctor. "I want money out of Mrs. Cheney; Mrs. Cheney wants money out of Cheney Chemical; shrewdly handled, there's money in Patsy Carmichael and her work."

"Hu-um," Patsy meditated. "I guess that comes nearer to it." She was silent a moment. "A lot that you've said is true, of course. But it just—isn't me."

COMING SOON

in Liberty

That's My Story

by DOUGLAS "Wrong-Way" CORRIGAN

The autobiography of the amazing flyer who has charmed the world by his personality as thoroughly as he thrilled it by his startling conquest of the Atlantic. Don't miss this revealing story—the publishing scoop of the year—to be read exclusively in

Liberty

WATCH FOR IT SOON!

He shrugged. Another thought came to her. "Did I have anything to do with that foul today—and his losing the cup?"

He scowled down his long nose.

"The boom hit the stake boat. Nobody's fault, I guess."

"Yes, it was!" she gasped. "I tacked too sharply! Just what he had warned me against. Oh—I shall never—"

"Nonsense! As a matter of fact, I rattled you by yelling at you. And then Cheney made the grand gesture and reported a purely technical foul that no one had seen. And quite right, too. In sport you can afford to be sportsmanlike. It's part of the fun. You don't for a moment suppose he'd do anything like that in a great business emergency, do you?"

The train was backing in. Patience stood up and held out her hand. She liked the doctor—for his candor, if nothing else.

"It's no use, Dr. Brown. You're really quite decent sometimes. But I've thought this all out very carefully. And I never change my mind when it's once made up."

Minorcas Brown regarded her searchingly. He was a finished judge of people. A look of amused defeat crept into his gray-green eyes.

"I guess I know when I'm licked," he said gravely.

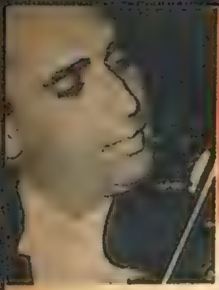
He handed her bags to a porter and helped her up the steps of the Pullman car. She turned and waved to him from the platform.

ALL the way up to Providence she kept thinking of the two men. The doctor, with his cynical horse sense—for horse sense it was, even Patsy had to admit. And Prescott, with his tempers and his grinning, and his sportsmanship and his chivalry in trying to cover up her foul. The race that he'd set his heart on! Commercial or not, working for a man like that couldn't be so bad. Except that it would be, in the end. Science and business didn't mix—no matter how high-grade the business. It was the principle of the thing. Patsy knew it with every fiber of her scientific being. Well—that was that. It had been one grand week. Back to the bugs for little Patsy. She felt rather sad, and quite wise, and very sure of herself.

When she got out at Providence to change cars, she went into the telegraph office and sent a wire to Prescott Cheney:

CHANGED MY MIND STOP WHEN DO I
REPORT AT YOUR LABORATORY
PATIENCE CARMICHAEL

Can Patience work for Prescott Cheney and be happy? Can she succeed in her great scientific ambition if mixed with "commercialism"? Will Dr. Minorcas Brown help or hinder her with his psychoanalytic jargon? Next week's Liberty will show Patience in a difficult position between the two men and the forces they represent.



Joe Rines

HOW TO DO THE LAMBETH

Swagger, stamp, slap and sing! Here's the latest dance craze described by the man who introduced it

READING TIME
6 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

WHEN you hear the shout, "Hoy!" you can bet your best sables to nothing there is fun afoot. That is the signal of glee generated by debutantes and dowagers doing the latest step sensation—a singing dance called the Lambeth Walk, a frolic freshly imported from London's Mayfair.

American society has flamed over the sensational mixture of steps, song, and knee slaps since London took it up. But London copied it from the cockneys who have been dancing it for more than twenty years.

The Lambeth Walk made its bid for popularity with London society only recently, when a charity benefit was given in the cockney quarter, a district of roominghouses. To break the stiffness of class barriers, society took part in the folksy dance. It was such fun they brought it back to the night clubs and, like a hot bit of gossip, the fame of the Lambeth Walk spread furiously on both sides of the Atlantic.

Now everywhere we hear: What is this new dance in which you walk and sing?

Eddie Cantor describes it as an epidemic.

Gertrude Lawrence says it reminds her of when she was a little girl on Hampstead Heath, where the costermongers danced it. The costermongers wear gay pearl-buttoned clothes and for years have been famous for an almost tribal life of carnival celebration when they get together.

When I was in London recently and saw that the old dance had become a new sensation, I decided to try it out in New York. It seemed to me that we needed a new gaiety and I felt it could be found in the Lambeth Walk, the first dance which the British have taken up since the World War.

A New York society columnist writes: "The Lambeth Walk has taken a quick, sudden bite out of the Big Apple."

The truth is that the Lambeth Walk has almost completely devoured the fantastic and once-popular dance within a short time. It made its American debut recently when Joe Rines and his band, on the St. Regis Roof, swung into the marchy fox trot, The Lambeth Walk, and played his orchestration of the number which I had brought to him. Once he started the tune, the floor of the Roof filled with dancers of all ages. Gertrude Lawrence and I were the first to dance the Lambeth Walk that night. Now every one wants to know how to do it.

Well, you strut, prance, sing all the while, whirl, shout, slap your knees, stamp your feet, and cry "Hoy!" That is, "Oi!" with the H dropped.

And what a relief it is to be able to look at yourself from the distance of the night before without feeling sore muscles, idiotic, and a little ashamed of your antics as a jitterbug. The Lambeth Walk is not a feat of gymnastics.

You don't have to check your dignity along with your wrap as you did to grind the Big Apple. And you have no fear of having your shins kicked when your partner *gives* and when you shag *out-of-the-world*.

The Lambeth Walk solves the problem of how to conduct yourself with dignity in the midst of a merry mood, even though it originated in the cockney quarter. But all dances express moods of happiness, and history proves that all basic dances have come from the people.

The tango originated among the Argentine cowboys. The turkey trot started in the honky-tonks of the Barbary Coast. The black bottom and the Charleston were first shuffled by the cotton-picking Negroes in Dixie.

The cockneys dance the Lambeth Walk to express swagger, a mood of all's-well, of it's-my-day-off, of my-gal's-on-my-arm-wearing-a-plume-on-her-hat.

All these dances represented moods

THE LAMBETH WALK

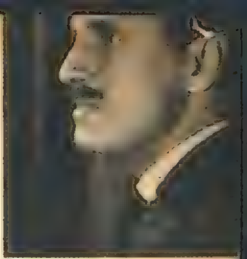
Description by
ARTHUR MURRAY
America's foremost dancing instructor

1. Partners march side by side, gentleman on the left. Strut forward 8 steps (4 bars); swing the arms, walking jauntily in cockney fashion.
2. Link right arms, walk around in circle to right 4 steps. Quickly reverse, linking left arms, and walking 4 steps in circle to left.
3. Again strut side by side 8 steps (same as Figure 1). Partners separate, taking 4 very short steps, walking away from each other in a small circle, ending by facing each other and *slapping knees in time to music.*
4. End with pointing thumb over shoulder in hitchhike fashion, and yell loudly, "Hoy!"

Repeat from beginning. It is necessary that the steps fit the music. Dancers should start on the very first beat of the chorus.

WALK

BY PRINCE SERGE OBOLENSKY



The Author

of carnival, holidaying of the people. The sophisticates, for the love of novelty, claimed them for their own, and thus the dances became popularized.

If you're dance-conscious you must try to do the Lambeth Walk. It's easy. It's danced in pairs. No changing partners. You don't have to be stimulated to dance it. You dance it and become stimulated.

Shall we try this number?

Listen now. Everybody sings as they dance. Everybody sings, even if they do not dance. Musicians, bus boys, waiters, cigarette girls join in. Our tired playboys who dare not leave their brandies are in the swing while seated at a floor-side table.

3

4

The band leader calls out the command: "Walk forward!" He also leads the singing:

"Any time you're Lambeth Way,
Any evening, any day,
You'll find 'em all
Doin' the Lambeth Walk.
Hoy!"

Just link your arm through mine comfortably. We walk along side by side. Your tiara is not going to fly off. No one will lift an eyebrow at your exaggerated strut step.

Just imagine you are a cockney gal from the Lambeth district wearing a great plumed hat all splashed with color.

Or you don't have to imagine anything. Don't have to use your mind or imagination. The band leader calls out the steps, leads the song—so you can't miss.

"Every little Lambeth gal
With her little Lambeth pal.
You'll find 'em all
Doin' the Lambeth Walk.
Hoy!"

Now if you feel the shag coming on, don't let it. A little swagger, a few strut steps are quite appropriate however.

"Swing your partner!" is the next command from the leader.

We swing, at that, in the best Virginia-reel manner. We swing to the left, then to the right. Each way, four steps. Now we walk forward eight steps, singing:

"Take it free and easy,
Dance as you darn well
pleas-ee.
You'll find 'em all
Doin' the Lambeth Walk.
Hoy!"

Then you do the cockney salute. It accompanies each "Hoy!" with a quick jerk of the thumb backward toward your shoulder, supposedly indicating the direction of the Lambeth Walk.

"Slap knees!" is the next command from the music leader.

You do this with a loud plop. Stings a bit, doesn't it?

"Stamp your feet!" Simple to follow, don't you think?

"Hoy!" again.

That is all there is to it. Women who complained that the Big Apple was too disarranging go in for the Lambeth Walk several times during an evening. I've seen it done by Gloria Swanson, Madeleine Carroll, Countess di Frasso, Cobina Wright, Jr., and many others.

Did you expect to lose yourself? But one simply *doesn't* do that sort of thing any more. A little too routine? Well, let me tell you this: In dancing, as in anything else, the very regularity which we follow keeps us sane. Must we always be expressing ourselves? When is a chap to rest his emotions?

I contend that the routine in the Lambeth Walk is a very good thing. Just think of your friends who've done the Big Apple and have come near to nervous breakdowns. They went around *giving* out, impulsively going in for self-hypnotism and escape stuff. That was fun, but this is a reaction to all that.

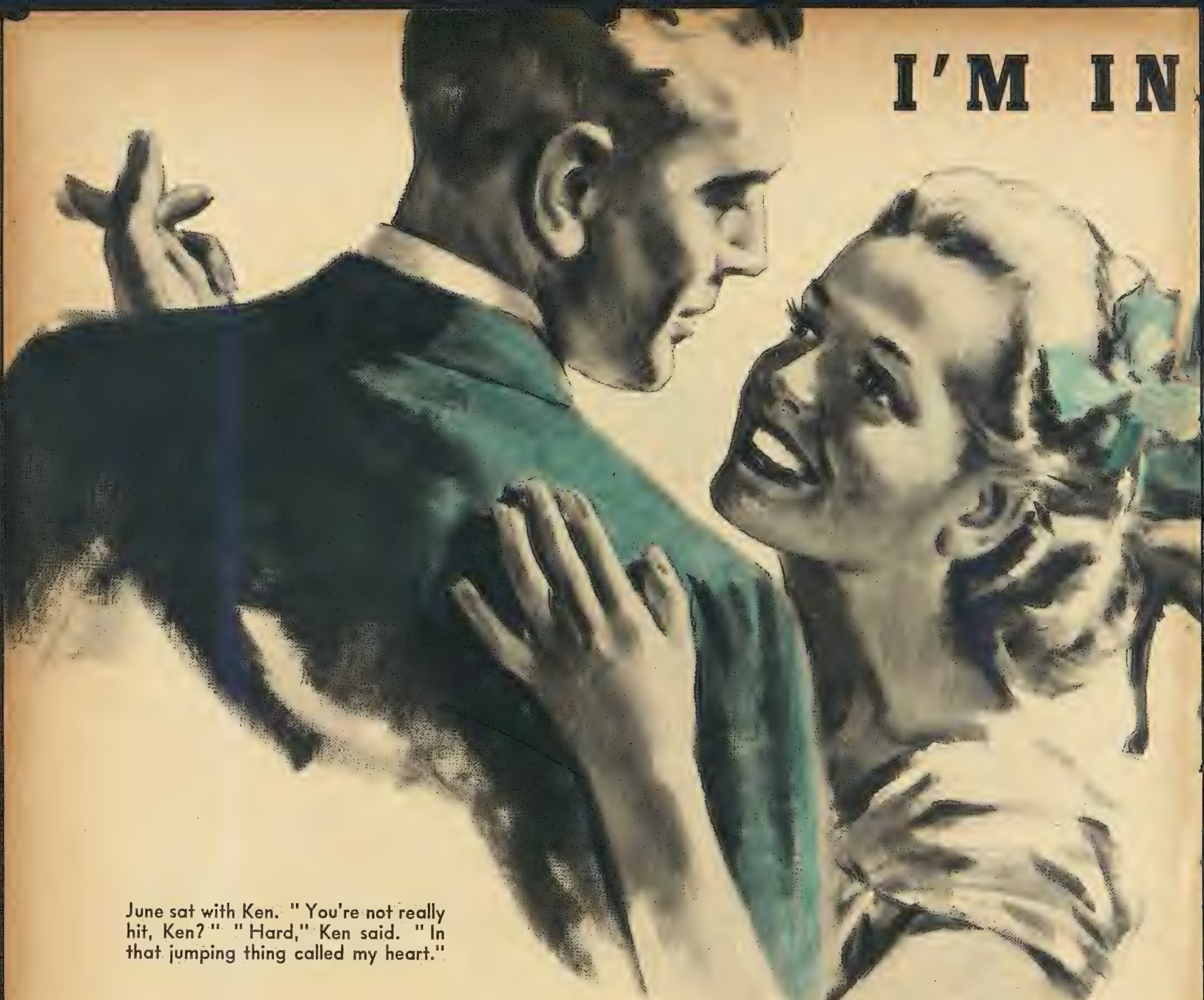
But you like the Lambeth Walk? Encore?

Good! Just link your arm through mine.

I thought you would respond to this safe and sane routine—I think that is probably why every one is going through the Lambeth Walk.

THE END

I'M IN



June sat with Ken. "You're not really hit, Ken?" "Hard," Ken said. "In that jumping thing called my heart."

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

THE place was the Welland Hospital, in the country on the outskirts of New Haven. It was for people who could afford such luxuries as bird songs and flowers while getting well. Kenneth Bedell, being utterly broke, thought it a bum place to be having a broken leg in, particularly as the leg was long in healing—a compound fracture below the knee.

Gone now—and thankfully—were the pulleys, the cast, the suspended weights—all torturous. But gone, too, was Ken's job.

He'd said to Dr. Jerry Travers—who was an old classmate—on almost all his morning rounds: "Listen. I paid a poll tax in Boston. Ship me to City Hospital up there. How'm I going to pay for all this? I can get it up there for nothing."

To which Jerry would reply: "The accident happened in our driveway. This was the logical place to bring you, what with the highways buried in snow. It was our car you were pushing—"

"On the way to catch *my* train."

"But who promoted your coming out after the game to hoist one? June and I, as I recall it. Dying to show off our home. One for the absent Pete Marlowe, another for reunion and the game. A third for the team—remember? And another one for each point of the score."

"That was *my* idea," Ken insisted.

"Listen. For a hundred yards around, two hundred maybe, I'm probably the best bone man there is. Furthermore, we're glad to have you with us. And I am getting it for you wholesale; and on the cuff. You just lie there and calciumize, soak up some sleep, and get well."

So Ken had lain there from February well into burgeoning May.

This morning he sat where his nurse, Smitty, had wheeled him to the veranda of the pavilion and to the sun. Why didn't she come back, anyway?, Where was Jerry? Where was June?

It was then that he saw the girl.

June Travers was always presenting girls, or planting young blondes in dark areas where Ken and the blondes might collide. And saying afterward, impatiently: "Where's your emotional bounce? Can't you picture that cuddly job in a sweet little kitchen smock?"

"Too much a peek," Ken would tell her. "I can't afford 'em, June. You just take care of Jerry and be glad that we both adore you and stop pushing my love life around."

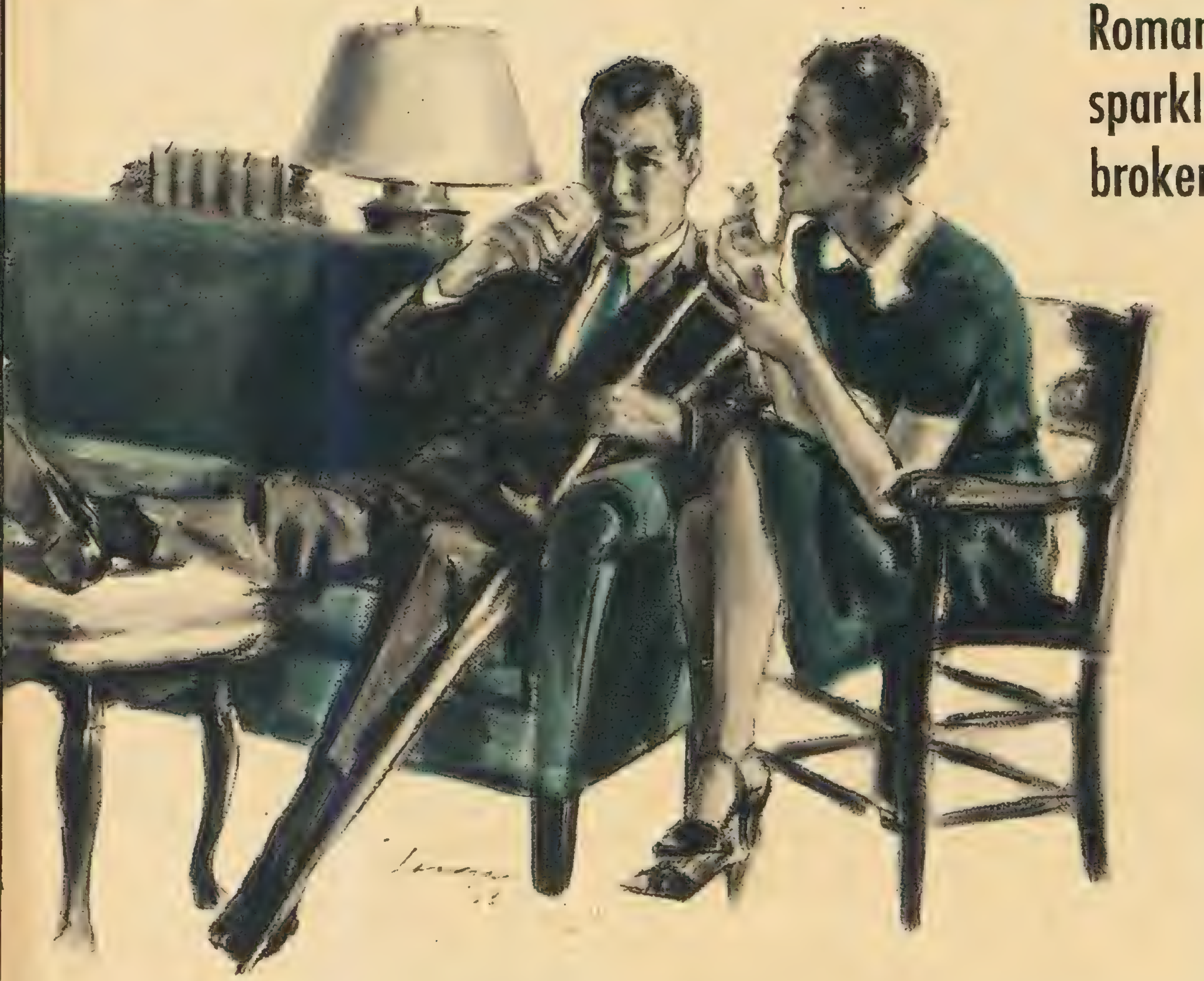
But, the next time he'd come for a week-end, she'd have something on hand in velvet and languorous far-away eyes. She'd haul the preoccupied Jerry off to an early

LOVE WITH YOUR GIRL

Romance by mistake! A gay and sparkling story of a bachelor, a broken leg, and a ravishing damsel

BY STANLEY PAUL

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWIS



bed, leaving the girl and Ken and the fire presumably aglow.

"Well . . . ?" she'd say the next morning, expectancy in her glance.

"Hi, June! The fire went out."

So this girl was decidedly different. She approached in beauty—sans June. Her walk was an exquisite motion to see, on legs that were slender in their modeling and quick little high-heeled feet. There was a sweet curve to her throat, open in a tweed collar. She was hatless and blonde—but not typish. Her hair had a soft honey tint. Her eyes, Ken knew when he looked at them, would lead off a sparkling smile. Mostly, though, it was her mouth. It had a tender and sensitive curve.

She slowed a bit as she passed him; turned and walked hesitantly back.

"Good morning," she said somewhat shyly. That husky note in that throat: it added the last perfect touch.

"Good morning," she tried again, a faint frown on her wide clear brow. "I'm looking for Mr. Bedell. Could you tell me where his room is?"

"Oh, yes," Ken answered her blithely, "I could."

"Thank you." She hesitated a little. "Will you tell me, then?"

"Tell you what?" Ken asked her.

"Where I can find him. I'm a very old friend."

"Are you indeed!" said Ken.

"Well, I feel so, at least. You see, I'm a house guest at the Traverses'. Mrs. Travers is busy with marketing, and she thought Mr. Bedell might like it if I called."

"I'm positive he would," Ken assured her.

"Poor fellow!" she compassionately said. "They're tremendously fond of him, you know. He and Dr. Travers and Peter Marlowe used to play hockey together for Yale. It's so tragic about his poor leg"—she glanced at Ken's crutch sympathetically—"I dare say you know how it is. But worse than that, poor fellow, is what happened when he smashed up his head."

"Smashed up his head!"

"Yes; there was a flagstone under the snow. Didn't you know about it?"

"Bedell got a very slight bump. I happen—"

She shook her lovely bright head. "That's what *he* thinks. And he tries to convince every one else. But they're terribly afraid . . . you know . . . that he'll develop into a mental case."

"Sit down," Ken said.

At this brusque invitation, she sat. She regarded him a little nervously from Smitty's vacated chair.

"Listen to me," he said. "I know the Bedell case. Granting he is nuts—understand me?—just granting, that's all I say—it was June Travers, my friend, who got the poor lad that way. And take my advice: don't call on Bedell this morning. Bedell's in a terrible rage. Last night, after midnight, June Travers made off with his cheese."

"Made off with his cheese?"

"Yes. Oh, she does like to tease him, you know. Comes sneaking over while he's sleeping and filches it away from the mice he keeps in his room."

"Not real mice, surely?"

"No. And it's not real cheese. That's why we're worried about June Travers: she's a psycho-prospect for fair."

"Heavens!" The girl stood up again.

"Wait! You see, Ken Bedell is a symbol of June's thwarted obsessions in life. They're matrimonial obsessions. Wants to marry her husband's pals off. Take this lad Peter Marlowe you spoke of. He's down in Argentina buying hides. But while he was home last summer June got him plenty engaged. Some friend of hers, poor fellow. They're getting married down there in a month. And then she went to work on Bedell."

"I think," said the lady, "I'd better go now." She glanced rather frantically up the porch.

"Now, Bedell maintains"—Ken was unheeding—"that a chap ought to have his own choice of girls and not have them crammed down his throat. That way, things go boom."

"Go boom?" she repeated nervously.

"Yes. Right up in smoke. Love is a big explosion. Love is a double-end fuse. Love is a . . ."

Whatever else love was got lost in a scrunch on the drive. The Travers coupé sent some dust up.

"Well"—June came up on the porch—"did you find him an interesting case? Sorry to take you away from him, but we're for New Haven and lunch."

Ken noted the light in her eyes.

"So come along, Martha," June added. "We'll leave Ken to brood with his leg."

"Ken!" said the girl called Martha. "Who did he say he was, darling?"

THAT FOOTBALL PARTY WENT TO MY HEAD!
AND THEN
YO' BETTER TAKE THIS BROMO-SELTZER TO CHASE THAT MISERY 'FORE MIZ' PERKINS SEES YOU
JUST WHAT I NEED FOR HEAD, STOMACH, NERVES
SOON....
DARLING, YOU LOOK MARVELOUS
BROMO-SELTZER IS THE MARVEL!
EMERSON'S BROMO-SELTZER

FASTER, By Test

A group of doctors found Bromo-Seltzer FASTER than any other morning-after remedy they tested. Does MORE! Settles stomach, calms nerves, ALKALIZES. At drugstores, soda fountains. Keep it at home!

BROMO-SELTZER

"I," said Ken, quite loudly and anxious to make his point, "wasn't asked who I was, understand? And I didn't say, either." He appealed to the girl. "Am I right?"

"I wouldn't know"—coldly, albeit with a slight trace of scorn. "I'm ready, June. Let's leave, dear."

"Coming," June said. "Want to come to dinner this evening, Ken? Just waft yourself over the lawn. If you can't raise your Yogi, Smitty'll wheel you."

Ken said defiantly: "I'll walk."

"Do, and we'll break out the drum corps. Good-by."

Gone into the bright May morning, the world's most beautiful girl.

"Hey," said Smitty's voice behind him, "back in the doldrums? What is it now? Lack of purpose? No mission, no aim in life? Maybe those four-minute eggs?"

"It's a lady." Ken sadly and deeply sighed.

Smitty and Ken got on. He'd adored her from the morning he'd first known her, when she'd appeared with coffee that was hot. Smitty was critic or clown, scoffer or builder-upper, whatever was needed to counterpoint his mood.

There was only one rift between them, not serious, but ever-present. Smitty was given to contests via radio, the press, and magazines. She wrote last lines for limericks, sought clues for jumbled-up cartoons, suggested names for new products—and appealed continually to Ken.

NOW listen," he said; "lay off me," when he saw the clipping in her hand.

"But, Ken"—she profaned by sitting in it the chair that but moments ago held such a dream of loveliness—"this one's for ten thousand cash! Think!"

"*You* think. I'm busy," Ken said.

"Doing nothing," said Smitty scornfully. "Now see here. I've been trying to get you going on this one for over two weeks. It closes tonight, forever! All they want is a slogan. Something to rhyme with the name Gypsy Jell. What do you think of this one? 'Gypsy Jell tastes very swell!'"

"Awful," said Ken. "Awful! Say, look! Do you know where my clothes are? I'm dining tonight, and I'll dress."

Smitty pursed her lips doubtfully.

"And please speak to the barber for me."

"Give me a slogan," bargained Smitty, "or I'll not stir out of this chair."

"Eh?" said Ken idly, lost in prospect of hours to come. A fire on the Travers andirons. Would June get Jerry off to bed? That girl, that wonderful creature. . . . Excitement danced in his veins. Wham! went his leg in protest. Somehow he didn't care.

"Oh!" he said. "That slogan. O. K., pal. Try this: 'I'm full of bliss and joy and glee—it's the strawberry Gypsy Jell in me!'"

"Oh, Ken!" said the overwhelmed Smitty.

"Oh, Smitty! Go shake out my clothes."

JUNE had managed to get Jerry dancing with Martha to the radio's muted boom. June sat with Ken.

"Give me," he begged, "a moment alone with her. She's been handing me orders of frost. Hardly blame her. I have a lot to explain."

"You're not really hit, are you, Ken?"

"Hard," Ken said. "Where it hurts, June. In that jumping thing called my heart."

"Ken! You poor hopeless cluck! Don't you read Pete Marlowe's letters?"

"Sure I do; and it looks, June, as if your husband's pals are sewed up. Pete with his wedding in Buenos Aires. Me with—"

"Listen, my dear." At something in her voice Ken turned squarely to her. "She's on her way to Buenos Aires. She's Pete's girl."

The dancing couple slowed. The music drifted and died.

"I'm so terribly sorry," June whispered.

Jerry and Martha approached.

"Thirty days more," Jerry said, "and you'll be cutting in again, unless you've forgotten how."

Ken struggled up, getting his crutch under one broad shoulder painfully.

"Watch my technic," he invited; then, to Martha: "Will you hobble in the garden with me?"

Martha looked slightly hesitant.

"I want to talk about Pete. Really, you should be nice to me. I am one of your fiancé's best friends."

She took his free arm and went out with him through the terrace door.

It was a night made for—well, almost anything other than talking to another man's girl.

Ken said: "See here. I'm sorry about this morning on the veranda."

"After all," she said tolerantly, "June had a hand in it, too. And I was rather stupid not to see through your joking. I suppose you were upset a bit, too, at being thought slightly insane."

"Maybe I was," said Ken. "But here's what I want to tell you. Normally I'm nice people, and we probably shall see one another a lot. Times like Christmas, when the Traverses and Marlowes will get together. I'll be the bachelor uncle with the armful of toys and the grin."

"Are you being a little pathetic?"

"Am I? I've never had a girl."

For a moment he thought she was going to laugh at him, she was looking so queerly into his eyes.

"June told me that, too," she said. "Of course I didn't believe her. Somehow, the way you say it, I guess perhaps you never have."

"So much for me, then. But you? All on fire about Pete?"

"It's a gentle blaze," she told him. "I mean—well, Pete's comfortable, you see."

"Oh, come now," Ken chided, half serious. "Neither you nor Pete is the type for a comfortable sort of love. Pete's too alive, too spectacular, while you . . ."

"Well, what *am* I?" she asked.

"Wait!" He held her back a little, his hand on her round cool arm. "I've got to say this once; then I'll shut up about it forever. We both can forget it and file it in D for done."

His very intensity seemed to hold her—his grave young face looking down, one shoulder slanted upward, his voice with its uncertain note.

"What is it?" she asked softly, her eyes seeking his in the gloom.

"Only this: I love you. And I always shall. Good night."

He was gone then, out through the garden gateway. She heard his uneven stride on the bricks that paved the back court.

"Why, the poor goop!" she murmured. "He really hasn't had a girl."

Ken in his infinite wisdom was certain that there was an end to it through fourteen miasmic hours. At the fifteenth she appeared at his door.

"Jerry says," she announced, "that I can take you riding. He's letting us borrow his car."

"Oh, no, thanks," Ken began—and was promptly shushed by Smitty. She shooed Martha out, saying, "I'll have him ready—like that!"

"She's another man's girl," Ken protested, half co-operating in the bustle.

"Go on out and suffer, then," said Smitty. "It'll do you good—wait and see."

SHE bundled him into the car and gave a large smile to Martha.

"If he goes moody on you," said Smitty, "kick him out and make him walk home."

"Are you moody?" asked Martha, a mile out on the highway. "You don't look very moody, really. You look quite pleasant to me."

"Feel so," said Ken, and meant it. "After all, it's a lovely day."

"Isn't it?" She waited a moment; then, "Tell me something: Do you always announce to your ladies that you love them, and will forever, and then stalk away on your crutch?"

"Well . . . what else?" asked Ken.

"You should tell the lady why you love her. A lady likes to hear, particularly when she's never been told that she *is* loved so nicely."

"Pete," said Ken chidingly, "is a master at that sort of thing."

"Oh, no," she said. "Pete's casual. Here's what he said to me: 'Whadda y' say we get married? I've got to be true to some one and it might as well be you.'"

"Sounds like him," Ken said. "But hardly, Martha, with you. No one could be quite so casual—"

"Couldn't they! I was myself. I said: 'Well, darling, I've never had any one be true to me. It has to happen sometime and I guess it might as well be you.'"

"No!" said Ken unbelievingly.

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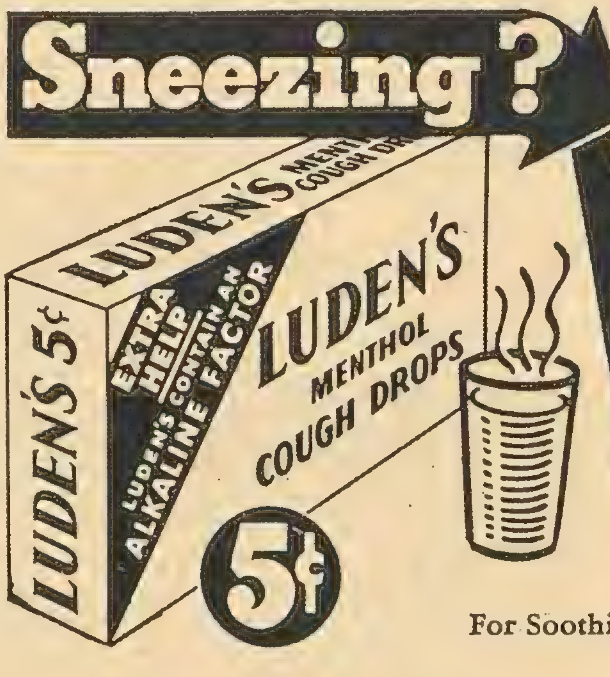
Remember that Luden's, like hot lemonade, contain a helpful ALKALINE FACTOR


LUDEN'S MENTHOL COUGH DROPS
EXTRA HELP
LUDEN'S CONTAIN AN ALKALINE FACTOR
LUDEN'S 5¢
5¢

For Soothing Relief, Say "Luden's."

“Yes. You know—the shore, blue water, bright sky, sunshine. It does things like that to you. Oh, I think it'll work out all right. Pete's one of the best. I'll make him happy. At least, I'll make a good try.”

“But what about you?” Ken demanded.

“Me? I'll be happy too. Maybe I'm a great big mother. I don't know—he does something to me.”

“That,” said Ken, “is bad.” But loyalty forbade elaboration. They rode on in the sun and were happy. And that was Friday afternoon.

Saturday it rained. Smitty said: “That's the twentieth time you've insulted me today, young man!”

Sunday was fair. Which was better—until June made a morning call.

“Well,” she said tartly, “how about it?”

“How about what?” Ken asked.

“About what you're doing to Martha. She cried in my room last night. Why? That's what I'm asking.”

“I wouldn't know,” he blandly said.

“Liar! What about Pete? Haven't you got him at a slight disadvantage? After all, he's a continent away.”

“Listen, June. It's like this: Pete's had his way all his life. He's had everything, including lovely ladies. Scads of 'em. You know that. This thing between them is full of holes. They're making a horrible mistake.”

“If they are,” said June, “it should be *their* business.”

Ken was silent—and then he said: “I guess you've named it, June. Trust me. I'll clear it right up.”

After she'd left the room Ken did a lot of scribbling, then reached for and strangled the bell.

“Read this aloud,” he said to Smitty, handing her the paper. “I want to hear how it sounds.”

“‘Peter Marlowe, care of Marlowe & Company, Buenos Aires,’” Smitty slowly read. “‘Pete, I'm in love with your girl.’”

“Sign it ‘Ken’” and send it straight rates.”

“Boy, that's telling 'em!” said Smitty.

Then, at two, came Martha. At two eighteen they kissed. It was one of those things that happen between the striking and flaming of a match.

Martha said, “Call that one my fault”—and her eyes were unhappy and wet.

Ken said: “No. We'll call it . . . well, a kiss for the bride.” He did his best to seem light.

Martha rose, moved doorward. “We can't call it anything but what it is, Ken. And it isn't right. So, good-by!”

BY Monday's dawn Ken was horrible with lack of sleep and bad nerves. Jerry stopped in after breakfast. “I come bearing tidings,” he said. “One is good-by from Martha. The other's from June. She said to say you deserve it. I haven't the foggiest what she means.”

“When is Martha leaving?” Ken asked miserably.

“She's left. She and June, last night. Martha got into a fever about sailing south. She found a Buenos Aires passage on the Southern Cross line this noon. June went to help her pack.” Jerry waited a moment, then asked: “Anything I can do, old man? Something's wrong, but I can't seem to guess what it is.”

“Jerry, it's called many names, but by this one it doesn't smell sweet. Run along to your patients and leave me alone with my grief.”

Shortly after nine he said, “Damn it!” and wondered where Smitty could be. He wanted to be mothered.

At length he got up and went seeking her, hobbling down the long quiet halls. He found her, at last, in Jerry's office, seated in solitude by the phone.

“Hey, Smitty!” he said reproachfully.

She lifted her face. He saw tears. Then, strangely, she giggled a bit wildly.

“Oh, Ken,” she said, “we've won ten thousand dollars. Gee whizz!”

“Smitty,” said Ken, “you're cuckoo.”

“Then so are the Gypsy Jell folks. They just called me from New York. I've got to get in there today. They want me on their radio program. They're presenting the check to me tonight.”

The phone at her elbow jangled.

“You take it,” said Smitty, with a jump. She seemed about to cry again.

“Hold it, Smitty,” ordered Ken. Then: “Hello?”

“This is Postal Cable,” said a voice. “May we speak to Kenneth Bedell, please?”

“This is Bedell. Go ahead.”

“We have a cable for you from Buenos Aires. The signature is ‘Pete.’ Here is the message: ‘Ken, that's swell on account of it gets me off a tough spot. At end of large and loose week-end I find I have changed my name. I am now Señor Lolita Hernandez y Vasco di Gama to boot. Does that make me a gaucho? Anyway Lolita is swell. Both of us send our blessings and trust that we two have yours.’

“Shall we repeat, sir?”

“No!” cried Ken. “That's enough.”

Down went the receiver.

“What's this, what's this,” he said to Smitty, “about you going to New York? Come on, come on, what're we waiting for?” He fumbled in Jerry's desk. “I saw her put the keys in this drawer that day that we went to ride. Ah! here they are. I have them! Come on. We're taking Jerry's car, Smitty. You'll have to drive. There's not much time.”

“Ken,” said Smitty. “Stop it! So help me, I'll call the orderlies if you don't.”

“Try it, old girl, try it! I'll mow the orderlies right down. If you won't drive me, I'll drive.”

Smitty crept around the desk.

“Nice Kenny,” she coaxed. “Here, Kenny. Wait'll I get my hands on you . . .”

“Smitty! Cut it! Look here. My girl is sailing at noon. She's going to South America. Sailing—do you hear me? Sailing! Listen. She's got to be stopped!”

“Well, for goodness' sake!” said Smitty, with an obvious air of relief. “Why didn't you say so in the first place? Come on. We *haven't* much time.”

AT ten o'clock they were in Bridgeport, and in Stamford before the hour was done. A little later, west of Greenwich, they were in somebody's plowed-up field.

“It's this way, Ken,” puffed Smitty, straining over her shoulder to back out. “I can either do seventy—understand me—or else I can go around curves. Point is, I can't do both at once. You'll have to make up your mind.”

“You're doing all right, Smitty. Keep juicing her the way you have. Luck's with us, old girl. We're alive still. And we've yet to meet our first cop.”

Smitty got back on the highway. “I'm going,” she cried above the engine, “to adopt a baby with mine! Always wanted one, Ken. What're you going to do with yours?”

“My what?”

“Your share.”

“Not taking any.”

“No time to argue. Here's the hill. Swallow your tummy, Ken. Whoops! We're on the way down.”

“Wouldn't we,” she said at the bottom, “have made nice hamburger between those two trucks? Well, anyway, I made it. Listen, Ken—what's that noise?”

The noise was a screaming siren under the hand of the law. Smitty shoved her brakes on and came to a grinding stop.

“Sister”—the law dismounted and approached with a portentous frown—“are you in a mess of trouble! I'm giving you everything in the book.”

Ken very coolly leaned over.

“She's going to have a baby, sir,” he said.

The jaw of the law dropped wide.

“Well! You folks ought to plan. Plan—know what I mean? Not let things drift, then break your necks. Oh, heck! Drive on! But be careful.”

Smitty raced through the gears into high. “Ken,” she said, “you're shameless!”

“But, Smitty, you said so yourself.”

“I did *not!* Oh, be quiet. Let's see if I can get through the Bronx.”

Smitty could, by miracles. Across into Harlem, too.

“Dock's on the Hudson,” Bill told her. “I looked it up. Cut west.”

Incredibly they hit Tenth Avenue with nothing worse than scraped paint.

"The river," Ken commanded. "Get to the river." And there, as she turned west again, lay their goal. "See it, Smitty? Can you make it? Southern Cross Steamship Lines!"

Smitty did some marvelous broken-field driving over the wheel hub of a dray. Arrived, with a bang, at the curbing, and cut the ignition switch.

Ken squirmed out on to the sidewalk. "Smitty," he said, "I have just had a thought: for five thousand dollars, darling, you can own what might turn out to be the best advertising agency in New York. Me in charge, of course. Salary no object."

"Brother, you're hired," said Smitty. "It's about time that you had a thought like that."

Ken hobbled away. He came to the gangway openings and searched, with his eyes, the ship's rail. It was there that he bumped into June Travers, holding a handkerchief aloft.

"Where is she?" he demanded. Then he discovered her. "Martha!" he yelled. "Come down here!"

Whoo-oo-oo-oo went the liner's rumbling throat.

"Come down, or I'm coming up!"

A sharper voice than his voice took over behind his left ear.

"You'd better!" it bellowed loudly. "He'll ruin that leg if he does."

"Nice going, Smitty," Ken chuckled.

Martha came flying down.

"Listen," said Ken. "I had a cable—"

"I know," said Martha. "So did I."

"Then why are you sailing?"

"I was going to get off at the Canal. I don't know. It isn't heartbreak. Call it pride—that'll do."

"Listen, my sweet. I'm in gravy; I have a job. Smitty and I won a contest. That is, she did. I mean—"

"What *is* he talking about?" June asked.

Smitty said: "Oh, love probably, and gelatin and advertising and himself. Isn't it a shame, Mrs. Travers—when all that girl wants is to be kissed?"

THE END

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 17

1—John Barrymore.
2—Bloodhounds.
3—Some of the Canadian soldiers who during the World War were erroneously reported killed or missing and believed dead.
4—William Cullen Bryant.
5—"[Hazael] took the coverlet, and dipped it in water, and spread it on his [Ben-hadad's] face, so that he died" (2 Kings 8:15).
6—Pat Sullivan.
7—A woolsack.
8—A Sealyham.
9—Deny.
10—Nine.
11—Crude casein from curdled skim milk is processed to form a synthetic wool, according to a public-service patent applied for by the Bureau of Dairy Industry of the U. S. Department of Agriculture.
12—Lou Ambers. Barney Ross. Petey Sarron.
13—Mary's little lamb.
14—Hoover Dam.
15—Hal Roach's group of youthful funsters known as Our Gang.
16—Fifty thousand.
17—Upton Sinclair.
18—Sheepskin.
19—Four.
20—

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LOSE THE WOMAN!

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 50 SECONDS

WHEN Trudie Bechtel and her husband turn up in Acapulco, Lawrence March, a young writer, scents trouble. March, who has fled to the little Mexican town to forget his love for Trudie, is disturbed by two things: One is a suspicion that Ben Bechtel knows of his and Trudie's affair and is plotting revenge; and the other—also a suspicion—is that Trudie is planning to kill her rich and brutal husband.

Staying at the inn with March and the Bechtels are an English photographer, Durham Phillipson; Maida del Roche, a down-and-out ex-movie star; and Glenda Neil, a young poet who is in love with March. With Glenda is her domineering friend, Norma Considine. Another guest is Curtis Frazier, a typical tropical adventurer, whom March suspects is being paid by Bechtel to help with his plan of revenge.

Glenda agrees that Bechtel may intend to harm March, and urges him to go away. March agrees, but when he looks for his car keys he finds they are gone. Were they stolen?

That night the whole party goes to a dance hall. Bechtel gets in trouble with a Mexican who throws a knife at him, but his life is saved by Noel Hawkins, a half-Negro, half-Mexican guide. A Mexican then tries to kill Noel, but March hits him over the head with a beer bottle.

The next day March gets two pieces of bad news. At the telegraph office, where he goes to wire the factory for a new set of car keys, he discovers that a telegram has already been filed, signed with his name, requesting the factory to disregard all wired orders for keys. Some one wants very much to keep him where he is! The second shock comes when Noel tells him that the man he struck is dead, and warns him that it is unsafe for either of them to stay in Acapulco. March feels that he is trapped, and when Frazier urges him to go on a hunting trip that Bechtel has arranged, he consents. There may be danger there, too, he realizes, but he feels that he can protect himself more easily from Bechtel and Frazier than from the friends of the dead Mexican.

Then, suddenly, he finds that he can get away after all, if he likes. That afternoon, on the beach, Glenda points to Norma's bag and tells him that his car keys are in it!

PART FIVE—A TRIP OR A TRAP?

"THAT'S Norma's bag," I said.

"Yes. Norma took your keys," answered Glenda.

"*Norma* did! Why should Norma steal my keys?"

"I haven't the faintest idea."

"Are you sure she took them?"

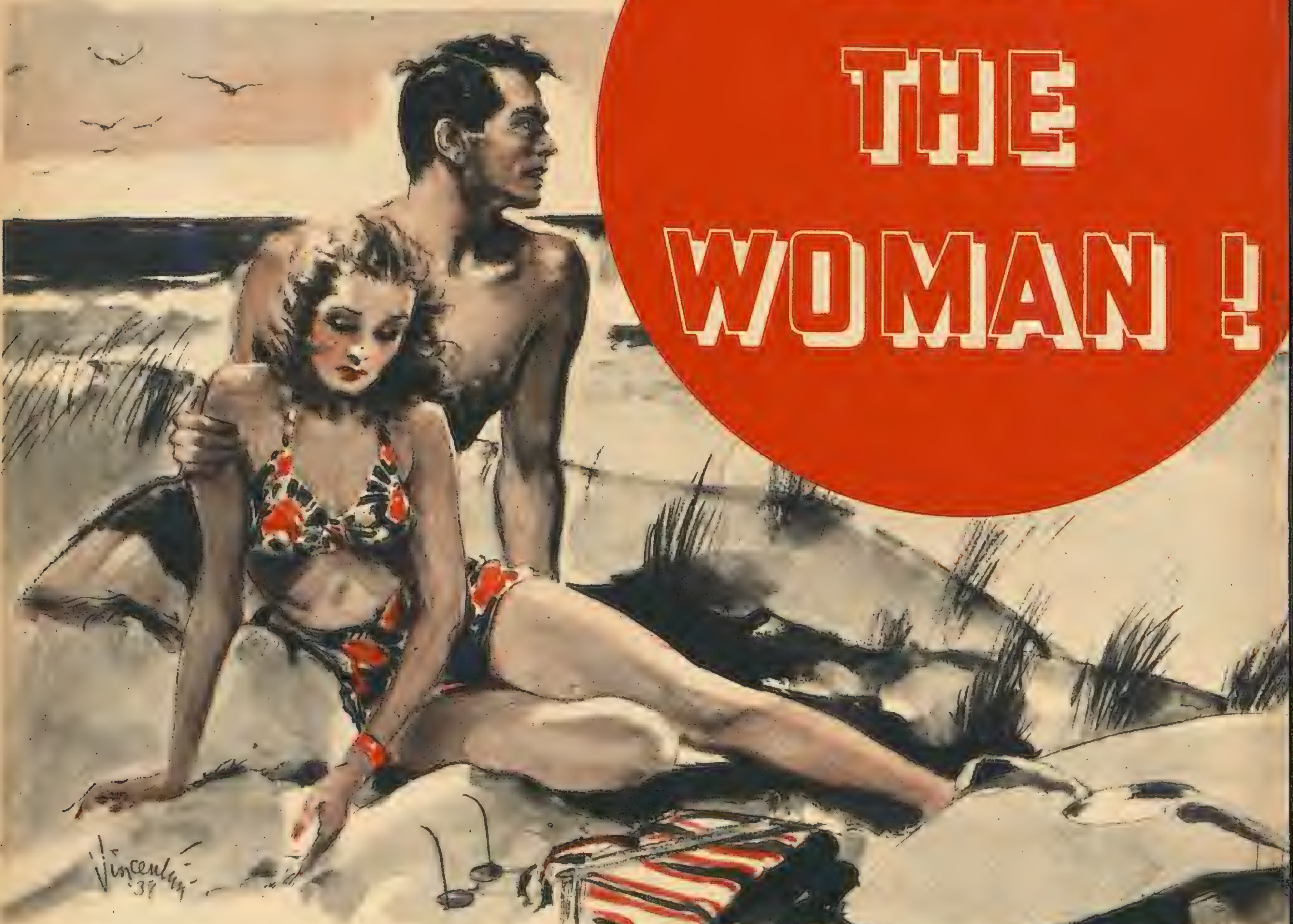
"I'm positive," Glenda replied unhappily. "Just a few minutes ago I looked in Norma's bag for a tube of sunburn cream she usually carries. I found your keys."

I stared at Norma, floating out there like a sleepy old turtle, and I was plenty burned. I sprang to my feet.

"Who does she think she is, sneaking into my room and—"

I took one step toward the water. Glenda's fingers, tight and strong as a handcuff, locked on my right ankle

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI



Does death wait in the jungle? A strange tale of tangled loves and lives rushes on to dark hazards

and I fell on my face in the sand. I rolled over, brushed the sand off my face, snapped: "If you think this is the time for comedy, Miss Neil, go into your patter."

"Look, you silly fool! If you accuse her of stealing your keys, she'll say they were planted in her bag."

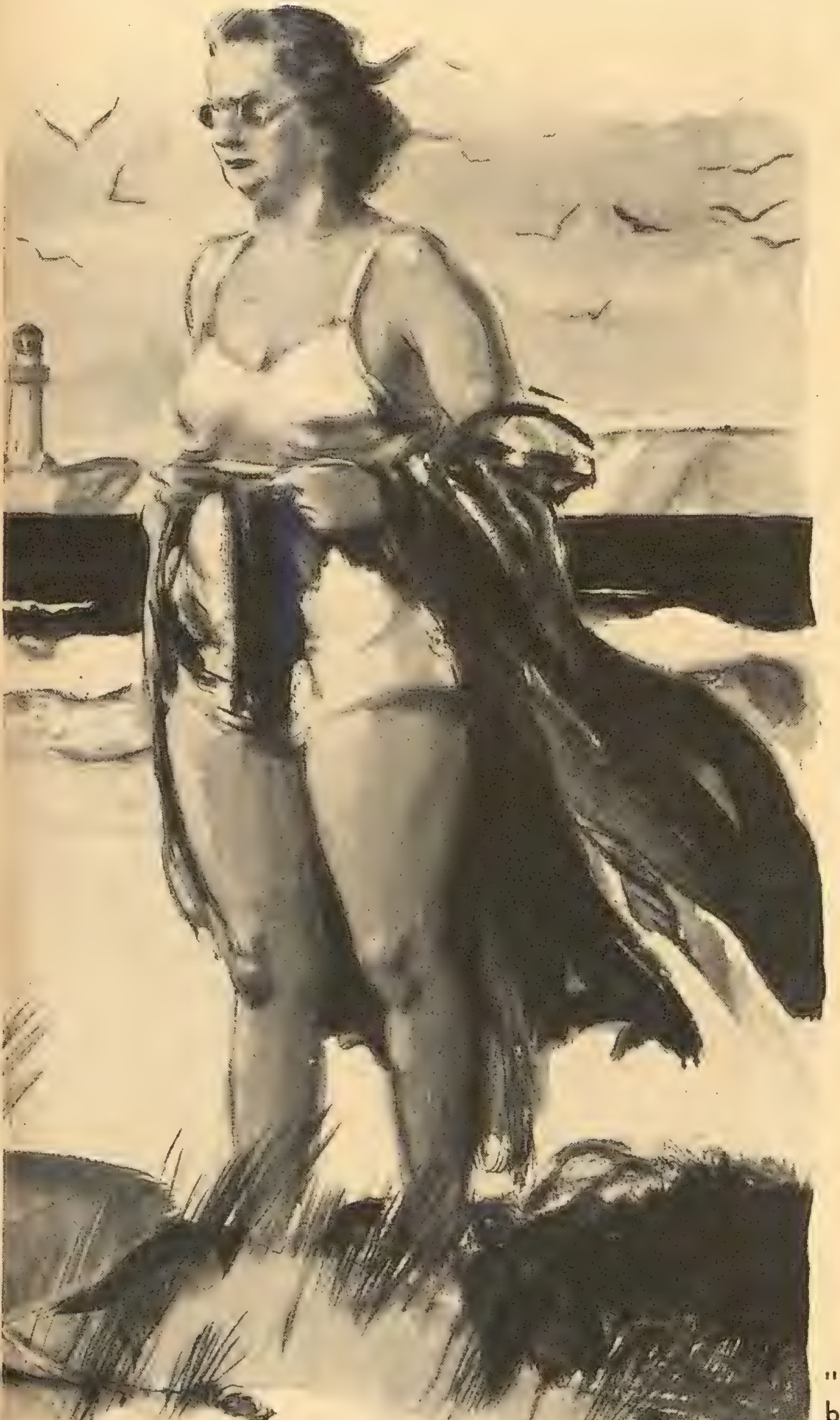
I thought about that for a minute and felt my anger dying a little. "Maybe they were," I said.

"They weren't."

"How do you know?"

"Because just before Norma went into the water she looked through the bag for her extra bathing cap. There's nothing in it but a towel, a little make-up stuff, and a package of cigarettes—and your keys. You can look for yourself. She couldn't possibly have searched the bag without seeing the keys."

I realized, then, the folly of directly accusing Norma. She could think as fast as the next one and she'd surely alibi herself by declaring the keys were planted.



"Miss Considine, will you be kind enough to scram?"

"I don't get it," I said flatly. "Why should Norma steal my keys? Look here, Glenda. How long have you known this gal?"

"Virtually all my life. We grew up together."

"How far do you trust her?"

"I'd trust her with my last dollar. I'd trust her with my last hope of happiness."

"Huh! It's more than I would. Tell me, is the woman nuts, is she a kleptomaniac, is she given to practical jokes without a point, does she hate me so much she'd do anything to cause me trouble—or is there some deep and dastardly motive behind her stealing my keys? Come on, now. Let's have your guess."

Glenda started to blink hard and for a moment I thought she was going to cry.

"I haven't—any guess," she said, biting her lip. "But all those things you mentioned—are absolutely out. Except maybe—"

"The dastardly motive."

"Yes."

"Which might be what?" I demanded.

Glenda shrugged deeply tanned shoulders.

"See here, Glenda. I honestly believe that Bechtel has had detectives trailing his wife and me for a long time. I believe he brought Frazier down here to kill me."

"Larry! You don't! Why, that's fantastic!"

"Is it?" I retorted. "Is it possible that your knowledge of life is so limited that you never heard of a wronged husband killing the other man? Bechtel, I tell you, is planning to kill me and probably Trudie too. He's hired this Frazier to do the job because he hasn't the guts to do it himself. So far, so bad. Now Norma, it seems, has somehow found out about me and Trudie. She steals my keys so I can't run away from Bechtel. She sends that telegram to the factory so they won't—"

"Wait a minute, Larry!" Glenda sat up straighter. "When was that wire filed?"

"A little before nine this morning."

"Then Norma didn't file it. We didn't get up until nine o'clock. I woke up at daylight and didn't go back to sleep. Norma slept soundly right through until nearly nine. Some one else sent the telegram, Larry."

I thought about that for a few minutes. Finally I said: "Glenda, has Norma by any chance got the idea that you're in love with me?"

She didn't answer for a moment and I noticed that she lowered her eyes and fell again to building up a little mound of sand with her long slender tanned fingers. Did I imagine it or was there really a catch in her voice as she said slowly: "Why do you ask that, Larry?"

"Never mind why I ask it, kid. Just answer it."

"I'd rather not."

"Why?"

"Because I wouldn't lie to you—and—" She broke off for an instant; then added unhappily: "I'd rather you didn't force me to tell you the truth."

"But look, sweet. After all, why should you make an issue of something that Norma *thinks?*"

She put her hands over her face for a moment. I waited, without urging her. Finally she dropped her hands, gave me a sorry smile.

"I can tell you, Larry. It's really nothing to be ashamed of. Norma doesn't *think* I'm in love with you. She knows it. I've told her."

I tried to think of something to say, but I realized anything I said would sound patronizing, or conceited, or boorish, or just plain sappy. I heard Glenda sigh when she realized I was going to skip it.

"Here's why I asked you that question, Glenda. I tipped my hand that I was leaving Acapulco when I called you out to swim yesterday afternoon. I said something about taking my last swim."

"I remember."

"Now, suppose Norma got suspicious, looked in my room, and saw I was packed to leave. Suppose she decided you and I were running off together. Now, knowing this self-appointed guardian of your morals as we do, what action would she take to save you from a fate worse than death? Why, she'd steal my keys, hoping that while I was stuck here waiting for duplicates she could make you see the light."

"It's a nice theory," Glenda sighed, "and I wish I could accept it. Part of this situation, at least, would be simplified. But Norma knows that nearly everything I own is in the laundry. She knows I've ordered two linen suits which aren't finished. And she knows I'd never run off with a man unless I had a much more extensive wardrobe than is now hanging in my room."

She smiled then, patted my shoulder, and said laughingly: "And Norma knows, darling, that if I took it into my head to run away with you I'd be shameless, not ashamed. I'd tell her I was going."

"I think you would, Glenda. You're probably the most honest person I ever knew. But—here we are again. Why did she steal my keys? What reason has she got for wanting to keep me here? Will you ask her?"

"No. When she's ready to tell me she'll do it, and in the meantime no amount of coaxing or threatening would budge her. When are you leaving?"

"I'm not."

"But you've found your keys—there's no reason why you—"

"I'm not going, Glenda. I'm seeing it through. I'm leaving at six tonight with the Bechtels for Chacahua."

"No!" Her gray eyes were frightened as she pleaded: "Please don't do a foolish thing like that. Please—"

She checked herself, said heavily: "Oh, I suppose you're thinking I'm jealous of Trudie, and don't want you to go down there with her. But please don't think that, darling. I'm afraid—they'll kill you!"

She was sobbing but not noisily or conspicuously, and when I put my arms around her she grew quiet. I could feel her stroking my hair as she whispered brokenly:

"Oh, darling, if only you'd get in your car and go. It's the only thing I'll ever ask of you, Larry."

"I have to stay, sweet. I have to see it through."

"Well!" The husky voice seemed to push us apart. We looked up and there was Norma glaring down at us. "If you lovesick children have to neck, couldn't you pick a less conspicuous place?"

My restraint, I think, was admirable. I didn't get up and knock her on the ear. I merely said:

"Miss Considine, will you be kind enough to scram?"

NORMA picked up her bag and departed in a huff.

"I'd give anything if you wouldn't go to Chacahua, Larry," said Glenda.

I watched her anxious face. "Anything?"

Her cheeks glowed under their tan. "That's what I said. Anything. Look, darling. Let's take your car and go up to Taxco for a week. Just you and I alone together. I know you don't love me, but—"

She broke off, raising her anxious gray eyes to mine.

I tried to strike a light note as I said: "Baby, you've put me on a very tough spot."

"And what kind of spot do you think you'll be on down there at Chacahua?"

"That's what I mean to find out."

"But why?" She was growing impatient now. "Why do you have to risk your life by going down there when there's such an easy way out?"

"And such a pleasant way. Glenda, the more you say, the more you confirm what I've been suspecting for some time—you're the grandest person I ever knew."

She ignored that completely as she came back at me with: "Are you still in love with Trudie?"

"Maybe I am. What of it?"

All at once I was pretty sore. She could bare her soul to me and that was all right. But as soon as she started to expose mine I got mad. The fact that I realized how unfair I was being didn't make me feel any better.

"Suppose I do love her," I demanded. "What of it?"

"Nothing at all." Oh, her tongue was barbed when she had her temper up. "I see through you perfectly now."

"Do you really?"

"Yes. And I'm wondering how you'll feel after you've killed him, and Trudie has inherited all that money which she can't get by merely divorcing him, and you've married her and settled down to a nice soft life on her bounty—I wonder how you'll feel. I should think that your pride—if any!—would take an awful kick in the pants."

For a full minute I couldn't say a word. Had Glenda actually pegged my real reason for going to Chacahua? Truthfully, I didn't know. For the last twenty-four hours I had been letting my emotions carry me along, not thinking very clearly, acting on impulse.

But what motivated that impulse? Had my subconscious mind been urging me to go to Chacahua, kill Ben Bechtel the first chance I got, and marry a very lovely woman and a million dollars?

Well, who can say?

"Well?" Glenda's voice was like a probe in a festering wound. "Isn't it the truth? Isn't that why you're going? Aren't you just gambling that you'll kill him before he has Frazier kill you?"

"I suppose I am."

Glenda's eyes were scornful. "Of course, I'll admit the stakes are high. A lot of money and a pretty face."

"Trudie is more than a pretty face," I countered, trying to keep my temper.

"Is she? Well, the money she'll get from her husband's estate is more, too, than you'd ever make writing novels."

I couldn't help smiling at that one. "Glenda sweet, you know I like you more all the time. You never know when you're licked."

AFTER a moment she said unhappily: "Yes, I do. I'm licked now, Larry. I didn't know it was possible, but I've run into a person more stubborn than Norma."

"It isn't only stubbornness. It's pride, too."

"But a foolish sort of pride, don't you think, darling?"

"Very likely."

"Well, I've had my say. I've done all I could to stop you, and it isn't enough. Will you please forget the nasty things I said about your marrying Trudie?"

"Gladly. I know you didn't mean them."

"I don't—*think* I did," she said. "Now, would you like to take a swim with me?"

"I'd love it."

As we rose and walked down to the water I saw that the beach was filling up with the usual crowd from town, and I felt uneasiness creeping into my bones. A public beach was no place for me to be loitering.

Some of my nervousness must have communicated itself to Glenda. She turned abruptly and said:

"Shouldn't you keep out of sight for a while?"

"Noel says I should, but I suspect he overestimates the vengefulness of these Mexicans."

"Do you think it's possible—after you saw that man shot down in the street yesterday?"

"Americans are different." I hoped I knew what I was talking about, but I was a long way from feeling sure. "The Mexican government wants American tourists down here because we spend money. The murder of an American citizen by a Mexican would scare away thousands of tourists and the government would make it pretty tough for any Mexican who killed one of us."

"If he got caught, yes," Glenda returned shortly. "We're going to take a very brief swim, Larry. Then you're hiding out in your room for the rest of the day."

I put my arm around her as we waded into the water. We swam out a hundred yards or so, circled around and came back in front of the *pension.* Ben Bechtel and Trudie were sitting on the terrace, just out of the sun. Surprisingly, there were no drinks in sight.

"Good morning, Miss Neil. How are you, March?" Bechtel seemed friendly, almost humble.

"I'm fine," I said.

"Hear you're going with us."

"Yes."

"Great stuff! By the way, I owe you an apology." He cleared his throat and his florid cheeks grew redder than ever; he wasn't a man to whom apologies came easily. "I was all wet last night and I'm sorry. I appreciate what you and that colored kid did for me. And if you have any trouble with the police, just call on me. A little dough will square anything here."

Will a little dough square my conscience, Mr. Bechtel? Will a little dough deflect a bullet if some one takes a pot *shot at me? Will a little dough make a knife in the back less painful?*

"I'll meet you on the Merida at six o'clock," I said, rather shortly. "And if you don't see me around in the meantime, think nothing of it."

Glenda and I went on across the terrace toward our rooms. Back in the corridor we ran into Don Manuel. The old hidalgo gave me an odd, unfriendly smile.

"I want my lunch served in my room," I told him.

He looked me calmly up and down, bowed slightly. "I shall tell Pepe, señor. And, by the way, I want your room as soon as it is convenient. Say tomorrow morning?"

"Say tonight at six o'clock," I snapped.

"Thank you, señor." He bowed again and walked on.

"Can you tie that? Giving me the bum's rush!"

"News travels fast in Acapulco," Glenda remarked solemnly. "You can hardly blame Don Manuel. A murder in his *pension* would be bad for business."

"You're crazy! Do you think anybody's going to sneak in here and—"

Glenda cut me off with a shrug. "I'll get your keys, Larry, if you'd like to start tonight."

"Back to that again, are you? Well, forget it. Keep the keys. And listen. Will I see you again before I leave for Chacahua? Try to be around about five, will you?"

"I'll try, but I won't promise. I don't know what Norma has planned for this afternoon."

"Norma!" I retorted sarcastically. "Norma!"

I went into my room, locked the door, took off my trunks and put on a pair of shorts. It was hot already and it wouldn't be pleasant spending the rest of the day in that stuffy room. And yet, after Noel's warnings and Don Manuel's action in telling me to leave, I didn't care to take any more chances.

I READ a magazine until Pepe brought my lunch; after eating, I lay down on the cot and dozed off. It was three thirty when I was awakened by a knock.

"Who is it?"

"Trudie."

I got up and let her in and locked the door again. She was wearing a long beach coat and under it a white bathing suit; she looked slim and girlish and very lovely until she tossed off the coat.

"It's like an oven in here, Larry."

I couldn't help staring at her legs and shoulders, which were blue-black with angry bruises.

"It's rude to stare, dear." She laughed humorlessly. "No one stares at me at home. Everybody is used to it. I'm almost used to it myself."

"You poor kid!"

"Poor is right. If I had a dime I could call my own I'd have left him long ago. But let's not talk about it. I have some interesting news for you. Miss Neil and Miss Considine are going with us to Chacahua."

"How come?"

"I don't know how come. Ben was talking to them just before lunch. I imagine he asked them just to be polite and they accepted. That's all there was to it."

"Huh! It seems fishy to me that those two girls would want to go down to a wild place like Chacahua. What reason did they give for dragging along?"

Trudie shrugged. "They said they thought it a wonderful chance to get off the beaten track and see a part of Mexico the ordinary tourist never gets into. Of course, if you really want my opinion, I think your Miss Neil—"

"*My* Miss Neil!"

"I think your Miss Neil wants to be with you and she put her friend up to wangling an invitation from Ben. From what I've seen of them, Miss Considine would do most anything your girl friend suggested."

"My girl friend! Pretty soon you'll have me believing it myself."

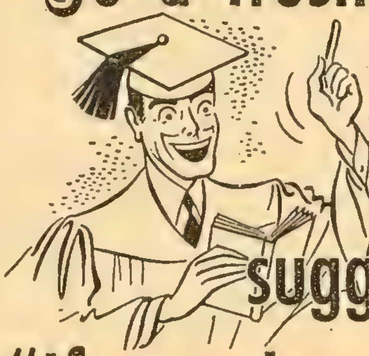
"If you don't, you're not much of a gentleman. The way you two were putting it on down on the beach."

Then I saw what had got under Trudie's skin.

"I'm sorry you find it necessary to spy on me, Trudie."

"You could hardly call it spying, dear, when you sit there making love to her in front of everybody."

"Look, Trudie. If you think I've got a yen for Glenda Neil, just listen to me for a minute. I'm under no com-



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*said my bull-headed husband**

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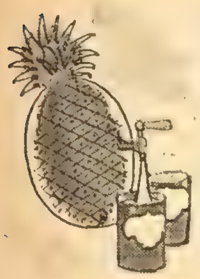

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* **And had it *his* way. Men are wonderful little people.**

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It's Del Monte Pineapple Juice

pulsion to go to Chacahua with you and Ben and Frazier. I know where my keys are and I could get them in two minutes. In three minutes I could be on my way out of Acapulco, either with or without Glenda Neil. Now, why am I going with you instead of playing safe and taking it on the lam?"

"I've wondered about that myself."

"I'm going with you to try to protect you. I know what your husband is planning. We both know, only up to now we haven't come right out and put it on the table. Your husband is planning to take us down there where a man can really get away with murder and no questions asked. And when he has us there, he's going to tell us all he knows about us and then kill us, or have us killed, in the most unpleasant way his warped brain can devise. Am I right?"

She was paler now and, with all jealousy gone out of her dark haggard eyes, she was very lovely. For a moment I felt my heart thumping with the old longing. It would have been so easy to put my arms around her and forget for a little while the whole sorry mess.

To hell with that! You've got to keep your head clear, you've got to keep your emotions under control, you've got to keep all your wits.

"Larry, it seems almost incredible. And yet you read every day of murders, all kinds of murders, and many of them are planned. And somebody has to plan a murder and execute it, and somebody has to be the victim. And those people who kill and who get killed, I suppose, are just ordinary people like Ben and you and me." She paused, drew a long, unsteady breath. "Larry, I think you have it figured exactly right."

"O. K. Now why do you think I'm dragging along to Chacahua? For the boat ride? Not me—I've had a boat ride. I'm going because I believe that if I took a powder, Ben would go through with his original plan—and you'd be *all alone.*"

SHE shuddered as she thought about it. She would have been even more frightened if she'd had a picture of that wild coast, virtually isolated from the rest of the country by jungle and mountain, peopled only by primitive and not too friendly Negritos.

Thinking of it for a moment, I wondered if we weren't all a little insane to venture down there without a guard. No, not all of us. Actually, I was the only one who had ever been there, and then only for two days while the coastal freighter I was on loaded cotton. I was the only one, really, who knew the dangers we faced on that hostile coast, where few white men ever venture without a guard of soldiers.

And I was allowing Bechtel to drag Phillipson and these women down there—on a hunting trip! Allowing him? Try to stop the crazy American!

"There is only one thing I don't understand, Larry," Trudie was saying. "If he plans to kill you and me, why is he taking all these other people? Phillipson and Miss del Roche, and those two girls, and that Negro boy?"

"That's where he's being clever. If just the four of us went—you and he and Frazier and I—he might have a hard time explaining why he and Frazier came back alone. Not that any one would investigate very thoroughly, but some people at least would be suspicious and he'd be under a cloud no matter what kind of story he told. By taking a crowd along he'll have plenty of witnesses to the accident he's planning."

"What kind of accident?"

"Who knows? Frazier might be cleaning a high-powered rifle. You and I might be directly in line with the muzzle. There are plenty of accidents that could happen on a trip like this."

I waited a moment and then blurted: "Look here, Trudie! Why do you go?"

I REALIZED by the way she sat erect and stared at me that it had never entered her head to refuse to go. She said emotionlessly, pointing to the cruel bruises on her legs:

"You ask me why I go?"

"You could still leave him," I reminded her.

"No. We've gone too far. I've suffered too much. We've come to the point where it is Ben or me. My heart is so full of hatred that nothing else—nothing else in the world, Larry!—will satisfy me."

"Very well. We're going. You and I together. I hope we both come back."

She got up to leave then, and as I unlocked the door she said: "I almost forgot to tell you. There are four or five men out on the terrace drinking tequila. They're an awfully ratty-looking crowd. They're getting drunk but they're not getting cheerfully drunk. They look pretty ugly, Larry."

"Think nothing of it," I said. "They've just come out to murder me. So don't expect to see me until I pop out of a hatch when the Merida is well at sea."

"Oh, Larry! Oh, my darling! I've got you into so much trouble! Why don't you forget about me and take your car and go away?"

"Didn't I tell you? I guess I got sidetracked and forgot. I love you, Trudie."

I kissed her quickly and she went away—to leave me wondering how I was going to get out of the *pension* and into town without running into those men who were not getting cheerfully drunk.

Can Larry dodge the drunken Mexicans, out to avenge their dead friend? Is he running into even greater danger by going to Chacahua? Suspense and drama crowd the coming installment. Read it in next week's Liberty.

Lilting Echoes of Long Ago

Hollywood captures the romance and charm that swayed Vienna in the days of Johann Strauss

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 6 MINUTES 43 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

THE GREAT WALTZ

Probably 3½ stars. Charming music, personable Fernand Gravet as the waltz king Johann Strauss, and the background of a picturesque era.

A GRACIOUS story of the days when Europe danced to waltzes instead of dictators. Its hero is Johann Strauss the Younger, the man whose celebrated waltzes, topped by The Beautiful Blue Danube, stirred the beaux and belles of the Victorian era.

The elder Strauss did not want his son to follow in his musical footsteps, and he set him to work in a banking house. But the youthful Johann soon was discharged for writing waltzes on his ledgers, and in no time he was leading his own orchestra. The story traces the younger Johann from boyhood to seventy, centers upon the heartbreak when he was torn between two loves, the baker's daughter he had married and the glamorous opera singer he adored. The background, of course, is Vienna, with Strauss conducting his orchestra for that tragic figure of his era, the lonely Emperor Franz Josef.

The M-G-M studios went to great pains on details. You see Strauss, on a vast set 80 feet high, 200 feet wide, 600 feet long, conducting his opera, Die Fledermaus, at the Imperial Opera House while a huge Rasch ballet sways to his music. You can watch Strauss playing his first waltzes in public at historic Dommayer's Casino. You can be moved by lovely moments in the Vienna woods.

All this is in the period of horsehair chairs, of flowered Brussels carpets, of gas chandeliers laden with glass prisms, of wax flowers under glass bells.

To get down to further details: There are twelve genuine Stradivarius violins in the orchestra, of a total value of $250,000. One, played by Soloist Toscha Seidel, is worth $80,000.

Fernand Gravet, who thus far has failed to click completely in American films, should be an ideal Strauss. Luise Rainer is the simple wife who would give up the man she loves to the other woman. Miliza Korjus, Viennese blonde coloratura, makes her debut as the opera star. Then there is George Houston singing Vienna, I Love You, Al Shean (once of Gallagher and Shean) is Strauss' first cellist and faithful friend, and Henry Hull is Franz Josef, the friendless king who lived too long. Julien Duvivier directs. It is the first Hollywood film of this Frenchman who made Pepe Le Moko.

Miliza Korjus and Fernand (Johann Strauss) Gravet in The Great Waltz.

YOU are the critic! Each week ten dollars will be paid for the best review in 100 words of one of the films previewed by Beverly Hills. Put your own star rating on your review. From these ratings a reader-rating will be averaged. Later you will be able to compare Beverly Hills' prediction, Beverly Hills' final rating, and the reader-rating of each important picture. Send your review of one of this week's films to Beverly Hills, Liberty Magazine, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y., not later than midnight, October 26. The winner will be announced in the issue of December 3.

This should have a charming, ingratiating quality with its background of lilting music.

Produced by Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

THE SISTERS

3½ or maybe only 3 stars. It all depends. It has Hollywood's most interesting young actress, Bette Davis. Besides Miss Davis there's graceful Errol Flynn, the San Francisco earthquake, and a good basic story built from Myron Brinig's novel.

BACK in 1936, when Metro shook up things for the film San Francisco, that coast city was pretty sensitive. It likes to forget the catastrophe it refers to as the fire of April, 1906. So when the Warners decided to quake the city again for The Sisters, there were protests. Strenuous ones, too. But the Warners take on anything from race wars to mere battles with stars.

This is the romance of three sisters, particularly of one, played by Bette Davis, who falls in love with a newspaperman. The other sisters are Anita Louise and Jane Bryan.

The studio insists that Miss Davis took her chances in the quake scenes, when two tons of brick, a half ton of plaster and lathes, timbers, mantelpieces, and stairways were dropped carefully around her. A slip, they say, meant trouble. The worst Bette got was a case of laryngitis, almost slowing up the shooting of the picture, which took fifty-two days in all.

Nearly as important as the quake is a black satin Gibson Girl gown worn by Bette in some of the scenes. It is an exact duplicate of one worn by Maxine Elliott back in the gay days of 1905. Bette liked it so much she wore a copy of it to the Tailwaggers Foundation benefit dinner dance later. But The Sisters—whisper—may do worse than disturb Frisco. It may do its bit in bringing back corsets. Bette wears 'em in this.

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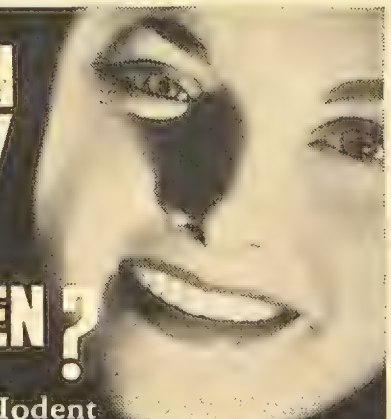
TEETH *hard* TO BRYTEN?



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TOOTH PASTE *also* POWDER
NO. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

were built and destroyed for the quake. The picture was shot during the hottest days of June and July and the company consumed barrels of lemonade. (P.S.—It's always cool at night, we mention at the request of the California Chamber of Commerce.)

Errol Flynn is the reporter, Beulah Bondi and Henry Travers are the parents of the sisters. It's the first time Bette and Errol have played together.

This ought to be a good—really an unusual — picture. Anyway, it is bound to be of interest from the Bette Davis angle. Bette, you know, is the potential First Lady of Hollywood.

Produced by Warners.

THERE GOES MY HEART

3 stars predicted. The film has able Fredric March, pleasant Virginia Bruce, a good cast, including an educated goldfish. Another variation of the irresponsible reporter who wins the heiress.

HOLLYWOOD is a strange place. It originally was selected for movie-making because of its close proximity to a vast variety of extraordinary scenery, ranging from palm-studded tropics to snowcapped peaks. And what does Hollywood do? It reconstructs much of its scenic effects at big expense in its studios.

There Goes My Heart has a half acre of coast built inside the Hal Roach studios, using 210 tons of sand, 125,000 gallons of water, surrounded on three sides by 30-foot-high canvas cliffs. In front is a broken-down shack to which Newspaperman Fredric March has taken Heiress Virginia Bruce to get away from things.

Plot: Rich girl grows weary of crotchety grandpa's pampering. Decides to see life. Works as a salesgirl, selling pots and pans, in basement of a department store. Meets demon reporter. Love.

One of the big scenes shows an ice carnival in which our romantic duo cop first prize, a goldfish. Miss Bruce and Mr. March knew how to skate. Which is important these days, with all Hollywood gone Sonja Henie.

Watch for Harry Langdon, baby-face comedy star of the old film days, making a return after four years, as the minister who ties the final knot. Alan Mowbray is present as a subway employee who is studying chiropractic, Patsy Kelly is a bighearted salesgirl who helps educate the heiress in the ways of department stores.

This ought to be good, unless you are tired of the plot.

Produced by United Artists.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—You Can't Take It with You, Men with Wings, Marie Antoinette.

★★★½—Spawn of the North, Four Daughters, Letter of Introduction, Alexander's Ragtime Band, Crime School, Four Men and a Prayer.

★★★—Service de Luxe, Room Service, Garden of the Moon, Sing You Sinners, The Crowd Roars, Mother Carey's Chickens, Drums, The Texans, Army Girl, Professor Beware, The Shopworn Angel, Woman Against Woman, Three Blind Mice, The Rage of Paris, The Saint in New York, Yellow Jack, Vivacious Lady, The Adventures of Robin Hood, Test Pilot, There's Always a Woman, The Girl of the Golden West, Joy of Living, Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, Bluebeard's Eighth Wife, Condemned Women.

Could You Win This Hand?

Thirty years ago Sir James Barrie wrote What Every Woman Knows.

If you liked the heroine in that play, you will enjoy reading Connie's Code in next week's Liberty.

And what a cardplayer was Connie! Yes, indeed, there is a bridge hand upon which the story hinges:

N.
♠ A 9 5
♥ A K 6 3
♦ 10 9 8 7
♣ 8 3

W.
♠ 8
♥ 9 5 2
♦ J 6 5 4 3 2
♣ 10 6 4

E.
♠ K Q J 10 7 6 4
♥ Q J 10 4
♦ K Q
♣ None

S.
♠ 3 2
♥ 8 7
♦ A
♣ A K Q J 9 7 5 2

The eight of spades is led to a contract of seven clubs. Just try and make it—against perfect defense. Next week in Liberty, the famous bridge maestro Sidney S. Lenz will show you how it's done!

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Without Calomel—And You'll Jump Out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

The liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good, old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. 25c at all drug stores. Stubbornly refuse anything else.

I use Ingram's for my shaving,
My face is big, so is my saving.
—J. McCAULEY, ALABAMA

EASIER SHAVING and a cool, smoother, attractive-looking skin are the rewards of Ingram's. Get economical Ingram's, in tube or jar, at your druggist's today.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

I WAS FIVE GIRLS
How I Was Found Out

Now he tried suggestion, said over and over: "You are losing your power."

An eerie dramatic climax in the strangest true story ever told

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 40 SECONDS

For years, every psychologist has known of the remarkable "Doris case" of split personality; but until now the reunited Doris herself has never told her story to the layman. In previous articles of this series she has explained how her first split, at the age of three, followed brutal treatment at the hands of a drunken father, how her second came about at the age of seventeen, and what her resulting other selves were like. She now tells how their existence became known to Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, who was to cure her and later to adopt her as a daughter.

by "DORIS"

in collaboration with

THE REV. DR. CHARLES FRANCIS POTTER

NO one outside of me even suspected that I was five girls in one until I was nearly twenty-two years old! And only one of me knew there were five of me.

I, the Real Doris, knew Margaret the Imp as my other self.

Margaret the Imp knew the Real Doris and Sick Doris, whom she often called "the dumm critter." She also knew that there was the one she called "a crack in the Real Doris." That was Sleeping Real Doris.

Sick Doris knew Margaret the Imp, and they talked together. Sick Doris knew about me.

Sleeping Real Doris didn't really seem to know the rest of us, not to talk to, but she knew me in a sort of long-distance way, for she would repeat what I had said as a child. She also repeated some things Sick Doris had said, and a few phrases of Margaret's.

But *Sleeping Margaret*, the wise guard way down underneath, knew all of us. She knew everything we did, and even what we thought.

Everybody who knew me very well in those days thought I was queer, I was so changeable. Some people considered me mildly crazy. You see, the people in Rubberneck Row didn't know there was any such thing as multiple personality. Even the scientists didn't know much about it then. Another reason why, for so many years, no one but my personalities knew that I was several girls in one was that we guarded our secret so jealously, and scolded each other if the other had made a break. But we had a lot of fun out of it too.

Margaret was the one of us who was most afraid of our secret being discovered, but she was the one who finally let the cat out of the bag.

In January, 1909, when Sick Doris had been taking my place most of the time for nearly three years, she started for church one Sunday morning. She was lame from an operation on her ankle, and she got very tired before she reached the Methodist church she had started for, and dropped into an Episcopal church. Just as the sermon began, I myself, the Real Doris, came out into consciousness for the first time in a long while, and was so soothed by the quiet surroundings and so pleased with the sermon by the rector, Dr. Walter Franklin Prince, that I remained out for fully twenty minutes.

In October of that same year Sick Doris accepted a girl chum's invitation to join a Sunday-school class. She did not know until she got there that it was in the same Episcopal church. In the Sunday school she met Mrs. Prince, and liked her. Mrs. Prince went out of her way to make friends with forlorn Sick Doris.

Before long, the sick girl was visiting the rectory regularly. Throughout the winter of 1909-10 Dr. Prince saw her there occasionally, but paid little attention to her.

She did not seem to gain strength, and she told Mrs. Prince that perhaps it was because she did not get enough restful sleep; but she didn't tell why, for that would have given away the secret. Mrs. Prince then suggested that she take daytime naps at the rectory.

And that led to our being found out eventually.

For on the rectory couch, to Mrs. Prince's surprise, the sleeping girl began scratching her own neck and tearing her clothes. It became necessary for Mrs. Prince to sit by her and hold her hands and talk soothingly. What was really happening was that Margaret was punishing Sick Doris for coming to the rectory.

Margaret had been suspicious of Dr. Prince from the start. Intuitively she had sensed that here was a man who was likely to discover the great secret. But Sick Doris insisted on going there often.

Although Margaret was afraid of being found out, she was so interested in what was going on at the rectory that even in the daytime she would often appear there in alternation with Sick Doris, to the amazement of Mrs. Prince. Dr. Prince noticed that his wife's protégée was rather changeable and notional, but considered it only a mild feminine hysteria. But Margaret grew more and more suspicious of him. She told Sick Doris that he was the kind of man who might find out, and that if he did, both of them would probably have to go.

Sick Doris was stubborn, however. She liked to be mothered by Mrs. Prince, and to have meals and naps at the rectory. So Margaret redoubled her punishments.

All the time, strange as it may seem, both Margaret and Sick Doris were really hoping that Dr. Prince would discover the secret, for they knew that if he did, it might lead to my recovery from the state we were all in. While they were fighting to keep him from finding out, they were hoping he would!

Well, this went on for months, and meanwhile things at home were terrible. My father was drunk most of the time, and very cruel. Sick Doris was sewing for wealthy ladies all day and Margaret was pestering her most of the night. The only rest she got was at the rectory, and even there Margaret tormented her.

It was quite a strain on Mrs. Prince. It affected her health, and on the evening of January 18, 1911, she asked Dr. Prince to watch Doris so that she herself could get some rest.

It was Sick Doris who lay down on the couch in Dr. Prince's study, but Margaret was soon digging at her neck. Rather annoyed, he held her hands until she quieted down. But the next evening he noticed that the girl on the couch, talking in her sleep, kept mumbling something about "that Doris." He had always heard the girl herself called "Doris," so why should she refer to "that Doris" as another person?

Suddenly it dawned on him that perhaps here, right under his nose, was a case of split personality!

A few evenings later he asked Margaret who she was, and she replied that Doris called her Bridget but she didn't like the name. After he had suggested several names she accepted that of Margaret.

That same night he was alarmed when he saw the girl's hands scratching her neck, tearing her clothes, and even gouging her hip. Now, for the first time, he tried suggestion, and said, over and over: "You are losing your power. I am taking away your strength."

But he overdid it, not knowing how very suggestible she was, and hypnotized her into a deep trance. Margaret's strength did ebb away rapidly, and Sick Doris came, in a very weakened condition. He called Mrs. Prince, and to both of them it seemed that the girl was dying. Her pulse dropped to 54 and grew feeble. Her gaze became a fixed stare.

SUDDENLY a strange voice spoke. It was the voice of a mature woman, speaking with authority—but from the lips of the girl herself! It commanded: "You must get her out of this! She is in danger!"

Hardly knowing what to do, Dr. Prince shook the girl gently. Then the voice spoke again: "Shake her harder! Hurry! Hurry!"

He shook her roughly this time, and shouted at her, and she sat up weakly on the edge of the couch. Again the voice commanded: "Walk her! Walk her!"

It was hard to make the limp body walk, but her stumbling gradually became a feeble shuffling, with Dr. Prince holding her up on one side and his wife on the other. The strange voice kept on giving directions until it stopped by saying: "She is coming to herself now: she will be all right soon."

Then, for over half an hour, there were alternations between Margaret and Sick Doris as often as twice a minute. As soon as her strength came back, Margaret said she was going to choke Sick Doris to death. It looked for a while as if she might do it, for she was as strong as a maniac.

But Dr. Prince prized the hands away from the throat, and at last she fell asleep. And at five o'clock in the morning Sick Doris dutifully made her way home to get her father's breakfast as usual!

On January 26, four days after this crisis when I nearly died, Dr. Prince was lucky enough to get the interest and help of Dr. W. K. Walker, then Professor of Psychiatry at the University of Pittsburgh, who suggested some simple therapeutic measures.

How Dr. Prince determined which of these five girls was the Real Doris, original conscious occupant of their one body, and how he accomplished the "mercy killing" of three of the four others, will be told to you by Doris in the final article of this series next week.

After that, when it was time for Sick Doris to wake from her naps and go home, Dr. Prince would say, "Wake quietly. Wake happily. Wake in a minute." The result was that, when she did wake up, she was much calmer than usual.

And Dr. Prince also used some ideas of his own in treating Margaret, with good effect. When he talked with her when she was asleep, she did not recognize him, but simply called him "He." But when she finally realized that this "He" was the very same person as the scholarly rector Dr. Prince whom she had somewhat dreaded, her fears were broken down. She adored "He." And if Dr. Prince and "He" were the same person, then there was something he ought to know.

You see, all this time Dr. Prince knew only that I was a *double* personality. He knew the Sick Doris, who, he thought, was the real primary personality; and he knew Margaret. The mature voice he still thought was simply Margaret in a wiser mood. But he didn't know or suspect a thing about me, the Real Doris, whom he was later to cure and adopt as his own daughter!

On the 28th of February, Margaret confessed to him that she sometimes wrote letters that Doris knew nothing about. He reproved her gently, pointing out that she might make people think wrong things about Doris. Margaret said: "No one would who knew Doris."

Now, Margaret meant me, but she knew that Dr. Prince didn't know me, and she just couldn't help adding:

"You never knew the Real Doris but a very little—when it was *all* Doris."

Life Begins At40

LOU REESE WAS A SKILLED LABORER four years ago. Hearing of a tumble-down pottery factory in Scio, Ohio, he persuaded the town to sell him the plant on credit and began to work it with four unemployed men. Now he has 525 people on the pay roll and annual shipments of over $1,000,000—all this *after* 40!

THIS BROTHER AND SISTER—Harry and Emma Clark—were over 40 when they started their "Memory Food" store in downtown New York City—selling *only* white cornmeal and Virginia sausage. Today—their shop, "Witcherie Farms," does a thriving business in 24 old-time specialties, fills mail orders from all parts of the country.

They are Scoring a NEW SUCCESS at 40 PLUS!

MANY men and women past 40 find these years the happiest and busiest of their lives. Yet many others at this age start to *slow down.* They *feel* and *act older* than they really are.

Two reasons for this early aging are common:

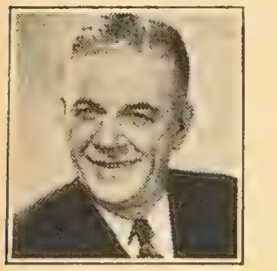
1. **Your body may need more vitamins.**
2. **Digestion often weakens after people pass 40.**

BOTH these after-40 troubles are helped by a tonic food . . . Fleischmann's fresh Yeast.

This food is high in 4 important vitamins. Eating these vitamins *in fresh yeast* helps the system to use them *more fully.* The yeast acts like a "booster" for these vitamins by stimulating a freer, more active flow of digestive juices in the stomach.

This improved digestion is a help many people over 40 especially need.

Begin eating Fleischmann's Yeast every day—*½ hour before* meals, plain or dissolved in a little water. Eat the yeast regularly. See if it doesn't help you feel younger, more energetic.



"More of a Success at 44," says Edward Blake

Dear Life Begins:

Three years ago I was positive my success as a salesman was all in the past. I was sick and tired and unhappy. I couldn't sleep. I couldn't eat. Finally, I gave up my work.

A doctor recommended Fleischmann's Yeast as soon as he heard my story. It was surprising how much better I began to feel after just a few weeks. In three months' time I applied for my old position and not only was accepted but given a larger territory. I'm 44 and I'm more active and happier than I've ever been.

EDWARD BLAKE

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After a while she said, "I will wake Doris, so that she will be *all Doris* for a little while."

Then she lay down and went to sleep, and I, the Real Doris, came. My appearance was brief. Later on in the same eventful day there again appeared the mature personality who had given the commands, but Dr. Prince still thought that this was Margaret herself in some peculiar mood. He still didn't know that in one day he had talked with four personalities in one body.

It had become plain to him that he could not hope to do much for this girl as long as she was living in the bad environment of her family. On March 2 he got from my father a very reluctant consent to my removal to the rectory for a while. That was at five o'clock. Sick Doris then got supper for seven people. A little after seven o'clock, Dr. Prince received a hasty note from her, brought by my nephew.

I still have that note, yellow with age. It reads:

> Dr. Prince,
>
> You had better come over about 10 o'clock and get me. Father has gone out to get drunk and sister has to go home at about 9.30 o'clock. Father says I cannot go tonight. He has called me everything that is bad and sister and her husband could not stop him.
>
> DORIS.

SICK DORIS was at his door before nine thirty, in such a state that she could hardly talk. Father had come home raving drunk and called her vile names. He pushed her around until she was all bruised, and then she managed to get away from him.

After she got safely in Dr. Prince's house, she and Margaret alternated for hours. Margaret cried out in her sleep, "Doris is no bad girl! Doris is *no* bad girl!"

The next morning Margaret went back home, Dr. Prince with her, and got her belongings. She arranged them in her new room and then took a nap. It was I who woke up. I remembered nothing at all of what had happened. Then Sick Doris came out, quickly changing to Margaret.

It was a wise move, going to the rectory, and I, the Real Doris, began to come out oftener and longer.

Inside changes began. On March 4 Margaret said: "Sick Doris is getting so she don't hear me."

That evening she noticed that when the electric light was turned on Dick, the canary, he was startled.

"That's bad for his nerves," she said. "It would be too bad for a canary to get separated and be two canaries. Dr. Prince couldn't hold its hand and talk to it and help it, could he? I wouldn't know which was Dick and which wasn't."

This little speech was really a pretty good summing up of the problem before Dr. Prince. When I moved into his house, he really didn't know which of me was which.

THE END

THEY SAY SHE MARRIED HIM FOR HIS MONEY!

DON'T LET THIS HAPPEN TO YOU★

A BALD man may smile when you joke about the desert on his dome, but it's a tragedy to him and to the woman who shares his life.

Don't let this happen to you; guard the hair you have!

For hair once gone is gone forever, and with it goes the appearance of youth. Youth that attracts youthful women. Youth that makes the better jobs come easier.

Start now the twice daily use of Kreml. It removes every speck of dandruff. Massaged into the scalp, it is cleansing to the pores, stimulating to the millions of tiny vessels that feed the roots with life-sustaining blood.

In this way, Kreml helps to keep your hair in lustrous good health, and will prevent excessive losses, unless you are suffering with the disease known as alopecia areata, which requires special treatment by your doctor.

Kreml is also an excellent dressing for the hair, keeps it neatly in place the long day through, yet it is neither greasy nor sticky. Your hair looks *naturally* lustrous, not plastered-down and "sheiky." Ask for Kreml at your druggist's. Call for it in the barber shop.

Women, too, find Kreml a wonderful beauty aid. Besides lending glamour to the coiffure, it is especially beneficial after permanents, relieving the hair of its brittle dryness, giving it a soft alluring sheen. Ask for a Kreml treatment at your beauty parlor.

Kreml Shampoo is a splendid ally of Kreml Hair Tonic. It's made from an 80% olive oil base, cleanses thoroughly and leaves the hair easy to manage.

★Kreml is effective in stopping excessive falling hair—except, of course, in cases where the trouble is caused by the disease alopecia areata, a condition which requires medical treatment.

KREML

Tested and Approved ★ 4748 Good Housekeeping Bureau

REMOVES DANDRUFF—CHECKS FALLING HAIR
NOT GREASY—MAKES THE HAIR BEHAVE

Do pay checks rule "pro" football? A famous star voices a loud "No!"

THE GOOD OLD COLLEGE TRY

BY SLINGIN' SAMMY BAUGH

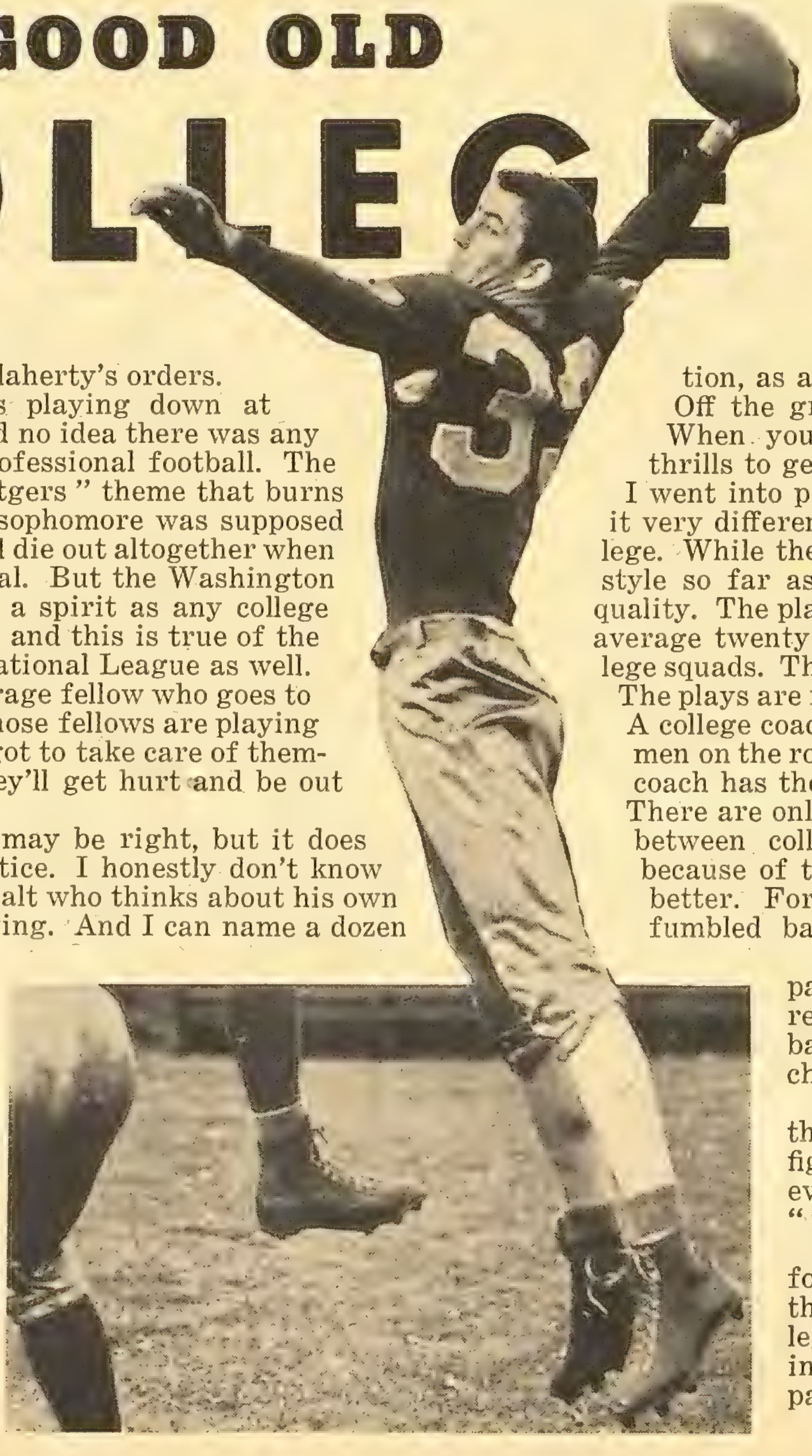
in collaboration with JACK KOFOED

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 13 SECONDS

IN the dressing room some twenty-five men sat on the benches and the floor. Professional football players—that's what we were—men who played the game for money.

Coach Ray Flaherty spoke quietly: "Nobody thinks we can win. The wise guys say the New York Giants will walk roughshod over us. We can show those wise guys they're wrong. We don't represent a college . . . but we do represent a city, and the people of Washington, who have supported us, expect us to do our best. You can win for me too, if you want to—because my job depends on putting together a winning team."

"We'll do it for you, Ray," said Cliff Battles. There was deep feeling in his voice—a feeling that was echoed in all our hearts, because there wasn't a fellow on the Washington Redskins squad who wouldn't break his neck trying to carry out Flaherty's orders.



Now, when I was playing down at Texas Christian I had no idea there was any spirit like that in professional football. The "die for dear old Rutgers" theme that burns so brightly in every sophomore was supposed to dim in a senior, and die out altogether when he turned professional. But the Washington Redskins had as fine a spirit as any college team that I ever saw, and this is true of the other teams in the National League as well.

Oh, I know the average fellow who goes to a pro game says: "Those fellows are playing for money. They've got to take care of themselves—or, bingo, they'll get hurt and be out of a job!"

Theoretically that may be right, but it does not work out in practice. I honestly don't know a pro star worth his salt who thinks about his own safety when he's playing. And I can name a dozen men offhand who sacrifice larger earnings by playing professional football. They have well paying jobs . . . but when summer fades they begin to think about football. The game has a grip on them that they can't shake. So you find them in uniform at less salary than they could earn in their regular jobs.

I know that I, for one, didn't think about money when we went out to battle the Giants for a chance in the championship play-off. Cash never gives you the same drive, the same emotional uplift, that fighting for a cause or a person does. This isn't swank or pretense. It's absolutely true.

Dollars could not have made Cliff Battles play the way he did that day. We won . . . and we would not have won but for the flame that Flaherty set burning in us. Having won the Eastern Division championship, we went to Chicago to play the Bears. It was the toughest game I ever participated in. The weather was flirting with zero and the ground was frozen like a cement sidewalk. The weather kept the crowd to about a quarter of what it would have been under other conditions. Did we say to ourselves, "Well, there's no dough here. We can take it easy"? We did not! We all had played through four years of college football without being paid, except in fun and thrills and satisfaction, and could not change our viewpoint too quickly. There was a championship to be won. That was the important thing. We won it, but it was no easy task. Those Bears never laid off a minute. They are hard men, and wanted to win just as much as we did. When one of them hit me it felt like a ten-ton truck.

What did we get out of it financially? Well, each player's share was something less than four hundred dollars. And do you think we took so much punishment for a pay-off like that? Don't be silly!

We were not professionals, according to the definition. We were as pure amateurs, in intent and inspiration, as any Yale or Harvard squad ever was. Off the gridiron, though, we're business men. When you're talking contracts there are no thrills to get the better of your judgment.

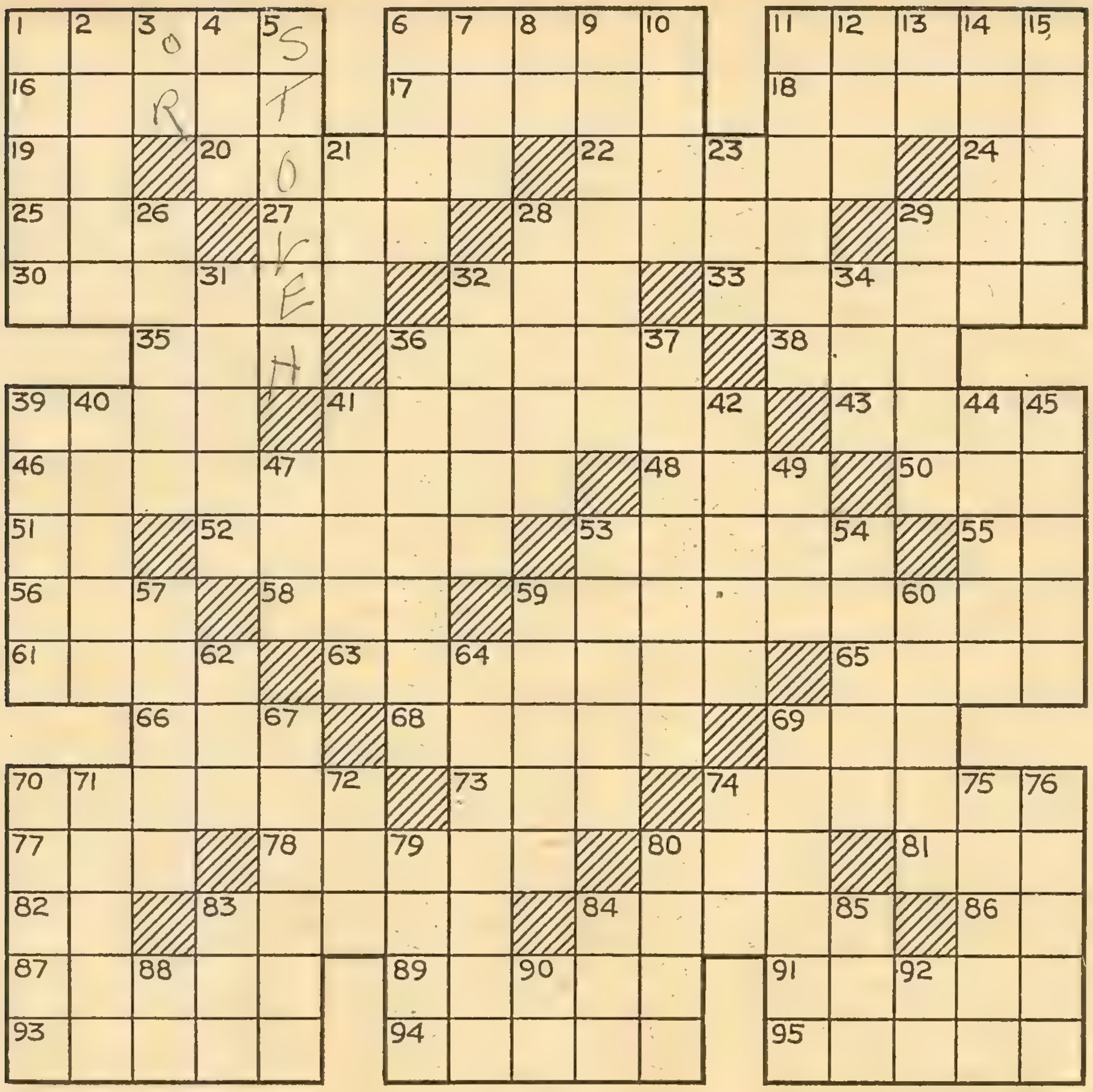
I went into professional football expecting to find it very different from the kind I had played in college. While there isn't any difference in manner or style so far as I can see, there is a difference in quality. The players are more mature, and the teams average twenty pounds more per man than the college squads. The pros block better and tackle harder. The plays are run with almost mechanical precision. A college coach has to choose his material from the men on the roster of the university. A professional coach has the best of the graduates to pick from. There are only four or five differences in the rules between college and professional football, but because of those differences I like the pro game better. For instance, being able to run with a fumbled ball makes the game more exciting. There is more latitude permitted in passing, and having the goal posts directly on the line instead of ten yards back as in the college game adds to the chances of making field goals.

Professional football has struggled through its infancy because it has fighting spirit. It is growing stronger every day because of it. So don't say: "They're just in there for dough."

They're not. The professional loves football more than the collegian, or at thirty he would not be risking brittle legs just for the fun of playing and an income that looks like peanuts compared with other salaries in sports.

THE END

CROSSWORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 Spills
6 Flies
11 Satisfies
16 Mark to insert
17 Beast of burden
18 Heavy cord
19 Printer's measure
20 A rotary wheel in a turbine
22 Woman's name
24 Prefix: down
25 Fresh
27 Authoritative rule
28 Leather thong
29 Total
30 Tracked
32 A wing
33 Shallow dishes
35 To harden, as sails
36 Quench
38 Compass point
39 Son of Adam
41 Expiators
43 Money
46 Fondling
48 Steal
50 Coin of Rumania
51 Pronoun
52 Existing
53 Strips of covering
55 Advertisement
56 Physician (slang)
58 Wave
59 Making plump
61 Break suddenly
63 Goddess of retribution
65 Before
66 By way of
68 Memento
69 Appropriate
70 A male monarch
73 Noise
74 Declare
77 Greasy liquid
78 Waits upon
80 It is (abbr.)
81 Greek letter
82 Part of to be
83 Ethical
84 Veins of ore
86 Preposition
87 Fresher
89 Lakes or pools
91 Gleamed
93 Trousers (Scotch)
94 American Indians
95 Withers

P	A	W	N	B	R	O	K	E	R		J	I	L	T
A	S	I	A	■	I	R	A	T	E		O	O	O	O
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M	A	D	■	X	S	S	■	N	R	A	■	H	I	C
		O	T	T	E	R	S	■	S	L	O	E	■	H
P	O	W	E	R	■	O	A	R	■	T	R	I	E	D
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H	A	Z	E	S	■	A	S	H	■	L	I	M	E	S
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R	E	D	■	A	N	T	■	S	T	Y	■	P	L	Y
U	R	■	G	R	U	E	L	■	U	T	O	P	I	A
N	I	C	E		F	L	U	F	F	■	H	E	R	R
K	N	I	T		F	L	A	T	F	O	O	T	E	D

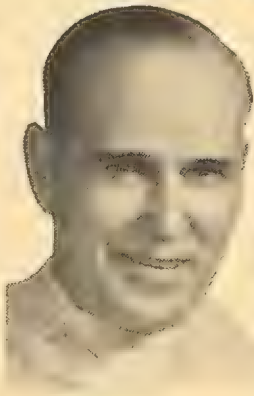
Answer to last week's puzzle

VERTICAL

1 Odor
2 More crippled
3 Conjunction
4 By means of
5 Purloined
6 Flat-bottomed boat
7 A pole with a blade
8 Exist
9 Wager again
10 Pass over lightly
11 Fastening device
12 Beard, as of grain
13 Note of the scale
14 Invest
15 Appears to be
21 Street urchin
23 Undermine
26 A colorless liquid
28 Inelegant language
29 Metal alloy
31 Biblical name
32 Beside
34 Venomous serpent
36 Insect's sharp organ
37 Changeable
39 Sour substances
40 A wand
41 Of the Far East
42 Classifies
44 Relied for support
45 A kind of candy
47 Stitch
49 Insect
53 A little bay
54 Fasteners
57 To pick flaws
59 Genus including cats
60 Bury
62 A fastener
64 Interferer
67 Stage players
69 To rate for taxes
70 To indicate
71 Part of a stair
72 Ever (abbr.)
74 Assistance
75 River in Germany
76 Characters of sound
79 Title
80 Throw
83 A cry, as of a cat
84 A shelter
85 Pronoun
88 Us
90 Japanese measure
92 Conjunction

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

"FOR A FAST, FRIENDLY SHAVE
DO AS BARBERS DO...USE COLGATE LATHER"



BARBERS DON'T USE BRUSH-LESS CREAMS. MOST BARBERS USE COLGATE LATHER . . . THE FAST FRIENDLY SHAVE!

SIGNED Ralph. E. Pepple.
MASTER BARBER, CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Barbers don't use brush-less shave creams that may dull the razor . . . so often leave a rough stubble of beard after shaving. Barbers, the real shaving experts, say lather gives a better shave. Use Colgate Rapid Shave Cream. It whisks up into rich moist creamy lather . . . loosens the film of oil on each hair of your beard . . . soaks it soft and limp, easy to cut off smooth and clean. You can get 200 clean, friendly shaves in every 40c tube. Brush-less creams cost far more per shave! Buy Colgate Rapid Shave Cream today. 25c and 40c.

BUY COLGATE SHAVE CREAM TODAY!

1 Colgate Rapid Shave Cream gives a rich, moist, small-bubble lather that really softens the beard at the base so the razor can cut clean.

2 Colgate Rapid Shave Cream is bland, thus will not sting or burn.

3 Colgate Rapid Shave Cream gives you a rapid shave because you merely lather the beard, then shave. You don't have to prepare your beard before you use Colgate Rapid Shave Cream.

Colgate RAPID SHAVE CREAM

"My bad boy" Bridges and the sit-down strikes—Did she shield one and foster the other? A grave public question

BY WALTER KARIG

READING TIME • 19 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

PART THREE—CONCLUSION

No little part of the Democratic South's resentment toward the New Deal can be traced directly to Miss Perkins' ineptitudes. She was only in office a few months when she made a speech in which she said that the "mass-production system cannot go on unless we consciously build up the purchasing power of the people who work, *by artificial means if necessary.*" To illustrate her idea she said: "When you realize the whole South of this country is an untapped market for shoes, you realize we have not yet reached the end of the social benefits and the social good that may come from the further development of the mass-production system on a basis of increased consuming power.

"A social revolution can take place if you put shoes on the people of the South!"

Well, that nearly precipitated another War Between the States. The rebel yell rang clear and loud in Congress. Senators George of Georgia and Bailey of North Carolina, forever afterward critics of the New Deal's Yankee notions, demanded she resign. Miss Perkins did not bat an eye. "It's unimportant," she said, when the South's rage was reported to her. "It was just an illustration. I could have talked about the market for bed sheets in Oregon. It's unimportant."

Whereupon Oregon screamed that it had as many bed sheets per capita as New York had. Miss Perkins was off on the wrong foot, but she had put that foot down hard on the Southerners who had kicked Al Smith!

Irked by the press harping on her tricorn hat, Miss Perkins discarded that style and blossomed forth in a black velvet beret tilted over her right eye, but she still retained the habit of wearing a hat in her office the day long. She kept senators and congressmen waiting in a chairless anteroom when they visited her to ask the little favors which congressmen are trained to believe are their due. Most government executives know that a congressman's vanity is higher than the Washington Monument and bruises easier than a soap bubble, but Miss Perkins was a busy woman and the politicians could wait. When they were finally granted an audience, there sat the Secretary with her hat on, and the "boys," who came in the main from small towns where a woman puts on a hat only to go some place, took the chapeau as a hint to leave in a hurry.

She said that "in this country the settlement of labor disputes by compulsion would sort of strain things. We must stop and think before we *make* any one do anything in America." But when her own employees organized and became affiliated with the C. I. O., she announced that in case of a dispute she herself would select mediators from union and nonunion personnel. The union members retorted, in effect: "Oh, yeah? We'll call a strike to make a public test of that decision, Madam Secretary." Miss Perkins recanted.

With the farm-income problem an acute headache to the administration, Miss Perkins announced that farm hands were "the most submerged class in the entire United States" and demanded that farmers subscribe to unemployment insurance for their help. She repeatedly asserted that the United States was twenty-five years behind Europe in social-security laws—which was true enough, but few Americans like to hear themselves unfavorably compared with foreigners. It was a significant and unparalleled demonstration when, early in 1935, the Democrats in Congress vigorously applauded a speech by Republican Allen Treadway of Miss Perkins' native Massachusetts, in which she was roundly scolded.

Madam Secretary moved into the truly palatial new Labor Department Building in her third year in office. She discovered that the thoughtful Republican designers had provided a private self-operating elevator for the Secretary, which she refused to use because it cost too much money and it prevented her from meeting her co-workers on their rounds.

One person eventually did use the elevator besides janitors. Puzzled by strange noises in the walls one day, Miss Perkins had them traced by the building superintendent, who finally opened the door to the elevator shaft to disclose Harry Hopkins, the WPA Administrator and an old social-work associate of Miss Perkins, trapped between floors in the automatic lift!

Whether she is temperamentally fitted to deal impartially with industry and labor is open at least to grave doubts.

MADAM

In 1935 Miss Perkins fought with Chairman Francis Biddle of the original National Labor Relations Board over questions of jurisdiction, and demanded of Congress that the board be placed under her supervision, a demand she reiterated two years later for the National Labor Relations Board. You can imagine with what glee Congress turned her down. In that year also the Patriotic Order Sons of America unanimously adopted a resolution demanding a Congressional investigation of her administration of the Immigration Bureau, alleging that Miss Perkins refused to deport alien lawbreakers. The charges were subsequently repeated by conventions of the Junior O. U. A. M. and the Spanish-American War Veterans.

Late in 1935, ten thousand longshoremen in Gulf ports struck for higher wages. Miss Perkins advised them to continue work while their demands were arbitrated. The strike spread to the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, where longshoremen refused to unload cargoes put on board in Gulf ports by scabs. In March, 1936, Miss Perkins left a Cabinet dinner in the White House to parley with the striking seamen of the S.S. California over the long-distance telephone. The men had delayed the ship's sailing

UTABLE SECRETARY

from San Pedro, California, for three days in an effort to have their contracted monthly wage raised from $57.50 to $62.50.

"You can imagine what I looked like when I walked out of that booth after an hour," Miss Perkins said, in announcing she had persuaded the seamen to call off the strike with promises she would use her "good offices" to see their demands were considered and that there would be no discrimination against them in future employment.

The Pan-American Steamship line surrendered on the wage question, but there was a stormy session of the Cabinet later, during which Commerce Secretary Roper accused Miss Perkins of aiding a mutiny. Madam Secretary retaliated with a public demand for a federal inquiry into living and working conditions among American seamen.

By October, 1936, seven maritime unions were on strike on the country's three coasts, and an Australian-born radical, Harry Bridges, moved in with C. I. O. support to organize the walk-out into a "united front." Bridges, who had three times taken out first-citizenship papers but had always been too busy to complete his naturalization, talked largely of "the class struggle" and bound the seven unions to an oath that none would settle independently with the steamship operators.

There were bloody riots on the water fronts of San Francisco, Seattle, Jersey City. Oceanic mails were held up. Sailings of American ships were uncertain, and the conduct of the seamen terrorized passengers. Crews refused to hold lifeboat drills. Liberty's editor, Mr. Fulton Oursler, has graphically reported those conditions in articles which tremendously impressed the Congressional committees that drew up the new merchant marine code.

Prices of food and lumber rose as these vital necessities lay on the docks beside empty ships. By December there were 37,000 men on strike. A parade of 20,000 shouted through San Francisco's streets. Harry Bridges let it be known he planned to organize all the maritime unions of North and South America and Europe into one international union which would dominate the shipping world. The international aspect of Bridges' program made other government agencies than the Department of Labor suspect Communist affiliations, and Bridges did nothing to allay the suspicions. There were demands for Bridges' deportation, upon which Miss Perkins was officially silent. The Senate called upon her for all the evidence in her possession for or against the Australian, and for weeks she ignored the demand.

There is a story which may be unadulterated gossip or partisan fabrication, although it is attributed to a government officer, which relates that during the hottest of the altercations Bridges telephoned to Miss Perkins, who greeted him with "Well, what has my bad boy been doing now?"

The Dies Committee of the House of Representatives, which is surveying un-American activities in the country, heard plenty against Bridges in its current hearings, which included some pretty severe criticism of Miss Perkins and the Labor Department. It was charged by John P. Frey, chief witness for the American Federation of Labor, that he had evidence Bridges was coached as to conduct "by a high official of the Department of Labor" when agitation for his deportation was at its height. The Committee demanded, during Miss Perkins' absence at the international labor conference in Geneva, the Department's file on Bridges, which was surrendered on the condition that it be kept secret because—and mark this—the lives of some of the informants named in the file would be in danger if they were identified.

The Committee has recently announced its opinion that Bridges ought to be deported forthwith on information long possessed by the Labor Department.

It is an easy but discreditable practice to smear a man by dubbing him Communist. Joseph K. Carson, Jr., Mayor of Portland, Oregon, asserts that "whether Bridges is legally a member of the Communist Party is not the real question. His attitude, views, and acts are the real test. His actions and public utterances would be sufficient grounds to justify prosecution of the deportation proceedings."

Mayor Carson's Portland police have affidavits that Bridges joined the Communist Party in 1934, but the mayor prefers to damn the alien labor leader by Bridges' own words. He quotes from a speech Bridges made to the students of the University of Washington: "We take the stand that we, as workers, have nothing in common with the employers. We are in a class struggle. . . . If the employer is not in business his products will still be necessary and we will still be providing them when there is no employing class."

Mayor Carson's comment is: "Bridges asserts he is not a Communist. What do you say he is? I assert you won't call that American doctrine!"

In December, 1937, Governor Charles Martin of Oregon asked the President to get rid of "that miserable Secretary of Labor," asserting that the maritime strike had cost his state more than the $250,000,000 spent in Oregon by WPA, PWA, and the other hand-out agencies. The following month Miss Perkins bitterly fought the peacemaking efforts of Joseph P. Kennedy, now Ambassador to Great Britain, then chairman of the Maritime Commission. Kennedy wanted the seamen's strike arbitrated by the National Mediation Board. Miss Perkins said that arbitration would be "premature" and that the time was "not ripe" for mediating. "It is overripe for ruin," Kennedy retorted. She even had wordy battles with Rexford Guy Tugwell because she thought that lavish builder of million-dollar workmen's homes was too conservative.

The American Federation of Labor pointedly refused to invite her to its annual convention. Never before had a Secretary of Labor thus been snubbed. At the convention the Metal Trades unit presented resolutions calling her a "labor Hitler." Roy Horn of the Blacksmiths assailed her from the floor as "a Secretary of Labor none of us wanted [who] tells us what unions we should want. If she gets away with this she will tell you what church to belong to."

Madam Secretary seemed definitely to be on the way out, but she continued to "get away with it." Odds were given that she would be "kicked upstairs" into some administrative berth and that Assistant Secretary McGrady would replace her. McGrady seemed to think that he had that assurance from the President himself when his resignation was refused.

But Miss Perkins stayed on, gossip in the Department corridors and the Press Club being that Mrs. Roosevelt

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THEN I TRIED BLOSSER'S MEDICAL CIGARETTES. THE VERY FIRST ONE RELIEVED THE TERRIBLE STOPPED-UP FEELING IN MY HEAD!

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Kidneys Must Clean Out Acids

Excess Acids and poisonous wastes in your blood are removed chiefly thru 9 million tiny delicate Kidney tubes or filters. And functional disorders of the Kidneys or Bladder may cause Getting Up Nights, Nervousness, Leg Pains, Circles Under Eyes, Dizziness, Backache, Swollen Ankles, Excess Acidity, or Burning Passages. Help your kidneys purify your blood with **Cystex**. Usually the very first dose starts helping your kidneys clean out excess acids, and this soon may make you feel like new. Under the money-back guarantee Cystex must satisfy completely or cost nothing. Get Cystex (siss-tex) today. Only 3c a dose at druggists.

White and fluffy, looks like snow,
Ingram's cools as whiskers go.
—W. R. ALLEN, MISSOURI

THE THRIFTIEST PINCH of Ingram's foams up into billowing brushfuls of luxury lather. And it's cool, Cool, COOL! Get economical Ingram's at your druggist's today.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

had "gone to the front" for her. It is characteristic of the President also that he always rallies to the support of any of his loyal appointees who are under fire. "When things are going smoothly, I rarely see the Chief," one of his brain trust once remarked. "As soon as the newspapers start denouncing me, I'm eating lunches and dinners at the White House."

What probably saved Miss Perkins, or helped save her, was that most alarming and disorganizing innovation of strong-arm strike methods, the sit-down strikes which ushered in Roosevelt's second term. The storm of outrage and protest directed by the public against the administration was intercepted by Miss Perkins. Let it stand as fact that she "could not resign under fire." It also stands evident that the Secretary of Labor did her Chief great political service by interposing herself—or being interposed—between the President and the public's indignation.

NO one can ever compute how much the maritime, automobile, and steel strikes contributed to the 1937-38 economic slump by halting production and distribution. But Miss Perkins explained matters: "During the period of depression the workman has brooded long upon the injustice of his situation, without opportunity for expression or correction of the condition. When things improve to where he dares make demands, those complaints are apt to be bitter."

Remembering that Miss Perkins had encouraged strikes of maritime labor employed to load ships with cargo for Italy during the Ethiopian conquest, business men held their breath.

She said one trouble was the overabundance of youth in industry, "none of the wisdom and practical common sense" of mature men; industrialists would find the employment of more men over forty a "socially desirable standard." She said the sit-downs were nothing new. "The first sit-down strikes in the country occurred in Chicopee Falls, Massachusetts, in 1831."

The automobile industry was paralyzed. The sit-down craze spread to other big businesses and small ones. Shopgirls, having no place to sit, invented the "stay-in" strike. Governor Murphy of Michigan called out the National Guard—to protect the strikers.

Miss Perkins said that the sit-downs showed "no widespread movement to defy the law or imperil civil government"; that they were "economically the same, socially somewhat different," compared with other strikes; finally, that "the legality of this sit-down method has not yet been determined by the courts"!

Assailed by Representative John W. McCormack of Massachusetts for making "inciting remarks," she openly advised employers to "use the collective bargaining principle," but withheld the government's legislated aid to collective bargaining. She said that she had privately asked labor leaders to abandon the sit-down method but that the strikers complained their employers refused to talk terms with them. When it was suggested that the National Labor Relations Board obviously should go to work, she was mum. NLRB was not under her jurisdiction, although she had tried to get it there.

The Wagner Labor Relations Act does not permit employers to ask for an election among their workers to determine a collective bargaining representation, and the C. I. O. sit-downers had no intention of demanding such an election because they did not have a majority and either the A. F. of L. or company unions would have won.

Still pressed, Miss Perkins took refuge in the declaration that "local, not federal" laws were allegedly being broken by the strikers, and she was helpless to intervene. The government, she said, "cannot dictate any settlement. This country would not be a democracy if it could." But no fair-minded person was asking the government to dictate a settlement. All that was asked was use of the administration's own elaborate labor laws to initiate negotiations between the disputants so men could get back to work.

The assumption from the facts must be that Miss Perkins wanted the strikes to succeed, as they eventually did in the automobile industry with the exception of the Ford company, which at this writing is being put on the rack by NLRB. Miss Perkins' emotionally conceived philosophy, or psychosis, against Big Business, and against the self-sufficiency of the A. F. of L. which had refused to organize the mass industries, dictated her course. If the strikes had been settled at their inception, the C. I. O. would not have succeeded in "organizing" the auto industry, if you can call it an organization which, a year later, is split by a civil war provoked by Communist members.

STEEL was next in the throes of C. I. O. strikes. "Big Steel" quickly negotiated a C. I. O. contract, but the independents, led by Tom Girdler, fought to a finish and licked Lewis' ill-prepared army. Governor Davey of Ohio asserted in the midst of the steel strike that Madam Perkins had advised him to invite Girdler and Frank Purnell, head of the Youngstown Sheet & Tube, to Columbus and to "keep them there until they sign an agreement." Miss Perkins denied it flatly. Davey, as good as called a liar by Fanny, said: "I'll stand on my original statement." Miss Perkins refused to see reporters, but an aide explained that she had "merely suggested" to Davey that he subpoena the steel masters to "get them around a table" to discuss a settlement.

Miss Perkins had a taste of her own medicine when Alfred P. Sloan, General Motors head, denied absolutely her claim that he had promised her to resume the then broken-off negotiations with the C. I. O. auto union, a denial that reduced Madam Secretary to tears.

These are no cheers for the independent steel companies, whose employment of a private army, of slush funds to bribe newspapers, and other un-American practices are as revolting as some of C. I. O.'s tactics. But there is a vast difference in the government attitude toward the contestants and their individual uses of foul means to combat each other.

When at last the sit-down strikes were declared illegal by the federal courts, Miss Perkins said she had never declared them lawful, desirable, or appropriate! If the public had that impression it was the fault of the newspaper reporters, she said. " The sit-down method appears to be one that should be abandoned. It is full of hazards to trade-unionism."

She defended the C. I. O. when sit-down strikes continued to break out despite contracts and courts, saying she had observed nothing to prove that C. I. O. leadership was irresponsible, although she would not care to imply that certain C. I. O. individuals might not " be irresponsible at times."

Meanwhile the maritime strike was continuing to disrupt shipping, to the great benefit of British and Japanese steamship lines, due to the shrewd and uncompromising leadership of Harry Bridges. The Senate, spurred on by Senator Vandenberg of Michigan, had driven Miss Perkins into an investigation of the Australian's alien status and his alleged Communism, the latter accusation standing " not proved " in the Labor Department. Last January, however, the federal immigration authorities in Seattle recommended Bridges' deportation, and he was ordered to appear for a hearing in April to show cause why he should not be shipped back to Australia.

He is still in San Francisco, still working to organize his " international union of all seamen, longshoremen, pilots, and teamsters." Why? Miss Perkins found an excuse to drop the deportation proceedings her own Bureau advised. An obscure labor agitator was arrested in Arkansas and ordered to be deported to Austria on the grounds that he was not a citizen and was a confessed member of the Communist Party of America. The United States Circuit Court of Appeals in New Orleans ordered his release on the technicality that the Communist Party of America did not advocate revolution. The Department of Justice immediately appealed the case to the Supreme Court, which may get around to a decision early next year.

But Miss Perkins seized upon that Circuit Court ruling to call off the deportation proceedings against " Bad Boy " Bridges. Although she had said there was no evidence Bridges was a Communist, the fact that Communism has been declared no cause for an alien's deportation was sufficient excuse to grant the Australian strike leader an indefinite permission to remain in this country without having to prove he merits the privilege! How the Supreme Court decides on the Austrian will determine the status of the Australian, unrelated as the two cases are. The Department's own evidence against him, which shocked the Dies Committee, goes back on the shelf meanwhile.

So rules Madam Secretary! The Black-Norton-Connery wage-and-hour law and the Walsh-Healey Public Contracts Act put her in command of every industry that engages in interstate commerce or accepts government contracts. The hours of work, the wages of employees are in final analysis hers to command.

As housekeeper for the Labor Department, she is the best administrator it has had. As a social worker, professionally trained to combat sweatshop exploitation and to educate the consumer against extortion and fraud, there is none better in the United States, although likely there are many as good. Even as a bridge player Miss Perkins is of the very best.

Whether she is the best obtainable executive over industry and labor, whether she is temperamentally fitted to deal impartially with their problems, whether in these times she is the most competent person to be Secretary of Labor, is at the least open to grave doubts.

THE END

..but what about Tomorrow ?

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THE TREASURE OF THEM ALL
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In the gay "make-believe" of a costume party, it's hard not to smoke lots more than usual. But the cold gray dawn has a way of coming . . . and *that's* when you're glad you smoke Old Golds. For Old Gold Cigarettes are *ever-fresh* . . . thanks to that double Cellophane package. And that's important, if you smoke a lot . . . for *fresh* tobaccos are better for you. They're freer from morning aftermaths!

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A CHILD IS BORN

Liberty's SHORT SHORT

BY HOWARD FAST

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

ALMA didn't let me forget that I was a fool to drive. When all the planes were grounded because of the storm, I said I'd drive and be home for Christmas morning anyway, and Alma said a lot of other things.

We had been driving all day, east from Hollywood, and now it was night, and Alma wanted to know where Las Vegas was. It was snowing, and I had an idea I was off the main road, but I didn't want to tell Alma that.

"I'm good and disgusted," Alma said. I said: "Maybe I am too."

Right there I could see how things were going with Alma and me, and I could see that it wouldn't be many weeks now before it all broke up. I was sorry; I loved Alma better than anything else in the world. I thought that being a high-paid gag writer in Hollywood was all that I wanted from the world, and then when I got Alma too, I lived in a sort of dream. Which was over.

By another name, Alma was a star. That's what made it seem impossible to believe that she had married me. I guess all over America people were in love with Alma.

I had a diamond bracelet in my pocket, a gift for Alma. I was holding it for Christmas morning at home. Mom had never seen Alma, but was all excited about her.

I had been driving slowly, feeling the road. It dipped into a ravine, and I found myself in a two-foot drift.

I cut the motor. I told Alma we were off the main road.

"All right," she said.

I turned on the light in the car. It was cold without a heater. As soon as I saw Alma's face, I knew what I was in for. Her blue eyes had that glint in them.

"This is the time for a swell gag," she said evenly.

You wouldn't know, to look at her, how much steel there could be in her voice.

"I'm not going to gag," I said. "We're in a fix. Maybe we're a hundred miles from nowhere."

"How nice," Alma murmured.

There wasn't much to see in the dark, only snow and straggling woods. Away down the road was something that might have been a light. I got out of the car and began to push through the snow. I heard Alma coming behind me. She came up to me.

"Merry Christmas," she said coolly.

Maybe you know how it is when a man is all at the snapping point. Right there I blamed it all on Alma.

"Look," I told her, taking the bracelet out of my pocket. I held it up for her to see, and then I threw it into the snow. "Merry Christmas," I said.

I went to the door of the shack where the light was and knocked. No answer but a noise like a groan. Then, in the stillness, I could hear Alma breathing. I walked to the window and looked in.

In the shack was a little table and an old bed. A hand lantern burned on the table. A woman lay on the bed. I stood there, staring in, Alma next to me. I turned and looked at Alma, and I realized that she understood.

There were white patches on the woman's skin, broken spots. Alma and I had been to the Islands; we had seen lepers. Otherwise, why was she alone?

"My God!" Alma whispered. "My God!"

I nodded. I looked up at the sky. The storm had passed; there was a flood of stars, close to the earth it seemed.

"Let's get out of here," I muttered.

Alma was staring at the house. I wondered if she was trying to remember, like me, a book I had read a long time ago. A Man had made the unclean clean.

"I'm going in there," Alma said, her voice toneless. "That woman's in pain."

"You know what's in there?"

"I guess I know."

Then she went in. Maybe I could have stopped her, but I didn't; I could think of only one thing—of Alma who was my wife.

I went into the house. I was afraid but I went in because Alma had; that's all. I followed her to the bed, saw her bend over the woman and touch her face. And then, standing there, trembling, I saw something else.

The white spots were frostbite, a terrible case of frostbite, but only that. And Alma didn't know.

The woman groaned, twisted a little, and groaned again.

Alma said softly: "She's going to have a child. You'll have to help me. I don't know much. I'll try—"

Then I saw how it was. The woman alone — somewhere. Her time, and she tries to drive a car—to the village perhaps—to a doctor. No phone. The car stalls and she makes her way on foot to this shack, half frozen.

Then—I don't know how long after it was—hours, I guess. The night had gone and it was gray outside. Alma stood by the bed, and I bent over the woman and covered her face.

Alma was holding the child, wrapped in her own coat. We had not spoken for a long time now.

I opened the door and Alma went out. She was trembling with the cold, and I wrapped my coat about her. We stood a moment in front of the house.

A single star still burned in the sky.

Alma said: "You'll have to get us to town, Benny. You'll have to turn the car around and get us to town."

I knew that things were different with us—new. We were starting again. A child had been born.

THE END

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1938; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

ON THE AIR

Liberty Short Shorts are on the air. You can hear three dramatizations each week over the following stations: WMCA, New York; WCAU, Philadelphia; WLW, Cincinnati; WLS, Chicago; WHB, Kansas City; KFWB, Los Angeles; KFBK, Sacramento; KMJ, Fresno; KWG, Stockton; KERN, Bakersfield. Please consult local papers for broadcast time.

TUNE IN!

NEXT TO THE LAST WEEK

$1,000 WISECRACKS CONTEST

YOUR CHANCE TO WIN IS EXCELLENT

KEEP YOUR ENTRY UP TO DATE!

WE now arrive at the semifinal week of the cash prize Wisecracks game. When you have wisecracked your answer to this week's question on romantic economics, only one final wisecrack will be required for the completion of your entry set of six. That will be supplied in answer to the last question with Coupon 6 next week.

In the meantime, "How can two live as cheaply as one?" You've heard that they can often enough to have pondered this mystery occasionally at least. There must be some basis for an idea that has prevailed to the point of becoming a tradition. Or perhaps it has been carefully propagandized as a trap to enmesh the unwary. Your wisecrack will undoubtedly depend upon which of these schools of thought has your support. At any rate, the question presents a generous opportunity for facetious solutions. What will yours be?

And here is the usual but still necessary note of admonition: Please do not go to the expense of preparing an ornate presentation of your entry coupons. Simplicity is best. Fancywork will not be considered in the rating of your material. Avoid it. And watch for the final coupon next week.

THE RULES

1. Each week for six weeks Liberty will print a contest coupon containing a question and space for a wisecrack answer.

2. Using typewriter, pen and ink, or pencil, write your wisecrack in twenty words or less on the lines provided for this purpose. If you do not use a typewriter, make sure that your writing is legible, or, better yet, print.

3. Save all coupons until your set of six is complete at the end of the contest. Then submit them all at the same time as a unit. Mail your entry to Wisecracks Contest, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y., in time to be received on or before Wednesday, November 9, 1938, the closing date of this contest.

4. The judges will be the Liberty Contest Board and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final. Entries will be judged on the basis of smartness, cleverness, and humor of the answers or wisecracks. For the best entry rated on that basis a First Prize of $250 will be paid. In the order of their excellence other entries will be awarded the following prizes: Second Prize, $100; four Third Prizes, each $25; fifteen Fourth Prizes, each $10; eighty Fifth Prizes, each $5. In the event of ties, duplicate awards will be paid.

5. Because of the mass of work involved in conducting this contest, Liberty cannot enter into correspondence concerning any entry. No entries will be returned. Do not submit elaborately decorated entries. Simplicity is best.

WISECRACKS CONTEST

COUPON NO. 5

Here is the question:

HOW CAN TWO LIVE AS CHEAPLY AS ONE?

Write your wisecrack answer on these lines, using not more than twenty words

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....

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(Write plainly, print, or typewrite)

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LIFE INSURANCE
ONLY 77¢ PER MONTH PER $1000 OF INSURANCE (at Age 21)*

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Monthly Premium less the 9½% Guaranteed Dividend (at age nearest birthday), per $1,000

Age		Age		Age		Age	
21	$ .77	30	$ .97	39	$1.29	48	$1.87
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24	.83	33	1.06	42	1.45	51	2.15
25	.85	34	1.09	43	1.51	52	2.27
26	.87	35	1.13	44	1.57	53	2.39
27	.90	36	1.16	45	1.64	54	2.53
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29	.95	38	1.25	47	1.79		

A further saving is made by paying premium annually or semi-annually.

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WITH THE SPECIAL MACARONI AND THE GRATED CHEESE
FOR 4...IN 9 MIN

A *quick-cooking* macaroni... *grated* cheese—in each Kraft Dinner package. Easy directions on package tell you how to make fluffy-tender macaroni drenched with rich cheese goodness... in 9 minutes!

If shaving happens to get your goat, Ingram's is the antidote.
—W. MERCER, VIRGINIA

THE THRIFTIEST PINCH of Ingram's foams up into billowing brushfuls of luxury lather. And it's cool, Cool, COOL! Get economical Ingram's at your druggist's today.

INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM

Vox Pop

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Trouser Tyranny Too Long

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Now comes maternalism to menace the world. A nice prickly cactus to Jay Franklin! One that germinated and ripened during the reading of his article in August 20 Liberty.

I resent his ism, as I do all other new-fangled ones.

Granted woman is weaker in physical endurance than man. Granted that she has not had the centuries of education behind her that man has had. Nor is she as yet so firm on her feet in the business, political, and social world as man.

What would you? Man has made laws down through the ages—laws that suited him. Conventions that gave him all the freedom. Looking back, his aim seems to have been to uphold his superiority and cram inferiority down her throat. He enslaved her and neglected to train her mind. Only in that way could he feel like a god.

Woman wholeheartedly wanted her man to be godly. She longed to adore him, to serve and please him. Man failed her. He was content to feel like a god but not act like one. Gods are supposed to be wise, just, kind, merciful, generous, and appreciative and jealous of love.

Didn't Eve hand Adam a nice red apple to make him into a man she could more greatly admire? Either the apple or the man didn't have the right stuff. Anyway, his chances were sort of hindered.

Today's Eves hand men lovely mouth-twitching sour apples. Men find themselves with a sharp bellyache.

Yet, men put the dynamite under us themselves. They pushed us out of homes and into their competitive world. I quite agree that the destiny of the mass of women is to bear men's children, to cook, scrub, tend the family. Woman went about this destiny in the beginning. She remained at home. She willingly used up every ounce of energy at a twenty-four-hour-a-day job. But she had too much intelligence not to see that man considered her more servant than equal. Her intelligence told her that the Creator meant her to be a dignified human being—just as he meant her man to be.

The way man treated her in regard to money and property shamed her. She had to beg him to supply her with necessities—or fight with him. He loved that. It inflated his selfish ego. Not content, he must also be a home dictator, who might have all his wishes instantly gratified, and who could do no wrong himself. He must be obeyed when he did not know how to command graciously. He must have a faithful wife, when he neither knew how nor cared to be faithful himself.

We are accused of trying to treat men all their lives as children. Well, they are. Watch them around Christmastime!

And petticoat tyranny—my crazy new hat! We've endured trouser tyranny for thousands of years. We don't like it any more, and are doing something about it. Men object to a dose of their own medicine. I don't blame them! They have it coming, nevertheless.—*Elizabeth Martell.*

REAL BLOW FOR CHRISTIANITY

ANNISTON, ALA.—You say you now have enough material on hand to keep your "answered prayers" page running for over a year. Why wait a year? Why not put them all into one big special edition and strike a real blow for Christianity?

With the vast circulation that Liberty has, you could really show millions of people who are suffering and needy that there is one excellent way of helping oneself, and that is by appealing to God.—*J. N. Kendrick.*

CHICAGO, ILL.—Well, I see you are going to have another "prayer" story in the next issue, and it should sell an extra million copies, for what this old world needs is a laugh.

I'm still laughing over the woman who never saw a typewriter before but managed to write a funny story simply by praying (August 20 Liberty).

I hope every steno and typist in the world reads it, as it will show them how unnecessary it is to go to school and what to do when you get stuck on dictation. Just sit back and pray.

Well, then, why doesn't praying help me? I've been praying four years for a job and at least one square meal a day. What bunk!—*Mary McBride.*

COP'S SAM BROWNE BELT ON WRONG!

NORFOLK, VA.—Did you know that ninety thousand one hundred fifty-eight cops read Liberty? And did you know that one of Liberty's artists doesn't know anything about Sam Browne belts or mirrors?

Sam Browne belts are worn over the right shoulder. The mirror on the cover of September 3 Liberty shows the speed cop wearing his belt on the right shoulder, but images on mirrors are the reverse, so he is actually wearing the belt on the left shoulder—the wrong shoulder!—*Roy C. Diaz.*

TIE THIS FOR DOING THE WRONG THING

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Last week I told you the cinnamon-bun story, and here's another to prove how I have a genius for getting into jams.

I was going to the city in a bus. Sitting near me I noticed a woman whose breastpin was unfastened. I felt that I should call the woman's attention to it, but being a little shy, I hesitated about doing so. When we left the bus at the terminal, I walked up the street just behind the woman and noticed that her heels were terribly run over. The sight rather fascinated me and I could not keep my eyes off those run-over heels.

Remembering the open breastpin, I felt that I should tell the woman about it, as otherwise it might drop off in the street and the owner might never be able to recover it. So, with my thoughts on the pin and my eyes on the run-over heels, I stepped up to the woman and said: "I beg your pardon, but did you know that your heels were terribly run over?"

Realizing instantly what I had done, and overcome with shame, I ran as hard as I could go and never knew whether the woman lost her pin or not! Can you tie that?—*Blanche K.*

[Yes, we echo, "Can you tie that?" No doubt lots of Vox Poppers would like to relate similar instances of getting in wrong inadvertently. Let's have 'em—a laugh or a red face at your expense.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

HOW OLD IS DON?

NEWPORT, KY.—Speaking of Don Ameche's Wild Oats (August 27 Liberty, page 15, column 1), it is stated: "We will take one boy, twenty-nine this year"; farther on, "Don was born in 1908"; and still farther on, in column 2: "So that when it was 1925 quite suddenly, and he was eighteen, he was unabashed."

I wonder if the author is?

Although the computation was no end of time well spent, all I really am worried about is whether I am four, five, or six years older than Don. I thought I knew.—*Mrs. K. H. Maloney.*

PIX POP FOR BOY AND GIRL IN THE STREET

DURHAM, N. C.—All Liberty needs to make it a perfect magazine is a picture page. Why not start one for the boy and gal in the street with the inexpensive camera? And le's see what we shall name it.

How's about Pix Pop?—*H. Duard Hays.*

GOB WANTS AN ARGUMENT

PEARL HARBOR, HAWAII—Perhaps the Constitution of the United States should be amended to read in part:

"Commencing on the first day of January in the year 1939, each and every person in these United States of America having reached his fifth birthday shall, at some date during the first month of every year, until the age of forty-five, pay to the government of the United States the sum of five dollars ($5).

"This shall entitle each and every American citizen, regardless of age, to have any doctor bill which exceeds the sum of fifty dollars ($50) paid by the government of these United States of America."

Who wants an argument on this subject?—*Just a Sailor.*

BASIC MALADY OF OUR GOVERNMENT

WASHINGTON, D. C.—I want to again assure Mr. Macfadden that the editorials running in Liberty are read with very deep interest and appreciation, and will make a strong impression upon the minds of thinking men and women of this nation.

We are convinced that the basic malady in our government is the Sixteenth Amendment (Federal Income Tax). It is the pump from which all poison flows.—*J. A. Arnold, Secretary-Manager of American Taxpayers League, Inc.*

LET ZELL HAVE THAT BIKE!

COLUMBUS, OHIO—Just a word about Zell! We believe in the sincerity of Mr. Oursler in his answer to Zell (July 2 Liberty), but weren't he and Zell's father and several who have written in exhibiting a touch of maternalism? Were they not more concerned about Zell avoiding a broken leg or a cracked head than about his ultimate good?

For, about day after tomorrow, Zell will be seven inches taller, speaking in a bass voice, and asking for the keys to the family car. And his father, impressed by the size of the man and the bass voice, will hand over the keys, and turn Zell loose in traffic. And Zell, having learned to drive the cars of his school friends, will be ten times more bewildered and confused than those boys who have for three or four years wormed their perilous way through the downtown rush on their bikes.

It is the sons of fathers like Zell's that hit little boys on bikes.

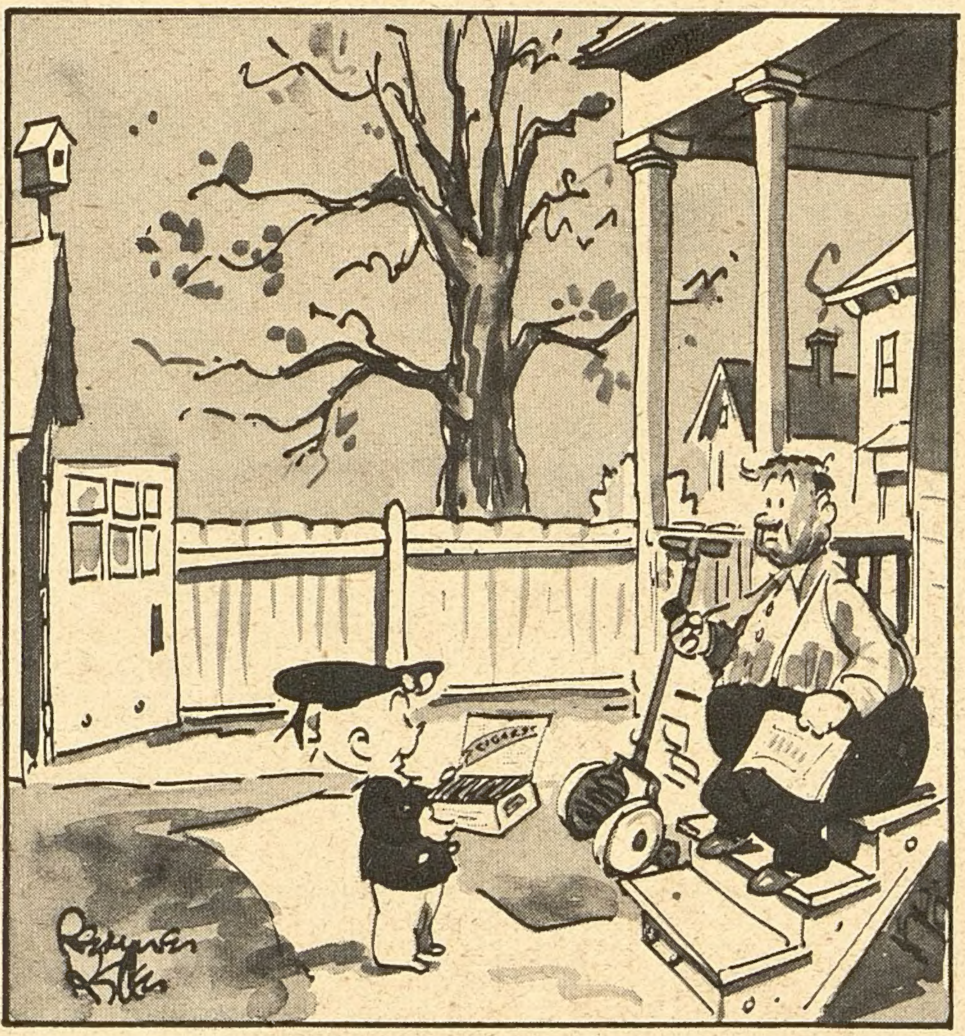
We have four sons. They all rode bikes for three or four years preceding their "growing spell." Usually that was in their fourteenth year. After a boy's "growing spell" his legs are too long to ride a bike comfortably. The other day our youngest son, aged fourteen, came home with a temporary driver's license, and is allowed to drive the ancient coupé that is kept around for the boys. He is skillful, fearless, and clearheaded, and we attribute much of his ability to his three years of training on his bike. In the name of safety, by all means let Zell have a bike!—*Mrs. Mary Ethel Wiess.*

PRIEST CORRECTS US ON OXFORD GROUP MEMBERSHIP

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—In Liberty's articles on the so-called Oxford Group I have seen consistently repeated that Catholics also are part of that movement. This is a misleading statement. No Catholic can participate in Dr. Buchman's enterprise.

In a pamphlet recently issued by an English Catholic bishop it is pointed out that the above-mentioned movement is a heretical sect, a religious body with doctrines opposed to those of the Church and with practices equally opposed to Catholic practices.—*Dr. Paul, Editor, Catholic Culture Series of Hollywood.*

"HARDTACK"



"Ma wants to know if you're through with our lawn mower, Mr. Brady, and here's a present from me for keepin' it all summer."

HOOKEY, OR HARD TO TEACH?

BROOKLINE, MASS.—Well, Ivory Brantley (September 10 Vox Pop), I really think that you must have played hookey the day that your eighth-grade class were told that "A negative interrogative sentence [a question, to you] expects an affirmative answer [yes]." Or maybe you were just hard to teach, as your Christian name might suggest. —*Ash, an ex-Schoolmaster.*

MARTIN WALDSEEMÜLLER CHRISTENED AMERICA

HIGHLAND, N. Y.—The name America was originated by Martin Waldseemüller of St. Dié in his *Cosmographiæ Introductio*, published in 1507, in which book he says:

"Now these parts have been more extensively explored and . . . another fourth part has been discovered. . . .

"Wherefore I do not see what is rightly to hinder us from calling it after its discoverer Americus, a man of superior mind, Amerige, i. e., the land of Americus, or America, since both Europe and Asia have gotten names from women."

America was first used as a name for South America and later applied to the Continent of North America when some idea of its area had been gained through exploration.—*Warren Sherwood.*

WEALTH IS SIMPLE, SHARING IT—?

PENNSBORO, W. VA.—Here is an answer to the inquiry of M. E. H., "How is wealth created?" (July 16 Vox Pop):

With Nature's raw materials blend brains, brawn, and ambition.

To answer that question seems simple. The difficult problem is:

How can we distribute brains, brawn, and especially ambition, so that all can share in the wealth possible to create?—*Lindsey C. Foster.*

Is Some One Listening on Your Phone?

A STARTLING QUESTION, isn't it? . . . Gives one a little jump to the nerves. . . . The question of wire tapping is important today, because there is agitation in many states to legalize the knowledge obtained by such eavesdropping so that it can be used as evidence in court. . . . Whether this should be permitted in our more or less free country is no idle question. . . . Certainly wire tapping is a weapon that strengthens the arm of the law; and no one who reads Liberty can doubt our enthusiasm for everything that will improve law enforcement; but there *is* another side to the question. . . . Consider what happened at a New York after-dinner party the other night. . . . A certain rather malodorous type of divorce lawyer was entertaining guests. . . . He told of a client who came to him hoping to get a divorce from her husband. . . . She needed evidence. . . . The lawyer engaged detectives who tapped the husband's telephone wire. . . . Sure enough, he was talking to his sweetheart. . . . They were both talking, not only baby talk, but their ardor was almost incendiary. . . . All of this was faithfully recorded on a phonographic device which the detectives eventually turned over to the lawyer. . . . Now, if he could get the record admitted in evidence, he had the goods on his client's husband. . . . But came a new complication. . . . The wife had changed her mind. . . . The husband had confessed and broken with his inamorata. . . . The wife didn't want the divorce. . . . She paid the bills and that ended it. . . . Ended it, that is, except so far as the lawyer's friends were concerned. . . . Not being a particularly bright conversationalist, the lawyer is forced to seek ways in which to keep his guests amused. . . . So, after dinner, he plays that record of illicit and incandescent amour for the edification of his visitors. . . . Of course there is something snide and dismal in that. . . . We believe with a deep fervor in the free rights of Americans, and one of their rights that needs protection is the fundamental one of privacy. . . . We do not believe that law-abiding citizens should be called upon to surrender any rights in order that lawless citizens can be punished. . . . There must be some other way. . . . However, that is only one view of the question. . . . There are other sides to it; and we think that the readers of Liberty, being liberals with common sense and eager to know all sides of every important question, should read the article next week, IS SOME ONE LISTENING ON YOUR PHONE? . . . To be candid about it, we think you should read the whole of next week's issue, it is so packed with timeliness and truth. . . . There is space only to mention briefly some of the outstanding features in the table of contents: Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., has just crossed the country in a trailer, talking to the townspeople at all his stopping places. . . . He tells you candidly WHAT THE MIDDLE WEST SAYS ABOUT ROOSEVELT. . . . AN ALL-AMERICA TO END ALL-AMERICA TEAMS, by Hugh Fullerton, is a timely and interesting football article. . . . Admiral Henry A. Wiley considers a vital question in his thought-provoking article. WHY WE NEED A TWO-OCEAN NAVY. . . . Fred Collins tells you the facts about GIFFORD — THE MAN WHO LIVES WITH FACTS; and "Doris," the girl with five personalities, tells you all about herself. . . . And you don't want to miss two excellent short stories: ALL THE ANSWERS, by Frederick Nebel; and CAMEO, by Edison Marshall; or CONNIE'S CODE, another intriguing yarn, by our bridge expert, Sidney S. Lenz. . . . And we still haven't mentioned the thrilling installments of the serials. . . . YOU MAY ALL remember Fred Allhoff's moving story about Dr. George Washington Carver, the Negro scientist. . . . Now comes an excellent full-length biography, From Captivity to Fame, by Raleigh H. Merritt, a book well worth reading. . . . AN INTERESTING TELEGRAM from Nat Terence, Editor, The Houstonian, Houston, Texas: "Certain interests here are trying to set up Kansas City's form of government in Houston. May I have permission to quote from your story THUNDER OVER KANSAS CITY provided I credit Liberty with same? Wire immediately my expense." . . . IN THE May 14 issue of this year we published an article, WHAT HITLER WILL DO NEXT. . . . We do not accuse the German Fuehrer of plagiarism, but he practically duplicated the article in his recent sensational Nuremberg speech. . . . So again we say, "Read next year's history in next week's Liberty." . . Out in Cleveland they have just finished the second largest telescope reflector in existence. . . . It is an eighty-two-inch mirror and is to be installed at McDonald Observatory of the University of Texas, atop Mount Locke in the Davis Mountains. . . . For more than four years workmen have been grinding and polishing that mirror. . . . Now scientists will be able to look at great stars millions of miles away. . . . We wonder if scientists on other stars look at the earth millions of miles away from them. . . . If they do, we wonder if they see all that is going on here—the discord and the tumult, the greed and suffering, the crime, the hate, the hunger, the hope, the fear, the dreams and the realities. . . . We often wonder why men look so earnestly at the stars. . . . Is it because they cannot bear to see what is so close at hand? . . . We have just received a booklet describing the aims and ideals of the National Stewardship Movement: "A co-operative educational program in the interests of all religious, educational, medical, scientific, character-building, and welfare institutions and agencies." . . . The Movement will hold a convention in Chicago from November 1 to 3, at which they will lay plans to present to the general public through nationally known speakers, radio, press, and other media.

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty-*for Liberals with Common Sense*

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

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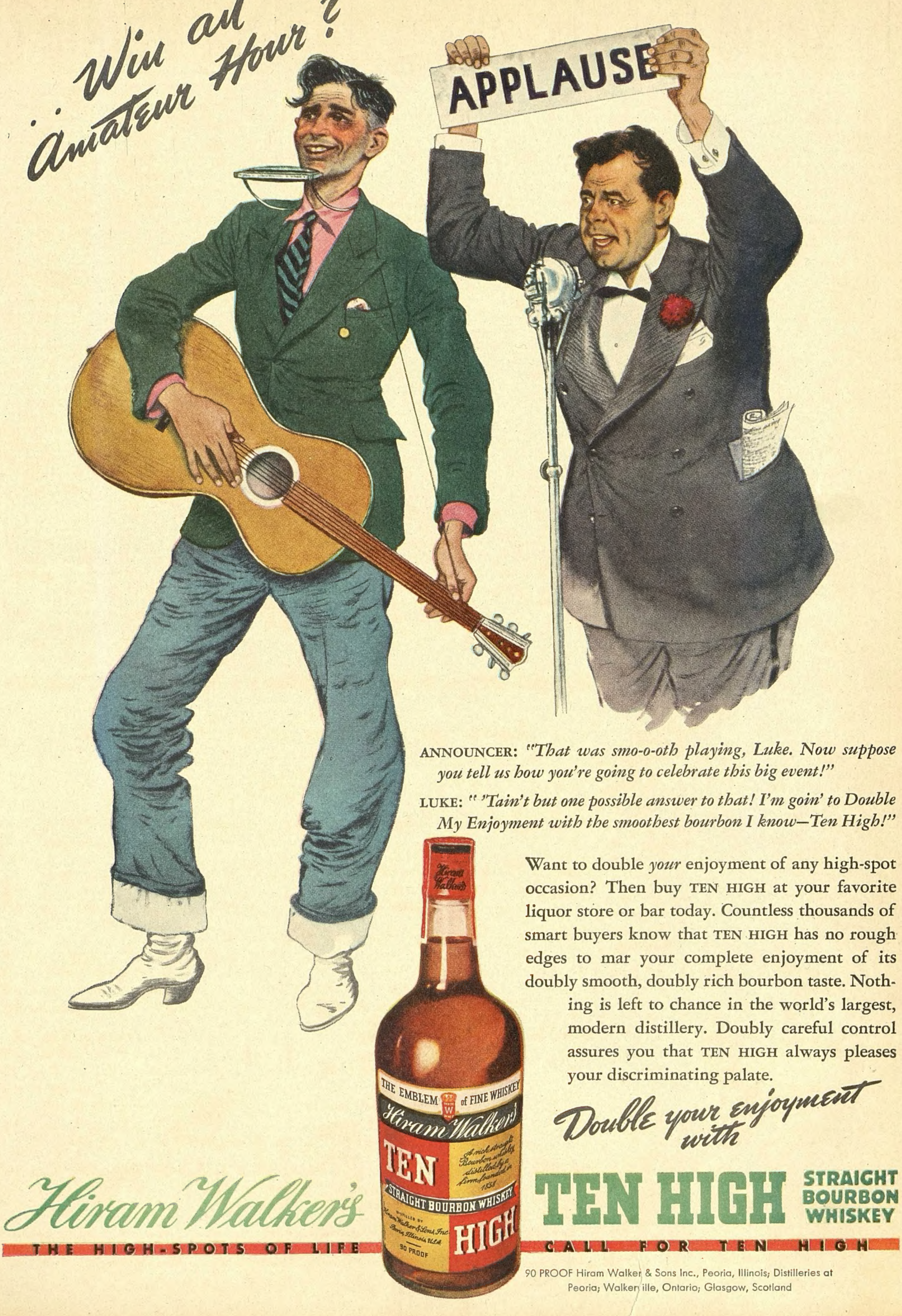

Win an Amateur Hour?

ANNOUNCER: *"That was smo-o-oth playing, Luke. Now suppose you tell us how you're going to celebrate this big event!"*

LUKE: *"'Tain't but one possible answer to that! I'm goin' to Double My Enjoyment with the smoothest bourbon I know—Ten High!"*

Want to double *your* enjoyment of any high-spot occasion? Then buy TEN HIGH at your favorite liquor store or bar today. Countless thousands of smart buyers know that TEN HIGH has no rough edges to mar your complete enjoyment of its doubly smooth, doubly rich bourbon taste. Nothing is left to chance in the world's largest, modern distillery. Doubly careful control assures you that TEN HIGH always pleases your discriminating palate.

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THE HIGH-SPOTS OF LIFE CALL FOR TEN HIGH

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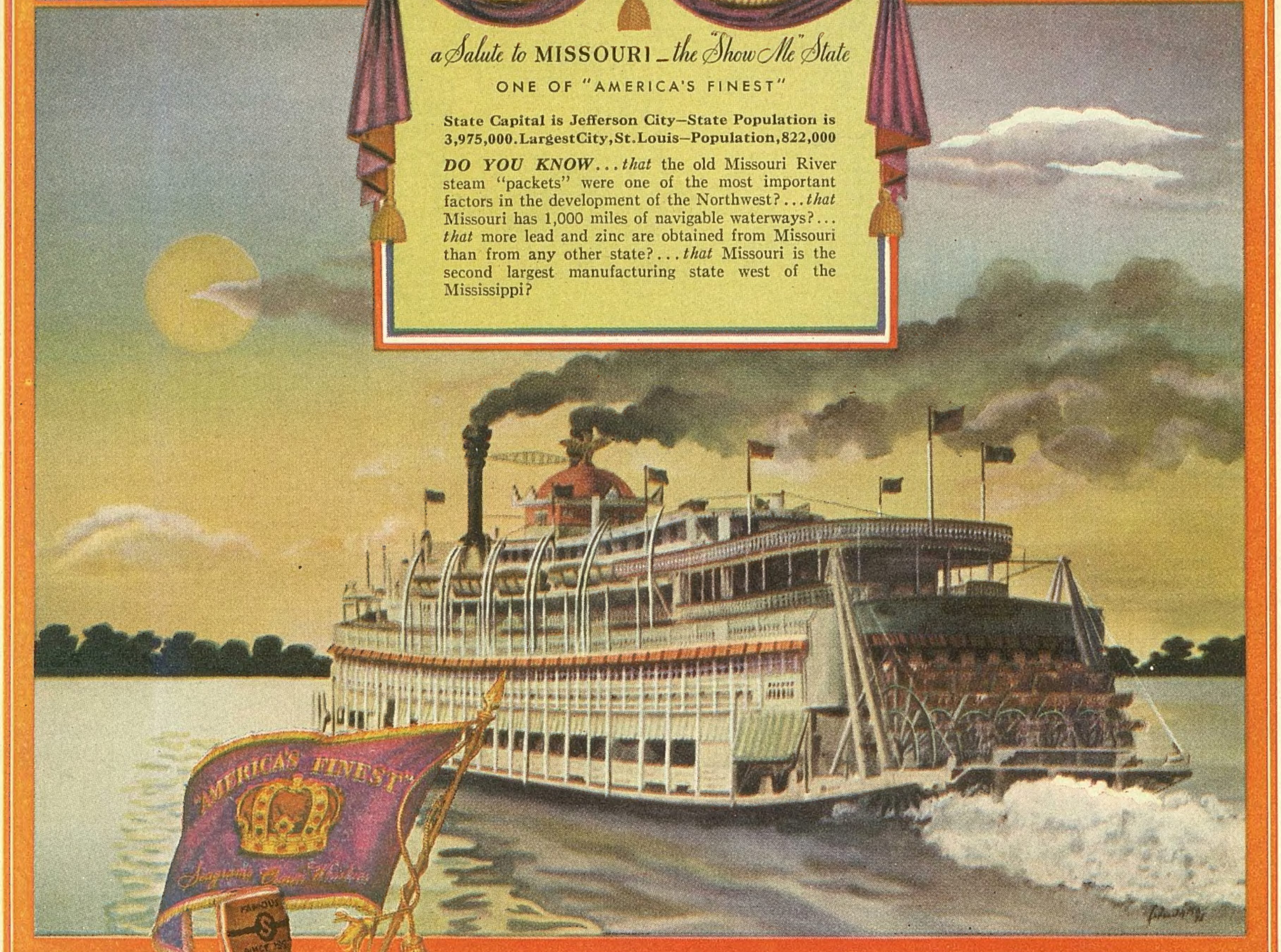
a Salute to MISSOURI – *the "Show Me" State*

ONE OF "AMERICA'S FINEST"

State Capital is Jefferson City—State Population is 3,975,000. Largest City, St. Louis—Population, 822,000

***DO YOU KNOW**... that* the old Missouri River steam "packets" were one of the most important factors in the development of the Northwest?... *that* Missouri has 1,000 miles of navigable waterways?... *that* more lead and zinc are obtained from Missouri than from any other state?... *that* Missouri is the second largest manufacturing state west of the Mississippi?



Watch for other advertisements in this series saluting the 48 states—"America's Finest"

Seagram's
7
Seven Crown
Blended Whiskey
Seagram's
5
Five Crown
Blended Whiskey

$80,000,000—to Protect the Rare Taste of *"America's Finest"*

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Seagram has invested a fortune of more than 80 million dollars in modern distilleries, warehouses, research laboratories, scientific equipment and an endless treasure of fine aging whiskies—to maintain the superb quality and taste of Seagram's Crowns.

Serving your guests a drink from a bottle of 7 or 5 Crown is the polite way of saying "I am serving you 'America's Finest' ".

CROWNS TASTE BETTER—BECAUSE THEY'RE MASTER BLENDED

Seagram's Crown Whiskies

"America's Finest"

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Copr. 1938, Seagram-Distillers Corp., New York

Seagram's 5 Crown Blended Whiskey. 72½% neutral spirits distilled from American grains. Seagram's 7 Crown Blended Whiskey. 60% neutral spirits distilled from American grains.

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